

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Vol. LXIV

NUMBER 4

---

## The Campaign Against Secret Diplomacy

WILL IT PROVE POSSIBLE TO PUT AN END TO PRACTISES THAT FOSTER INTER  
NATIONAL WRONGS AND BREED DISASTROUS WARS?

By Frederic Austin Ogg

Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin

**O**PEN covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind; but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view." This is not a quotation from Plato's "Republic," or Campanella's "City of the Sun," or Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," or any other fancy-free description of an ideal commonwealth or world society. It is the first of the fourteen propositions in which President Wilson, in his epoch-marking address to Congress last January, stated with trip-hammer effect the purposes of the United States in the present war. A conservative New York newspaper called the pronouncement the greatest step ever taken in the direction of world democracy by the head of an important nation.

The proposal is really not so academic as it sounds. Nevertheless, most people would probably say that to win the war, to make Englishman and German love each other, to set up communication with the inhabitants of Mars, to square the circle, to discover the fourth dimension—these are easy. But to eliminate secrecy from diplomacy—that simply cannot be done!

For, speaking broadly, secret diplomacy has hitherto been taken as a part of the natural and inevitable order of things. We have had little of it in the United States. One reason is the traditional abstention of the nation from entangling relationships abroad. Another is the necessity of submitting all our treaties to the Senate. But European and Asiatic international intercourse has for centuries reeked with in-

trigue and secret dealings, and few of the chancelleries as constituted at the outbreak of the present war were able to conceive of any other basis of carrying on their work.

It is, therefore, no slight undertaking to which the President has pledged our nation.

Modern diplomacy was born under circumstances that put a premium on secrecy. It arose in the era in which medieval cosmopolitanism was giving way to a new and aggressive nationalism, and when feudal courtesy and frankness were being replaced by national suspicion, intrigue, and rivalry. Furthermore, such restraints as have more recently been imposed by international law were unknown.

European diplomatic usage was drawn mainly from Byzantine and Italian sources. For hundreds of years diplomacy was a fine art at Constantinople—a weapon as important in the eyes of the emperors as were soldiers or fortifications. The old empire was kept alive until the Ottoman onslaught in the middle of the fifteenth century mainly by the skill of its diplomats in playing off one barbarian people against another and in secret manipulation at the Persian, Egyptian, and Russian courts.

The Italy of the Renaissance was the nursing-ground of European statecraft, and it was there that modern diplomacy really begins. The permanent mission takes the place of the occasional embassy; a professional class of diplomats comes upon the scene; diplomatic usage, strongly colored by Byzantine influence, acquires a new elaborateness and subtlety.

With its numerous independent states, among which existed a lively intercourse and a still livelier rivalry, Italy anticipated in miniature the modern political system of Europe. Its history was a welter of alliances and counter-alliances, of intrigues and "understandings," of revolutions and sudden wars, of surprise attacks and deceptive bargainings. Secrecy was the very air breathed by Italian diplomats—whether the Florentine Dante, Boccaccio, or Guicciardini, or the wily Venetian ambassadors, or the pompous papal legates.

#### MACHIAVELLI'S RULES FOR DIPLOMATS

The new diplomacy had, indeed, a system of ethics all its own. In the second half of the fifteenth century Machiavelli brought together in "The Prince" and the "Discourses on Livy" the principles which

in his day underlay the dealings of states with one another; and he says plainly that the ordinary rules of morality do not apply. He advises craft, deceit, braggadocio, flattery, secrecy, as occasion may demand, because these are the devices which successful diplomats, including himself, have always employed.

Other writers, more conscientious than the Florentine, condoned in diplomats practices which they would have held reprehensible in anybody else. A high-minded churchman of the late sixteenth century writes that an ambassador must study to speak the truth, but adds that he is not such a "rustic boor" as to suppose that an "official lie" is never to be resorted to, or to deny that under some kinds of circumstances an ambassador should be *splendide mendax*.

"A prime article of the catechism of ambassadors," says another writer, a hundred years later, "whatever their religion, is to invent falsehoods and to go about making society believe them."

Hence the reputation for mendacity which the diplomat early got, and which he never has been able entirely to shake off. One recalls Sir Henry Wotton's oft-quoted remark that "an ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the interest of his country." The observation was made in jest, but it touched Sir Henry's fellow craftsmen at a tender spot, and they never quite forgave him for it.

It was not enough to be a clever liar; the diplomat must also be a spy—an honorable, *ex-officio* spy, but yet a spy.

"The principal functions of an envoy," wrote one of Louis XIV's ambassadors, "are two. The first is to look after the affairs of his own prince; the second is to discover the affairs of the other." Very helpful auxiliaries to the latter end are declared to be "good cheer and the warming effect of wine."

From all this it arose that the diplomat was likely to be held at arm's length by the government to which he was commissioned. One's own ambassador was useful, but the ambassador of another prince was an unmitigated nuisance. The Venetian government decreed banishment and a heavy fine for any one who should talk about affairs of state with a foreign envoy. The first of the Tudor kings of England not only imposed similar restrictions, but set spies on the Spanish, French, and other



ambassadors, and had their correspondence examined.

Henry VIII, like his great contemporaries, Charles V and Francis I, regarded diplomats as necessary but embarrassing guests, from whose presence it was good to escape whenever possible. The Sultan went farther than his more civilized brother princes by occasionally locking an ambassador in "a dark and stinking place without windows"—as an Austrian envoy, who knew whereof he spoke, described it—for safe-keeping.

#### DIPLOMACY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Such were the springs from which flowed the diplomatic principles and usages of nineteenth-century Europe. Between the Thirty Years' War and the French Revolution there was, of course, much amelioration of the external harshness and crudeness of diplomatic procedure. The "poison and poniard" era of statecraft was left behind; but the inward character of international dealings was not greatly changed. Louis XIV, Catherine II, Frederick the Great, and Count Kaunitz were not far removed in motives and aims from the Medici, the Sforza, the Borgia, the Valois, and the early Hapsburgs.

The diplomacy of a hundred years ago had, therefore, certain obvious characteristics. In the first place, it was dynastic, in that it was directed mainly by princes and ruling families in their own interest. States were still regarded as the property of their sovereigns, which it was the function of their diplomatic agents to enlarge or protect.

In the second place, diplomacy was the business of the chosen few, a game of wits played in a narrow circle. The diplomat's was the most exclusive of professions. Substantial qualities of statesmanship were desirable, but birth, social grace, cleverness, and princely favor were the assets which gave greatest promise of advancement.

The *haute diplomatie* of the more conservative powers, therefore, became "a process of exalted haggling, conducted with an utter disregard of the ordinary standards of morality, but with the most exquisite politeness, and in accordance with ever more and more elaborate rules." International intercourse was heavily incrustured with tradition of intrigue, deception, and secrecy.

The nineteenth century brought tremendous changes in almost every field of human

endeavor. Industry was revolutionized; trade was augmented; steam and electricity transformed every-day life; governments were democratized; vast projects of social amelioration were carried through. The spirit and mode of international dealings, however, remained largely as before. Diplomacy did not keep pace with development in other fields.

#### A LANDMARK OF MODERN DIPLOMACY

The first exhibition of nineteenth-century diplomacy on a grand scale was that afforded by the Congress of Vienna, convoked in 1814 to make a general settlement of European affairs following the fall of Napoleon. Surrounded by a motley assemblage of emperors and kings, princes and princelings, soldiers and prelates, fortune-hunters and sharpers, the diplomats set to work upon a task of such proportions that it can be compared with nothing save that which will be faced by the peace congress after the present war.

Secret diplomacy was in its heyday. There were no general meetings for the common discussion of questions. Instead, the rulers and their agents sought one another out in the scant intervals between dinners and balls and patched up such agreements in their own interest as they could get. Everybody went around with cards up his sleeve; nobody knew whom to trust. Finally, such arrangements as had been generally agreed to were brought together in the "general act" which embodied the published results of the congress's labors. But by no means all the "understandings" that had been entered into by separate groups of negotiators found a place in this instrument.

The greatest length to which secret diplomacy went in the congress was the signing (January 3, 1815), of a treaty by Great Britain, Austria, and France, which was in effect an offensive and defensive alliance against Prussia and Russia. The wily Talleyrand was its author, and his purpose was, of course, to divide the allies lately opposed to France, and perchance set them to fighting. The plan might have worked but for the unexpected reappearance of Napoleon on French soil, which brought the several powers again into united action in their own defense.

On his return to the Tuileries the Corsican found in the hurriedly deserted cabinet of Louis XVIII the original of the

secret treaty. Such a treasure was not to go unused. Placing the document in the hands of a secretary of the Russian embassy who had not yet followed his superior into flight, the emperor charged him to carry it to Vienna and there show it to the Czar as an evidence of the perfidy of the sovereigns with whom he was trying to deal.

"Do you know of this?" asked Alexander of Metternich, exhibiting the incriminating paper.

The Austrian's reply was equivocal. Gravely tearing the document into pieces and throwing them upon an open fire, the Czar generously closed the incident with the admonition:

"Look here, Metternich! As long as we live, never shall this matter be mentioned between you and me. Napoleon has returned, and we must be closer allies than ever."

The breach that the emperor in Paris had hoped for did not come.

Metternich, like Talleyrand, was a diplomat of the old school, who put his faith in personal fascination, intrigue, and the veiling of purposes under a cloud of magniloquence. He lived to moralize over the ruin wrought by the "new diplomacy"—by which he meant the tendency in some countries, notably England, to bring international intercourse under the control of the people. Yet even Metternich could sometimes be plain and outspoken to the point of bluntness.

In 1808, when the Austrian was serving as ambassador at Paris, Napoleon suddenly returned from the campaign in Spain to investigate the extent and cause of Austria's reputed increase of armaments. The full diplomatic corps was summoned to an audience in the Tuileries. Entering the throne-room, riding-whip in hand, and walking straight to Metternich without greeting any one, the emperor laid his hand on the ambassador's shoulder and shouted:

"What the devil does your master want?"

Metternich's reply was instant and overpowering:

"Sire, he wants his ambassador to be respected."

The one European publicist of the first half of the nineteenth century who consistently favored frankness and openness in diplomacy was George Canning, the British foreign minister whose favorable at-

titude lent added force to our original Monroe Doctrine. Canning has rightly enjoyed the reputation of having introduced a generous spirit into English politics, and in certain of his speeches he may be said to have anticipated President Wilson's "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." Yet events showed that even Canning meant only that, when circumstances warranted, diplomatic policies and actions should seek the sanction of public opinion.

#### CAVOUR, BISMARCK, AND GORTCHAKOFF

The Europe of 1914—the Europe of united Germany and Italy, of the Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance, of ententes and understandings and sharp antagonisms—was to a large extent what secret diplomacy made it. To go back no farther, Cavour, Bismarck, and Gortchakoff were past masters of the art.

Cavour was a statesman of the first rank. He was an astute diplomat, too; at the Congress of Paris in 1856 he cleverly played off one foreign office against another, entered into secret understandings, and even turned to advantage the wiles of a beautiful woman, in order to gain his great end—namely, the admission of Sardinia to a place at the council-table on a footing with the great powers.

Bismarck was an adept at taking the world into his confidence when it suited him to do so, and he acquired a considerable reputation for bluntness, honesty, and straightforwardness. It would not be difficult to show that his dealings with representatives of foreign states were more open than were those of most of his contemporaries. They were so, however, mainly because the Iron Chancellor had such confidence in Germany's preponderant position that he felt it unnecessary to resort to subterfuge. Intimidation, rather than deception, was the favorite weapon; and with it the empire won, until long after Bismarck's day, substantially everything that it wanted.

One recalls, too, in connection with Bismarck, his cynical saying that no diplomat expected to be believed, and that the best way to deceive was to tell the truth. There is no doubt that the chancellor did sometimes deceive in this very manner.

The man whom Bismarck chiefly disliked among the diplomats of his day was Gortchakoff, the Russian chancellor under Alexander II and Alexander III. Bismarck's

desire was to keep Russia under German tutelage in international affairs; Gortchakoff's was to make Russia independent, and more than once he showed a strong leaning toward France. Each pulled strings unceasingly to circumvent the other.

Gortchakoff stopped at nothing. He negotiated secretly at Vienna, Rome, and Paris; he made promises that were never meant to be kept; his agents, men and women alike, were to be found in every important chancellery of Europe; his emissaries overran the Balkan countries and stealthily instigated revolts which were calculated to afford the coveted opportunity for Russia to plant her authority on the Bosphorus.

#### THE SCHEMES OF NAPOLEON III

The arch-exponent of secret diplomacy in the second half of the nineteenth century, however, was Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. Lacking the ability to achieve great things by direct action, and suffering in increasing measure, as his reign advanced, from personal unpopularity, this adventurous monarch fell back upon intrigue as the principal means of attaining his fantastic and often impossible ends.

He invented schemes without number by which France might obtain territorial concessions or benefits which would revive the waning prestige of his decaying dynasty. He secretly offered Bismarck a free hand in the unification of Germany, on condition that Prussia would support him in incorporating Belgium with France. At the same time he was furtively sending emissaries to the princes of the south German states to win them to his support, or at all events to keep them from joining the North German Confederation, dominated by Prussia.

He employed secret agents who acted for him behind the backs of his own accredited diplomats, and sent out spies to report on these secret agents—until the whole wretched system tumbled like a house of cards about the head of the distracted monarch, involving him in a war for which he was not prepared, and finally costing him his throne.

#### THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN (1878)

Few international issues have been so prolific of secret diplomacy as the Eastern Question. The great settlement of this problem, which, with some infractions, endured until the outbreak of the present war

—that worked out by the Congress of Berlin in 1878—was, indeed, in its origins fairly shrouded in secrecy.

When Russia made war on the Turks in 1877, she had an agreement with Austria-Hungary, quite unknown to the remaining powers, or to the Russian people, that in return for an attitude of benevolent neutrality on the part of the Vienna government the Dual Monarchy should, if the war were successful, have the two Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

In time it appeared that Russia's victories would put her in a position to menace Austrian and British interests in southeastern Europe; whereupon these two latter powers secretly interchanged declarations binding themselves to uniform but separate diplomatic—and, if need be in the future, to joint military—action. This engagement bore fruit in the Congress of Berlin, convoked to consider and revise the treaty of San Stefano; and two weeks before the opening of the deliberations Great Britain fortified her position by three secret compacts with Russia, specifying the territorial arrangements which the London government was willing to accept.

In the main, these arrangements were put into effect by the congress; and since most of the powers were agreed upon them in advance, there seems to have been little point in keeping the compacts secret. England also agreed in advance to support the claims of Austria-Hungary upon Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the course of the sessions Lord Beaconsfield aroused much interest, too, by announcing a convention, kept secret for some days, whereby his country, in return for guaranteeing the remaining Asiatic possessions of the Porte, was to occupy and administer the island of Cyprus.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

The proceedings at Berlin temporarily alienated Russia from Germany, and the latter turned for an ally to Austria-Hungary. Devious negotiations led to a treaty signed on October 7, 1879, by the Austrian chancellor, Andrassy, and the German ambassador at Vienna, Prince Reuss.

"This treaty shall," reads Article III, "in conformity with its peaceful character, and to avoid any misinterpretations, be kept secret by the two high contracting parties, and only be communicated to a

third power upon a joint understanding between the two parties."

The alliance was defensive, and was directed solely against Russia; and, while no part of the treaty was published until 1888, both the fact of its existence and its general tenor were known to Russia, and to the world at large, almost from the beginning. Bismarck declared that he "wanted a public treaty," sanctioned by the Bundesrath and the Reichstag, but that the Emperor William I, who personally inclined rather to Russia than to Austria, would not give his consent. When, three years later, Italy was drawn into the combination, forming the Triple Alliance, nothing was given out as to terms and purposes, although well-informed persons could reasonably well guess what they were.

The Dual Alliance was also born in secrecy. Neither the Franco-Russian treaty of 1891 nor the military convention of the following year was made public; and the treaty of March, 1894, which put the alliance on a definitive basis as a defensive engagement, was so carefully withheld from the public that for some time not even its existence was known. The earliest official admission that an alliance had been formed was made by the French foreign minister, Hanotaux, in 1895.

#### THE RISE OF THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

The first ten years of the present century saw an extraordinary shift in the international situation. The Europe that went to war in 1914 was made in this decade. Great Britain and France put aside their differences for an *entente cordiale*. Great Britain and Russia patched up long-standing grievances and became friends. France and Italy established the close and friendly relations which community of culture and interests dictated. Great Britain found an ally in Japan, and both France and Russia secured "understandings" with that rising power. The Triple Entente, buttressed by the ramifying combinations and agreements entered into by its several members, loomed impressively over against the Triple Alliance.

Speaking broadly, this diplomatic revolution was accomplished in the open. The Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1902, most parts of the Anglo-French agreements of 1904, and the Anglo-Russian convention of 1907 were promptly made public. The general drift of things was obvious to the most

casual observer; no chancellery was long deceived in the fundamentals.

None the less, secret diplomacy still flourished. No nation was willing to show its hand completely. Some treaties carried secret clauses; some were entirely withheld from public view; "conversations," "observations," exchanges of notes, yielded a multitude of understandings that were intended never to see the light of day. England had least to conceal; yet even she had agreements which she was disinclined, or unable in fairness to others, to give to the world.

The question that was most prolific of secret diplomacy in these years was the status of the last remaining unattached territory of northern Africa save Tripoli—namely, Morocco. For a decade, indeed; the Moroccan problem served more than any other not only to keep alive Franco-German suspicions, but to test out the international situation and show what could be expected to happen in the event of war.

#### THE CLASH OF INTERESTS IN MOROCCO

In 1898 a new bent was given to French imperial enterprise by the shattering of the dream of transcontinental African dominion at Fashoda and by the almost simultaneous appointment of Théophile Delcassé as foreign minister. The far-sighted Delcassé believed that France's natural sphere was the western Mediterranean; he proposed to plant the tricolor in Morocco; and he strongly favored a reconciliation of France and England.

Secret negotiations with Spain, in 1901, looked to a division of Morocco between France and that power. This plan was thwarted by England; but in a convention of 1904, which laid the foundation of the Anglo-French entente, France obtained the free hand in Morocco which she coveted, in exchange for an agreement to make no further protest against the English position in Egypt. The body of this treaty was made public, but five important articles were kept secret. Later in the same year France and Spain came to terms on the subject, this time with English approval; and of the two documents drawn up, one—arranging in detail for the eventual partition of the territory—was not published.

French and Spanish control in Morocco now began to develop on positive lines. One nation only took offense—Germany. The German economic interests in the territory



were insignificant, and as late as 1909 political interests there were officially disclaimed. But the temptation to make Morocco the theater for a display of dictatorial power was stronger than the Kaiser's government could resist, and after 1904 Moroccan "crises" planned in the Wilhelmstrasse became the order of the day. In 1905 the Kaiser's dramatic call at Tangier brought Europe to the brink of war. In 1907 the Casablanca incident, and in 1911 the Agadir episode, shook the diplomatic world.

In the last-mentioned year the secret conventions of 1904 came out at Paris—the Anglo-French agreements in the pages of the *Temps*, the Franco-Spanish arrangements in those of the *Nation*. The world was surprised at the contents, but the German foreign office probably learned very little that it had not known before. Backed by assurances of support from Great Britain, France stood firm in the crisis and won a brilliant diplomatic victory. Morocco, save for a small area in the northeast, assigned to Spain, became an avowed French protectorate.

#### GREY AS A CHAMPION OF OPEN DIPLOMACY

At the outbreak of the present war at least one leading European power had been fully converted to the merits of open diplomacy. This was England. Less than a year, indeed, before the conflict began Sir Edward Grey refused to put his hand to a series of much-desired agreements with Germany, for the sole reason that their terms were not to be made public. The most important of these agreements related to the ultimate disposal of the Portuguese colonies in Africa.

As the world knows, these extensive territories are, and have long been, beyond the ability of Portugal to manage adequately. The nations most interested in their fate have been England and Germany, because of the proximity of English and German colonies to the Portuguese lands. In 1898 Mr. Balfour and the German ambassador at London, Count Hatzfeldt, signed a secret treaty dividing the Portuguese dependencies into English and German "spheres of interest." It was not proposed to dispose the Portuguese then and there. Indeed, it was asserted that the purpose was rather to guarantee the independence and integrity of the Portuguese empire. Portugal had talked, however, of selling her

overseas dominions in order to put her finances upon a better footing; and England and Germany proposed to be on the spot, with rights carefully staked out, in case of eventualities.

About 1910 negotiations were opened at London looking toward a revision of the treaty of 1898, and in 1913 Sir Edward Grey and Prince Lichnowsky came to agreement upon a new convention, the terms of which were exceedingly favorable for Germany. Both negotiators were conscientiously working to remove the causes of misunderstanding between their states; but at the last moment there came a hitch which prevented the treaty from ever being signed.

The Berlin government assumed that the terms were to be kept secret. Sir Edward Grey demurred. England, he said, was no longer a party to any secret treaties except that of 1898, together with a convention of 1899 with Portugal relative to the same matters; and he refused to sign the new agreement unless both it and its predecessors should be made public. It was contrary to the present English policy, he declared, to conceal binding international agreements.

To meet the German protest, Grey offered to delay publication as much as a year. But the Berlin government, declaring that publication at any time would injure German interests in the colonies, remained obdurate. Prince Lichnowsky's appeals to his superiors went unheeded; and the boldness and ruthlessness of German imperial policy received one more striking illustration. In the memorandum which has recently commanded the attention of the world, Lichnowsky expresses regret that he did not at once repair to Berlin upon the final ruin of his carefully executed work, and hand in his resignation.

#### SECRET DIPLOMACY BREEDS WAR

Ten years of secret diplomacy, coupled with the irrepressible ambition of Germany to remake the map of Europe and of the world, brought about the greatest war in history; and a new chapter in the tortuous story of secret diplomacy was forthwith opened.

It is true that, with the desire to put themselves in the best possible light before the world, the several nations immediately published—in the "white books," "gray books," "yellow books," and so forth—re-

markable collections of telegrams and letters exchanged, in the main, during the critical days of July and August, 1914. No European war ever began amid such publicity of diplomatic proceedings. None the less, much was held back; much, indeed, may never see the light.

What secret agreements existed between Germany and Austria-Hungary, and between these powers and their minor allies, we can only surmise. Similarly, the understandings entered into by the governments united against Germany are not wholly known. In 1917, when the Bolsheviks seized the reins of government at Petrograd, they found, or declared that they found, in the archives copies of numerous secret agreements among the continental foes of the Teutonic powers; and Leon Trotzky thought to strike a blow at all secret diplomacy by mercilessly publishing everything of the kind that he and his henchmen could lay hands upon. The authenticity of many of the documents which thus saw the light remains, however, to be proved.

It has been demonstrated again and again—never more forcibly than in the present war—that secret diplomacy is a source of suspicion, conflict, and grave international immorality. Are we now to see an end of it?

He is indeed an optimist—nay, rather, a

visionary—who can look forward to a complete and literal realization of President Wilson's announced purpose. International relations can never be conducted entirely in the open. National departments of foreign affairs cannot be expected to obtain the express sanction of the representatives of the people for everything that they do. To think otherwise is to fall into the fatal error of the naive and well-intentioned but hopelessly deluded Bolsheviks.

But diplomacy can be so reorganized that secret alliances will be impossible; that a nation cannot be obligated for dynastic and selfish reasons, and without its knowledge or consent, to make war under given circumstances, or to follow a given course regardless of the dictates of public opinion; that land-grabbing conspiracies cannot be entered into behind the victim's back; that the controlling impulses in diplomatic intercourse shall spring from popular rather than dynastic or aristocratic sources; that great international agreements—like that between the United States and Japan, signed last November by Secretary Lansing and Special Commissioner Ishii—shall be open to the world, absolutely aboveboard.

Such a shift of basis for international relationships would be the greatest guarantee of world peace that the present war can be made to yield. It is for this that America fights.

#### ELEMENTAL COMRADES

WHEN you are sad, always remember this—

The sea is blue forever,

And nothing in the sky can go amiss;

The promise of the stars was broken never.

Always the tide is punctual to the weed,

And to the little barnacle that waits,

Sighing for love of it in its great need.

Yea, great and small miraculously are mates,

Calling and answering one unto the other:

"Why are you sad? Something on sea or land

Your lovely sister is, or your brave brother,

Waiting mysteriously to take your hand."

Thus, understanding that all things that are—

Volcanoes and the yellow butterfly,

The coral climbing to the evening star—

Are one together, shall not you and I

Be brave from all this wonder, and have faith

That color is man's comrade, and those forms

Meaningless save for beauty that nothing saith—

And know, long since, man was the friend of storms?

*Richard Le Gallienne*

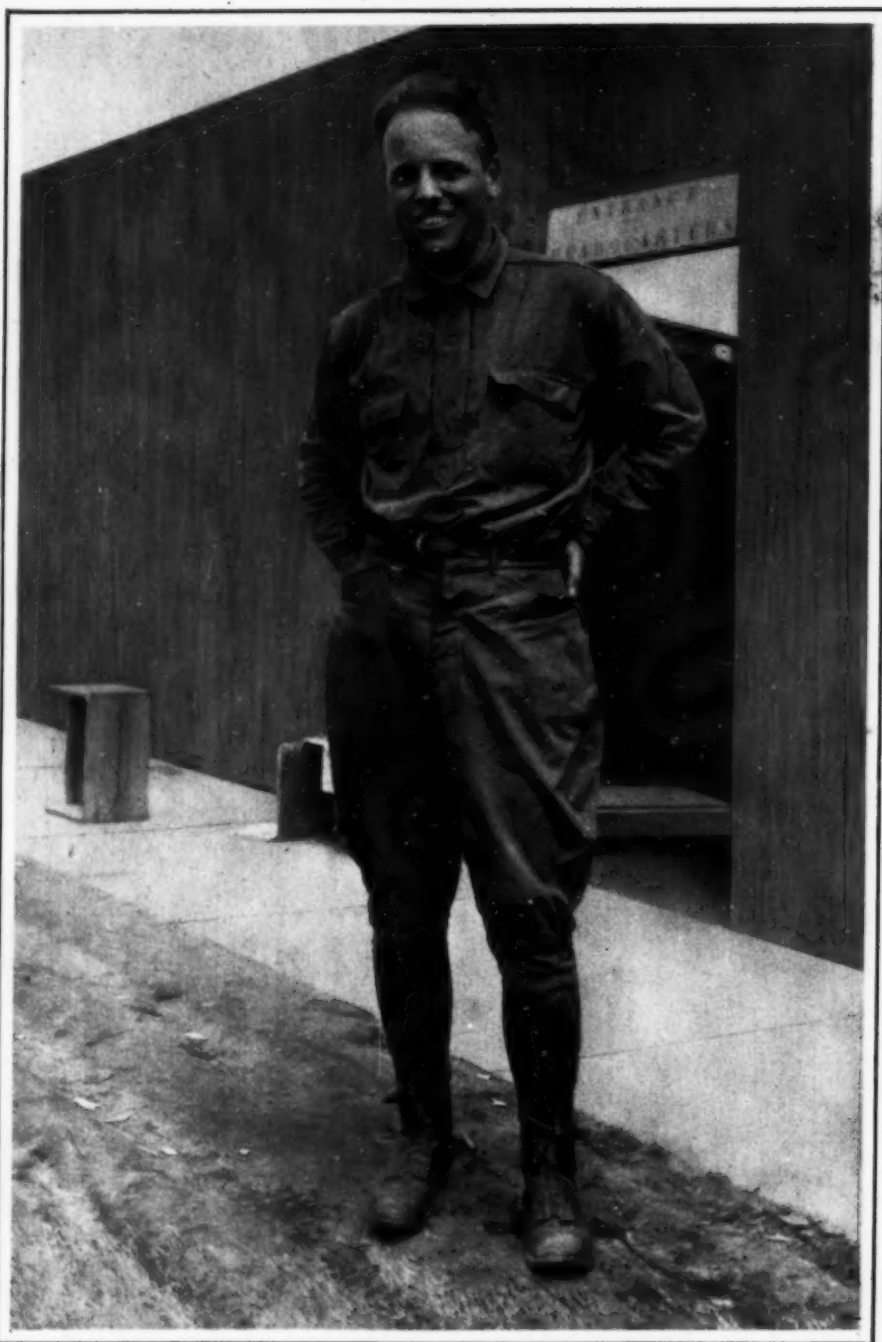
# *In the Public Eye*



ARTHUR HENDERSON AND ALEXANDER KERENSKY

The English labor leader and the former head of the Provisional Government of Russia chatting together at a recent meeting of the Labor Conference in London

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York

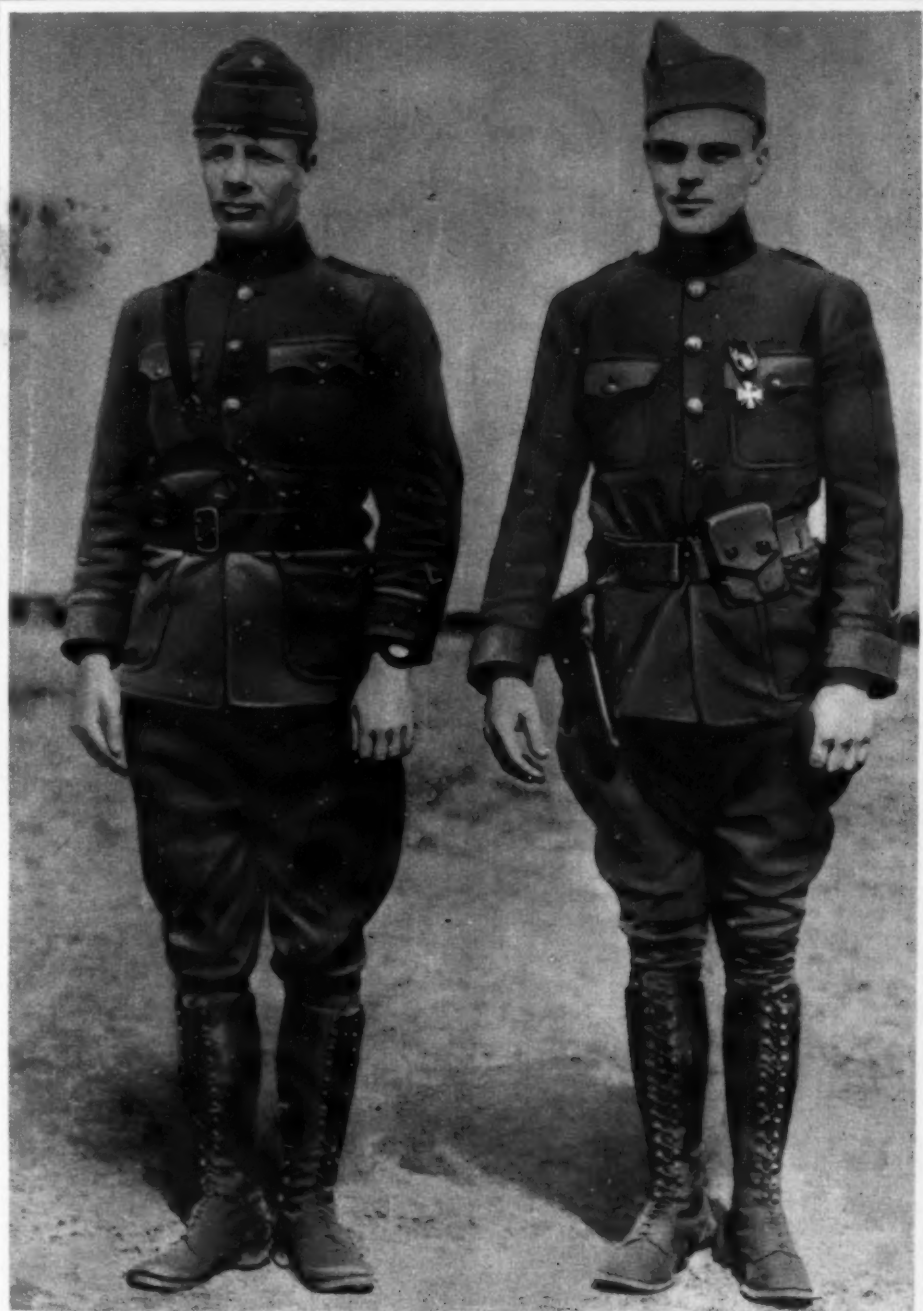


ON THE ROLL OF HONOR—LIEUTENANT QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

All of Colonel Roosevelt's four sons went to the front as speedily as possible—Two of them, Theodore, Jr., and Archie, have been wounded, and Quentin, the youngest, was killed in an air battle over the German lines on July 14

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York





MAJOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND LIEUTENANT CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES  
Major Roosevelt, who was officially mentioned for "conspicuous gallantry" in action at Cantigny,  
has since been wounded—Lieutenant Holmes, an officer in the same regiment,  
received the French Croix de Guerre for his share in a recent raid

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH

The great French soldier who was the hero of the first battle of the Marne, and who has again demonstrated his strategic skill as supreme commander of the Allied forces

Copyrighted by the French Pictorial Service



LORD ROBERT CECIL

Son of the late Lord Salisbury, recently appointed  
Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs



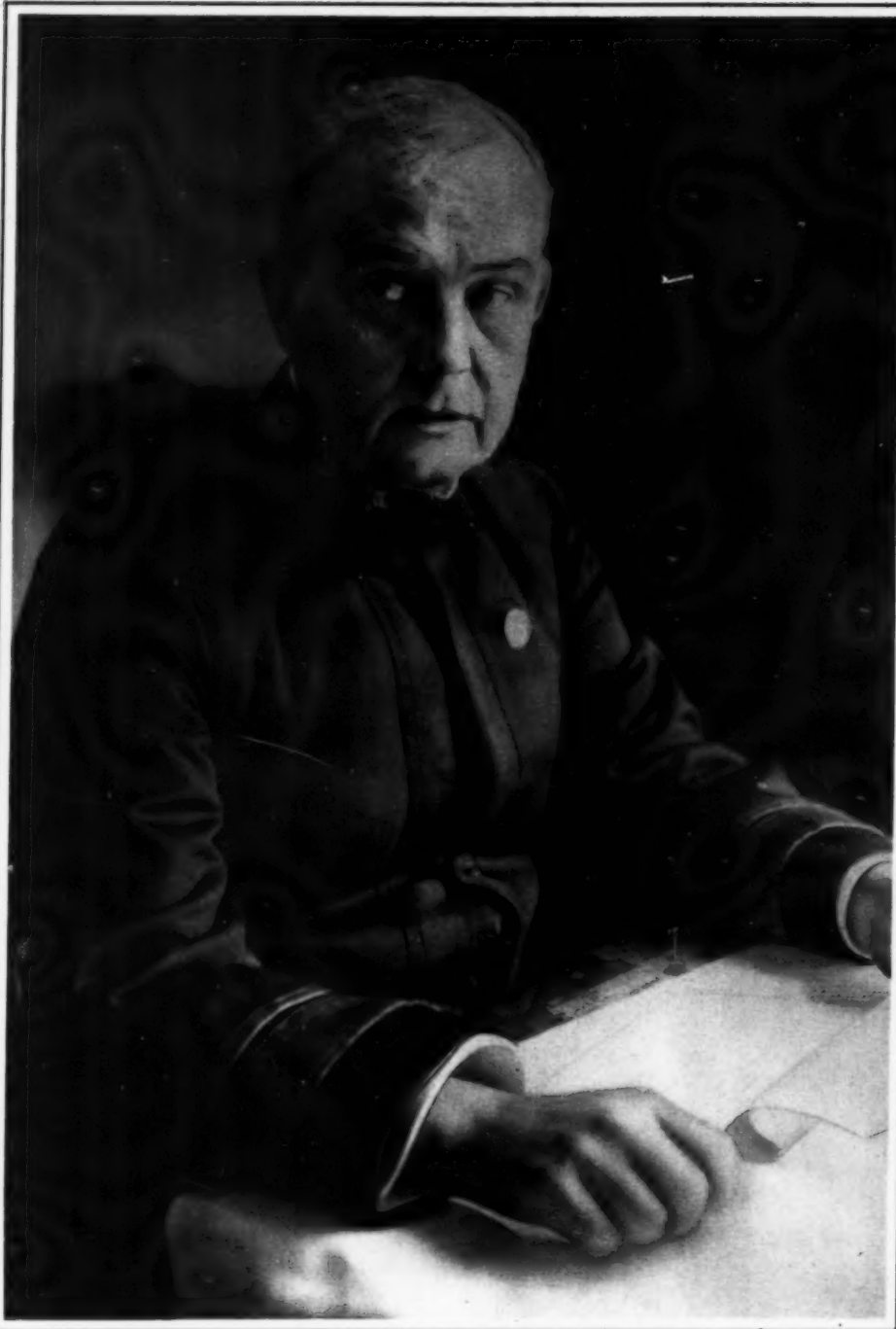
GENERAL MANGIN

The successful commander of the French forces on  
the line south of Soissons



GENERAL GOURAUD

The one-armed veteran who defeated the German  
attack east of Rheims



**SURGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM C. BRAISTED**

Head of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the United States Navy

From a photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York





**SURGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS**

The famous surgeon who is at the head of the medical service of the United States Army

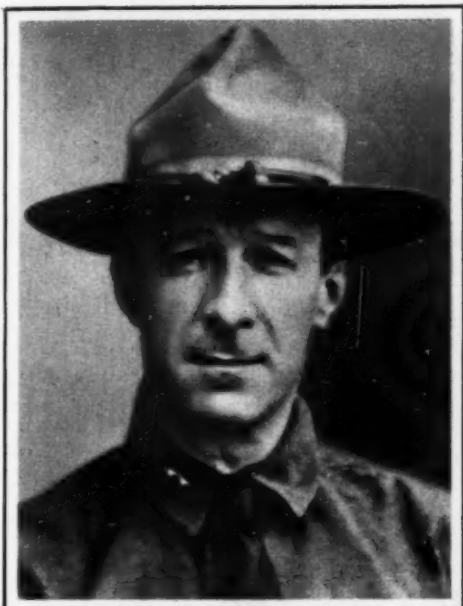
From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



SECRETARY LANSING'S SISTERS

Miss Katherine Ten Eyck Lansing and Miss Emma Sterling Lansing, who for nearly a year have been doing canteen work with the Red Cross in France

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



**CAPTAIN VICTOR HEINTZ**

Congressman from Ohio, serving as a captain in the National Guard

Copyrighted by the International Film Service, N. Y.



**ROYALL C. JOHNSON**

Congressman from South Dakota, who enlisted as a private in the National Army

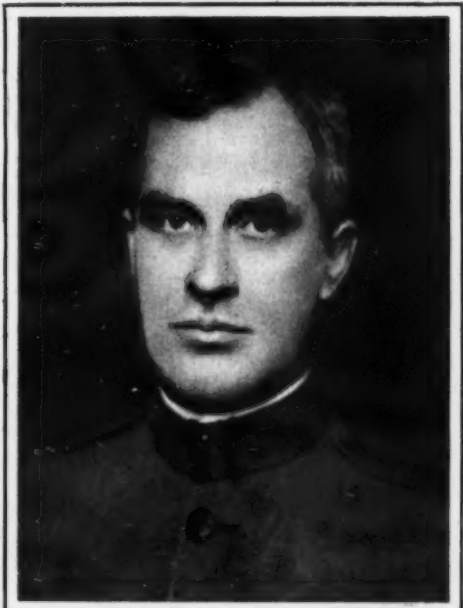
Copyrighted by the International Film Service, N. Y.



**CAPTAIN FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA**

Congressman from New York, now a captain in the Aviation Section

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARTHUR WOODS**

Formerly police commissioner of New York, now in the Aviation Section

Copyrighted by the International Film Service, N. Y.



MRS. AUGUST BELMONT, OF NEW YORK

Formerly the well-known actress, Miss Eleanor Robson—She has been active in war work both at home and in France

From a recent photograph





**RICHARD CLEVELAND**

Son of the late President Cleveland, now serving in the United States Marine Corps

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**MAJOR BENNETT CLARK**

Son of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, serving in the National Army

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN N. HODGES**

Decorated by the British for his gallantry in command of American engineers at Cambrai

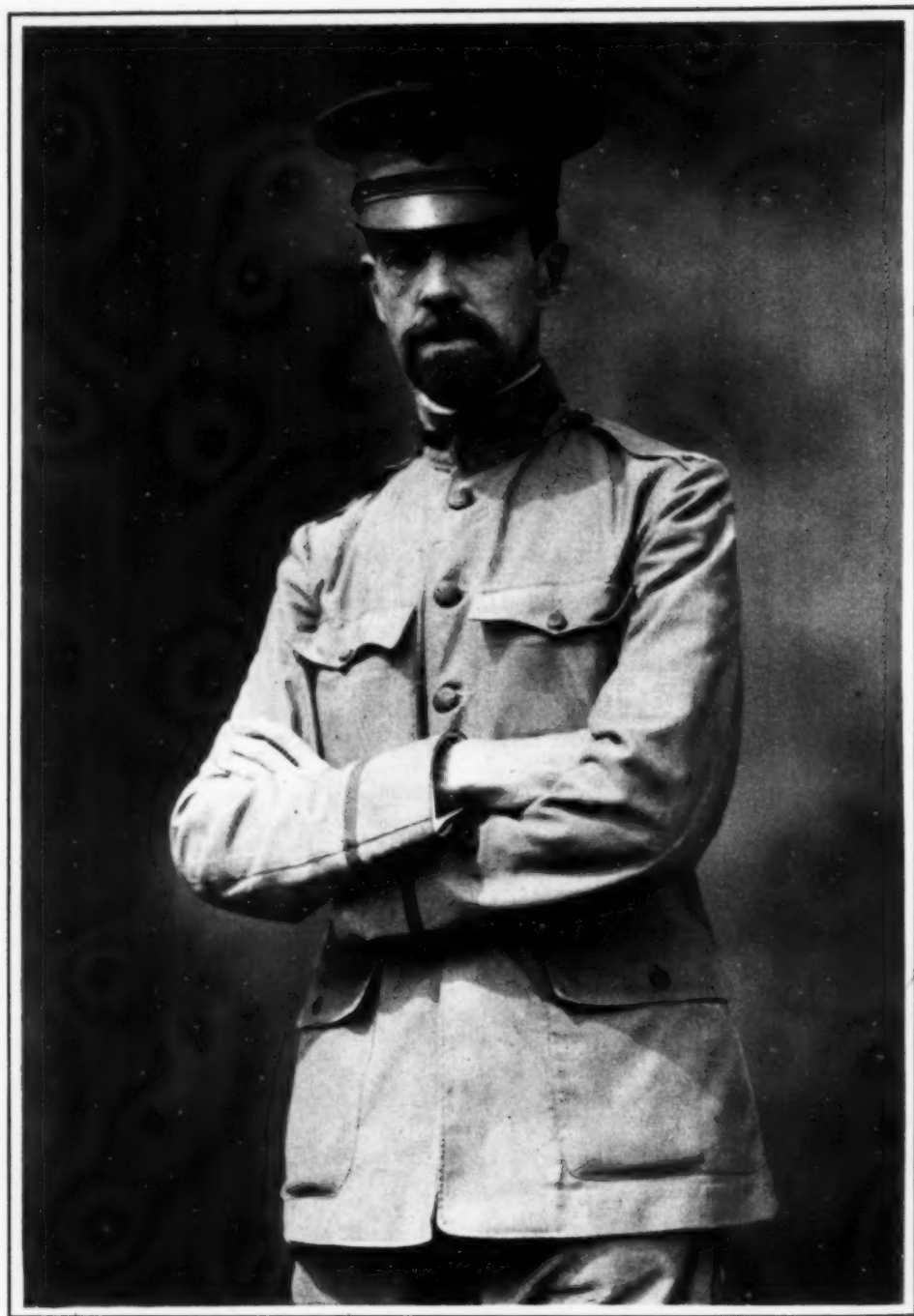
Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. GRAVES**

Recently promoted to his present rank after several years' service on the general staff

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**BRIGADIER-GENERAL CORNELIUS VANDERBILT**

Great-grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, recently promoted to his present rank from the colonelcy of the One Hundred and Second United States Engineers

From a recent photograph by Paul Thompson

# Our Colleges and the War

THE WORK THAT THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES ARE DOING, AND THE SACRIFICES  
THAT THEY ARE MAKING, TO HELP THE NATIONAL CAUSE  
IN THE PRESENT CRISIS

By Henry Rood

LONG before Congress declared that a state of war existed with Germany, long before President Wilson sent the treacherous Bernstorff his passports, the young manhood in American colleges all over the land felt that war was coming, and did what they could to prepare themselves to defend their flag and country.

To glance back, now, and rightly understand the sure, steady eagerness of tens of thousands of college students to make themselves ready to fight under the Stars and Stripes cannot but cause a thrill in those who know something of the situation at first hand. The writer is privileged to be included among these, for through special facilities granted by the War Department he has had opportunity for more than a year to see how American college students from New England, the Central States, the South and Southwest, the Far West and the Northwest, have acquitted themselves.

And now, when thousands upon thousands of these patriotic and fearless young men are fighting on land, at sea, in air, to defeat a bloodthirsty and relentless enemy, we may reverently thank God that the American college, during our many decades of peace and plenty, was able to keep alive and vital that priceless Light Within, which makes men eager to fight and suffer, to starve and freeze, to dare and die, if need be, in a great and righteous cause.

What is it that made scores of thousands of our college lads—as far back as 1915, and all through 1916—feel so certain that war was coming? What was it that caused the overpowering, overwhelming conviction that ere long they would be called to the colors? What made them turn aside from frivolity, cut down their usual program of sports, deliberately neglect this or that course of study not essential to war, clamor that the

government should send officers to train them on the college greens, and, when such instructors could not be obtained, organize their own battalions, buy their own uniforms, secure somehow other needed equipment, and start drilling among themselves?

I do not know what it was unless it was the upspringing within these young men of some fundamental fire of the soul, some elemental impulse analogous to that which causes the birds of summer to gather, to circle around in flocks for a few days, and then suddenly to start southward, straight as an arrow.

In thus briefly recalling the spirit of young men in American colleges there is no intention, of course, to minimize a corresponding spirit among thousands of other young men who enlisted in army and navy from civil occupations. The point is that unquestionably a far greater proportion of college students felt the storm coming and made ready to meet it as best they could.

And this is but natural, for as a rule they were gathered into large, cohesive student-groups, closely associated together day and night. They had time for discussing war news, they attended lectures on international relations, they read and recited the history of past wars. Thus the individual impulse became strengthened a thousand-fold, just as individual patriotism becomes strengthened in a great meeting of fellow patriots in the Colosseum at Chicago, at Madison Square Garden or Carnegie Hall in New York.

It is impossible within the limits of a single magazine article to list, even with utmost brevity, all that American colleges and universities have done thus far in the war, or to tell how it has interfered with their normal activities. But a few examples may be given which will indicate to the

reader something of the services they are rendering, and of the sacrifices they are making.

#### THE WAR SPIRIT AT DARTMOUTH

As an instance of a conservative institution of moderate size, far removed from the center of the world of action, let us take Dartmouth College, situated among the granite hills of New Hampshire, almost under the shadow of the White Mountains, the nearest railway to which runs in the adjoining State of Vermont. In such a remote location, if anywhere, one might expect to find the war spirit less militant; but what do we see in fact?

The day before Herr von Bernstorff received his passports there were 1,494 students at Dartmouth. At the recent commencement, one year after we had been at war, approximately fifty per cent of the undergraduates were in active service.

Of the graduating class of 1918, originally numbering 249 men, one had died in service, a second was held prisoner of war by Germany, while 81 had remained to complete their senior year, almost all of these being technical students. With the 81 in caps and gowns were about 40 in army and navy uniform who had been able to obtain leave of absence long enough to be present. The remaining 126 of the class of 1918 were in camps here getting ready to go overseas, or in foreign lands with their commands; on board war-ships, or in air service.

Furthermore, announcement was made that within two weeks of graduation ninety-five per cent of the entire class of 1918 would be in the war service of the United States. This is an inspiring record, when one remembers that in addition to these seniors more than five hundred other students had left freshman, sophomore, and junior classes, and were already wearing the uniform; that many of the faculty, including President Hopkins, were occupying posts of heavy responsibility at Washington or elsewhere; and that eighteen Dartmouth men had died in service.

Consider another way in which the war has affected this *alma mater* of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. By the end of April it faced a deficit of sixty thousand dollars for the year; but a month later subscriptions began to come in from alumni, from mothers of young men in service, and even from some of the young

men themselves. One private, out of his meager pay, sent five dollars, and promised to send five dollars more each month, unless he should fall on the battle-field.

Take a great institution on the other side of the continent—the University of California. The exact number of undergraduates in active service was not available at the time of writing; but the university has sent a total of three thousand students, graduates, and faculty members into military service, and has expended for war work, including its school of aeronautics, its school of navigation, and other special war courses more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

The University of Texas has had fifteen hundred students in its school of aeronautics. The University of Virginia established a reserve officers' training-school, and has enrolled nearly five hundred students in it, besides giving special instruction in navigation, astronomy, signaling, telegraphy, engineering, and similar branches. Thirty-three per cent of its students turned away from their lecture-rooms, their campus, their gymnasium, and sprang to join the colors.

Cornell University's special war activities spread out over a large and highly diversified field. Its intensive course of military aeronautics has been graduating no less than one hundred cadets per week. It has also maintained a signal-corps school in photography, a school of meteorology, and a school for operators of X-ray apparatus, besides special courses in engineering, wireless work, marine machinery, and navigation.

One of the particular features of direct war service to which the University of Pennsylvania has devoted a part of its effort consists of special courses in dental surgery, where carefully chosen men are taught how to remake faces shattered by explosion of shell or bomb. This unusual work is also carried on at a second institution, Washington University, at St. Louis. Of the students who remained at the University of Pennsylvania, by the way, to continue technical and other special training, more than two thousand have carried on military training in the university battalion.

#### WAR WORK AT HARVARD AND YALE

Returning to New England we see mighty efforts ceaselessly put forth by



Yale and by Harvard. Back in 1915 President Hadley foresaw that in all likelihood we should be drawn into the conflagration of war, and asked Washington what form of preparation was most needed. The reply was brief:

"Train men in field artillery."

At once Yale students organized a field-artillery battalion, which, when war actually came, was able to furnish to the government not less than two hundred and fifty reserve officers. To-day this has grown into a regular course of field-artillery training with more than six hundred undergraduate students.

A second valuable service rendered was the organizing of the Yale mobile-hospital unit; a third, the Yale naval-training unit, which includes hundreds of undergraduate students pursuing a thorough intensive course. That it is practical may be inferred from the fact that out of seventy-one men recommended by the unit, seventy have received commissions in the navy.

Seventy members of the Yale faculty are taking important part in war service, including that of military and naval intelligence, the preparation of gas-masks, the making of optical instruments and devices for the detection of submarines. Of Yale men graduated in former years not less than six thousand are in war service, forty-eight hundred being in the army, the navy, and the marine corps, while thirty-seven—at this writing—have lost their lives.

Harvard University's contribution to the war, both in numbers of men enlisted and in expenditure of money, equipment, and effort, is enormous. Undergraduates have gone into service so rapidly and so constantly that, as in the case of many other institutions, the figures have to be changed day by day. It is safe to say that of the four thousand odd students at Harvard before war became imminent, eighteen hundred are in service, or will be by the time this magazine is published. Several of the college buildings have been given over to a radio school, which recently was reported as having more than three thousand men enrolled.

As for higher constructive work along administrative lines, it may be mentioned that Professor Robert M. Johnston, of the faculty committee on military affairs, suggested, months ago, the establishment at Harvard of a military college with a three-year course similar to that at West Point,

to which would be admitted boys of sixteen, physically fit, without mental examination at entrance, encouraging every such student to continue his course unless he proved himself unable to maintain a proper standard in his studies. Cadets in this proposed military college would be under strict military discipline and instruction. Should this idea be put in practice at Harvard and at other large universities, it might well result in the permanent establishment of a number of little West Points of immeasurable value to the nation in future generations; for the record of West Point graduates sufficiently proves that a combination of military and ordinary collegiate education produces the highest type of modern manhood.

#### AT COLUMBIA AND PRINCETON

The largest university in the United States, and at present the largest in the world, is Columbia, which this past year has had a total enrolment of 17,600, or three hundred more than the University of Paris. Because of the war, Columbia has faced a deficit of not less than two hundred thousand dollars thus far in the year, and it has given to war service, including the army and the navy, more than three thousand men and women, of whom 692 were in the graduate faculties. Like many other institutions where both men and women are students, as well as professors and instructors, the actual percentage of those in active service is, of course, somewhat smaller than at colleges exclusively for men.

Notwithstanding the fact that American colleges have been hard hit by war, yet they have hit back—hit back by giving all in their power to aid the government in defeating the enemy. Take a single example of constructive work at Princeton, which is already reported to have a deficit of nearly two hundred thousand dollars for the current year.

Last May the trustees of Princeton decided to institute in the autumn a three-year course in military training, which will lead to the degrees A.B., B.S., or Litt.D., and which, moreover, would entitle students taking the course to exemption from the draft. The purpose, of course, was not in any way to enable young men to avoid service, but to provide special instruction for those who later would reach the draft age, so that on completing their studies they would be of far greater value in the



mechanical or industrial work of the army or the navy than if they had gone directly into the ranks at first.

Students taking this military course at Princeton, if they wish to avoid being drafted until their education is completed, will regularly enlist in the United States service when entering, and will then be assigned by the government to the university. Military training will have first place in the program, and there will be much field work. The new course will not be purely military, however; there will be general instruction in modern languages, international law, and similar subjects. That such instruction is needed may be understood when one remembers that in France, as well as at camps and cantonments in this country, it has been found advisable to establish all sorts of special schools for officers as well as enlisted men.

Almost as soon as war was declared the postal authorities, of course, stopped all mail directed to addresses in Germany. Very quickly a great mass of letters accumulated. It was of utmost importance not to permit a single communication from the enemy's secret agents to be sent abroad; and it was highly desirable not to inflict unnecessary delay on wholly innocent letters. The imperative need of a large staff of expert and wholly loyal translators can be understood. Where could they be obtained?

A flash went out from Washington to certain colleges and universities, which instantly responded by denuding themselves of faculty members. On forty-eight hours' notice, for example, a corps of fifty-eight linguists was organized from Columbia's faculty, was transported to Washington, and went to work upon a vast accumulation of letters written in almost every language under the sun.

#### WAR WORK OF OTHER COLLEGES

The fine old Quaker college near Philadelphia, Haverford, vainly urged its senior class of 1917 to remain for a few weeks after war was declared, and complete their studies. Before two months had passed half of the class had joined the colors, or had taken up reconstruction work in France, and now it is reported that four-fifths of its members are serving their country in war effort.

Amherst has added to its courses of study a two-year special course intended

for men who enter this autumn at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and therefore will have two years of time before arriving at draft age. In June of this year, eighteen colleges in four Eastern States announced that they had dropped the usual athletic sports; twenty-two have eliminated pre-season coaching for athletic teams; and twenty-three have dispensed with training-tables.

Johns Hopkins has been conducting two important schools of navigation, and one for engineering officers, under the supervision of the United States Shipping Board, as well as a ground school of aviation, and a radio school of the United States Signal Reserve Corps for advanced technical training.

This world war is so vast in extent, its ramifications are so nearly limitless in scope, that colleges and college men wherever and whatever they are, find plenty of opportunity. An indication of this may be found in a meeting in Philadelphia, on April 26, presided over by Walter Camp. Mr. Camp had called together a number of famous college coaches, and he told them that the government needed men to go abroad and keep American fliers fit for their trying work. It had suggested, he explained, that no better men could be found for this purpose than experienced coaches of college teams and college crews, whose life-work was that of keeping young athletes in the pink of condition. Those willing and able to sail for Europe on this very important military mission would kindly step to the speaker's table and sign up for immediate service.

One of the first to sign was Glenn Warner, football, baseball, and track coach at the University of Pittsburgh. Quickly came forward George Connor, coach at Exeter; H. F. Schulte, of the University of Wisconsin; Arthur Duffy, once the world's greatest sprinter; John Magee, of Bowdoin; J. P. Nicholson, of the University of the South; Percy Smallwood, noted distance-runner, and Tom Eyck, assistant coach at the University of Chicago, while subsequently many others, from colleges all over the land, hastened to offer their special abilities.

#### COLLEGE GIRLS IN WAR WORK

In addition to the enlistment of students and faculty members in direct military and naval work, the colleges have contributed

heavily in a multitude of other directions. They were among the first to grasp the fact that this is a war not of armies and navies, but of nations—of all the manpower and woman-power of every nation engaged in the gigantic struggle.

For example, Florida State College reports three thousand girls in canning-clubs, producing enormous quantities of vegetables and small fruits, and canning them for use next winter. It is not understood that all of the three thousand are students of the college, but all are supervised by the institution, and are doing useful work.

Countless other girls and young women have gone forth from colleges to serve in Y. M. C. A. canteens, in Y. W. C. A. hostess houses, in Red Cross units, as hospital nurses—in a hundred or a thousand different fields of war work. The heroism of that Smith College Unit, falling back in France, step by step, scarcely out of reach of shells and bombs, will ever remain a bright page in the history of American colleges for women.

At this time, in every part of the United States, college girls are working from dawn to dusk, doing a giant's task in adding to our food production—girls who in former years played tennis, motored, danced and swam, flirted and dawdled through long summer months at seashore or mountain resorts. These girls, young women of character, physical stamina, and keen minds, have been suddenly awakened—brought face to face, perhaps for the first time, with the realities of life. And like their brothers and sweethearts in uniform, they are showing their mettle—their determination to do all in their power to down, once and forever, the savage monster who now is trying to devastate a world that he cannot dominate.

#### TECHNICAL TRAINING FOR MECHANICS

In all previous wars man-power under arms, on land or at sea, was the one thing on which peoples depended for victory. To-day the importance of superior manpower must not be minimized; and it is because of the limitless reserves of it in the United States that Germany is inevitably doomed to defeat and punishment. But present-day warfare is almost as much a matter of food-supply and machinery as of men drilled to fight. For our army alone—not to mention the navy—there are not less than two hundred and fifty

specialized occupations required by the War Department; and a few weeks ago Washington announced plans for a great school for the technical training of a hundred thousand men as a beginning.

Where could such a school be located? Where were to be found the buildings, the laboratories, the apparatus, the housing, and cooking and laundry facilities for an institution with as many students as could be handled by twenty-five universities, each of them as large as Harvard was before we entered the war?

Arrangements were at once made with fifty separate colleges and technical schools in various parts of the country. Detailed plans were put under way for the establishment of special courses, including military drill; and men drafted for the army, but not yet actually inducted into the service, were allowed the privilege of attending.

Strange to say, some young men, especially qualified, failed to perceive the advantages offered them by the government. I know one such, an excellent carpenter and cabinet-worker, who was urged to take the chance. He had been drafted, certified as having passed the physical examination, and notified that in all probability he would be sent to a military training-camp in about two months. There is no question that this man will make an excellent infantryman; but his knowledge of carpentry, his ability to handle tools of many kinds, and his technical experience, would make him immensely more valuable as a skilled mechanic than in actual trench fighting. Yet he declined the chance on the ground that he did not want to leave his home any sooner than he had to.

This, surely, was a very exceptional case. As a rule it may be taken for granted that the opportunity for attending some one of the fifty technical schools was gladly availed of. A few of the units are expected to number only one hundred men each; but two hundred are as few as the War Department thinks it best to handle at a college, and the individual units run as high as two thousand. Indeed, at the time of writing, it was expected that as many as five thousand students will be under technical training at the University of Texas alone.

To give some idea of the need for additional men of special skill, it may be said that by November 1 the army expects to need twenty thousand in the various automobile trades alone. Its list of occupa-

tions includes twenty-one different kinds of carpenters; thirteen kinds of skilled workers come under the general head of lumberman; thirty-two under that of machinist; nine are catalogued as various kinds of gunsmiths; fourteen under the head of blacksmith; eleven under that of physicist.

Doubtless, when the first course of intensive technical and military training is over, and the earliest contingent of specialized workers is sent to join the colors, here or abroad, increasing numbers will be needed

to fill the vacant places. For every man, every woman, every boy or girl old enough to do anything of practical use, will be needed to help us win this war. It will not be won unless the entire American people, like the people of Germany, strip for action. We must realize that we are at death grips with the most selfish and most colossal military autocracy ever known, and must throw every ounce of our strength into the one and only task we have from this hour forward—that of winning the war.

## A New Way to Save Food

THE CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL PROCESS OF DEHYDRATION, OR DRYING, WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO HAVE FRESH VEGETABLES ALL THE YEAR ROUND

By E. Clemens Horst

THROUGHOUT the United States, during the summer now drawing toward a close, hundreds of thousands of back-yard vegetable-gardens have produced millions of dollars' worth of food-stuffs. Moreover, practically all of it has been used, or will be used; for when a man raises vegetables on a few square feet of a city lot he is so proud of his accomplishment that he will not allow his crops to be wasted. All of which is a very good thing, for this is a practical way to cooperate with the government in increasing our food-supplies.

The cultivation of a small garden-plot quickly teaches the amateur farmer what great quantities of food can be produced within a very small space. Nature is wantonly prolific in forcing the growth of vegetable life wherever conditions are in the least favorable, and only a fraction of the tillable soil of this country is needed to supply not only our own needs, but also those of the other nations calling upon us for help.

The question is not so much the production of food-crops, but of the handling and

conservation of those crops when once produced. We meet waste, and more waste, at every step along the way of the food-distributor. Authentic statistics are available to prove that fully half of the so-called perishable food-crops, like vegetables, never reach the consumer. Part of the crop is wasted in the fields. Some vegetables, though good, are discarded because they are undersized. Others wilt and deteriorate on the way to market, or in the market. Finally, a large proportion of such products as potatoes are wasted in peeling.

Vegetables in their fresh state are available to the average family for only a few months in the year. Our bodies, however, always demand the substances contained in the green plants, and there is no reason why vegetables of all kinds should not be on the table of every American family throughout all seasons of the year. Those who are able to pay the price can get canned vegetables in the winter, but the price is now exceedingly high, and the product is not as palatable as either fresh or dried vegetables.

The solution of the problem lies in the

---

EDITORIAL NOTE—The author of this article, as he explains in the text, is commercially interested in the dehydration of vegetables, and suspicious readers may therefore charge us with giving him an advertisement. We can assure them, however, that the article was accepted and paid for in the usual way, and that it is printed here solely because we regard it as being of general interest and of possible benefit to the public.

dehydration, or drying, of vegetables. By this process the green, succulent plants can be taken from the fields, and within a few hours deprived of their water content, with the result that the remaining product possesses all of the flavor and food-value of the fresh article. When the time comes to use it, months or perhaps years later, it is restored to its original condition by soaking it in water, and it can then be served and eaten just as if it were fresh. We have the authority of the government food experts for the statement that in the drying process water is all that is taken out; flavor, texture, and food-value remain unimpaired.

The dehydration process for vegetables is not a new thing, for it has been practised in some of the European countries for a long time. Our northern neighbor, Canada, has sold millions of pounds of dried vegetables to the British government, and the product has also been used quite extensively in the mining-camps of Alaska. In the United States, however, the subject of vegetable-drying has received little attention until the last year or so.

#### HOW VEGETABLES CAN BE DRIED

As a large producer of hops, the writer has for many years been engaged in the operation of a score or more of drying-plants, located on various hop-ranches scattered along the Pacific Coast. In these drying-plants the green hops are treated to remove the moisture before being baled for the market. The process is very simple. It consists in subjecting the vegetable matter to circulating currents of warm air, which absorb the moisture. When the moisture has been extracted, the dried hops contain the same chemical constituents as in their green state, but they have been rendered immune from decay or spoilage.

When the same procedure is applied to other kinds of vegetables, the same results are obtained. The resultant product is the same plant, with merely the water taken out. When you restore the moisture, you restore the freshness and succulence to the vegetable.

All of this I have demonstrated on my own ranches. During the season of 1917 I devoted a large area, previously grown to hops, to the raising of a large variety of vegetables. As these became mature, they were taken to a near-by drying-plant and dehydrated. Up-to-date machinery was installed for washing, paring, and slicing

the vegetables, and every precaution was taken to see that the product was kept clean and processed in the most efficient manner.

The method of supplying warm air to the drying-rooms in my hop-plants consists in discharging the warm air into a bowl-shaped receptacle placed in the center of the drying-room floor. This results in securing an absolutely uniform distribution and circulation of warm air throughout the room. In processing my dried vegetables I followed identically the same method, only varying the period during which the different kinds of vegetables were left in the drying-room. Nothing was added to the drying product, and nothing was taken from it, except moisture.

The results of my experiments fully justified my belief that every kind of vegetable could be successfully dried without impairing its food-qualities or flavor. Tests made by experts of the Department of Agriculture and other food chemists proved that these dried products are absolutely wholesome, and samples furnished to hotels, clubs, restaurants, private homes, and hospitals all brought forth the verdict that when cooked they are equal in every respect to fresh varieties.

Even a casual examination of the subject will convince one of the tremendous saving that will accrue from the drying, or dehydration, of our vegetable supply. A few of them may be touched upon briefly.

#### THE USEFULNESS OF DRYING-PLANTS

If drying-plants were established in agricultural districts, it would be possible to encourage farmers to plant more vegetables, by assuring them of a market for their products. At the present time, even within three or four miles of a city, it is almost impossible, as a rule, to find vegetables grown on farms. With a drying-plant within reach, the farmer would find his market extended to all parts of the world. If selling conditions were not favorable at the time when his crops matured, they could be dried, placed in inexpensive paper cartons, and stored until the demand was better. When properly dehydrated, vegetables will keep indefinitely.

In the handling of fresh vegetables there is a large amount of waste incident to the throwing away of the green tops, or the outside leaves. Where the vegetables are processed, all this green feed can be saved



and used to fatten stock. In the handling of potatoes, all the peelings can be utilized, either in feeding hogs or by treating them for the extraction of the starch that they contain. At present, when hand-peeled in the home, from ten to twenty per cent of the potato is wasted.

Even where transportation facilities are good, there is usually a delay of several days between the time when fresh vegetables are picked and the time when they reach the ultimate consumer. If dried, the product could be handled within an hour or two after picking, thus eliminating all possibility of the deterioration of the vegetable before processing.

#### A GREAT SAVING OF SPACE AND WEIGHT

In the matter of storage, a tremendous saving would be effected with dried vegetables. Twenty pounds of fresh tomatoes, or cabbage, when dried, will be reduced to one pound; eighteen pounds of spinach will likewise be reduced to one pound, and so on, the reduction in the case of potatoes being from six or eight pounds to one.

The full significance of this saving is not apparent, however, until we apply it to the matter of transportation. A little cube of dried tomatoes weighing about two and one-quarter pounds is equivalent to a sixty-pound case of canned tomatoes, and there is as wide a difference between the express or freight charges on the two and one-quarter pounds, as against the cost for sixty pounds, as there is in the space that each of the packages would occupy.

To put it in another way, a single car-load of dried tomatoes is equivalent to twenty-five or thirty car-loads of either fresh or canned tomatoes; and practically the only difference between the articles is the matter of water, tin, and lumber, which make up from sixty to eighty-five per cent

of the bulk and weight of ordinary varieties of fresh or canned vegetables.

From the standpoint of the housewife, there are two decided advantages which are very apparent. The first is the matter of cost; the second, that of convenience.

At a recent hearing before a Congressional committee at Washington, called for the purpose of obtaining information on the dehydration of vegetables, Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, testified that as a result of careful investigation and accurate computations he was convinced that the total cost of drying vegetables in a large commercial plant should not exceed one cent a pound, exclusive of the cost of the product. This estimated cost includes administration expenses, interest on the capital investment, depreciation, and all overhead charges. Assuming that the grower received a price that allowed him a liberal profit upon his crops, it should still be possible to place dried vegetables upon the market everywhere at a retail cost far below that of canned goods, or that of fresh vegetables out of season.

The second advantage of dried vegetables from the standpoint of the housewife is the matter of convenience. When she uses the dried variety, they come to her all ready for use. They are thoroughly cleaned, and all she need do is to place them in cold water for a sufficient length of time to restore their moisture content, when they are ready for cooking. There is no waste, no cutting away of spoiled parts, no hunt for the insects so frequently found on the fresh varieties.

Finally, the fact that drying in no way alters the flavor or texture of the vegetables can easily and conclusively be proved by putting them on the table. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

---

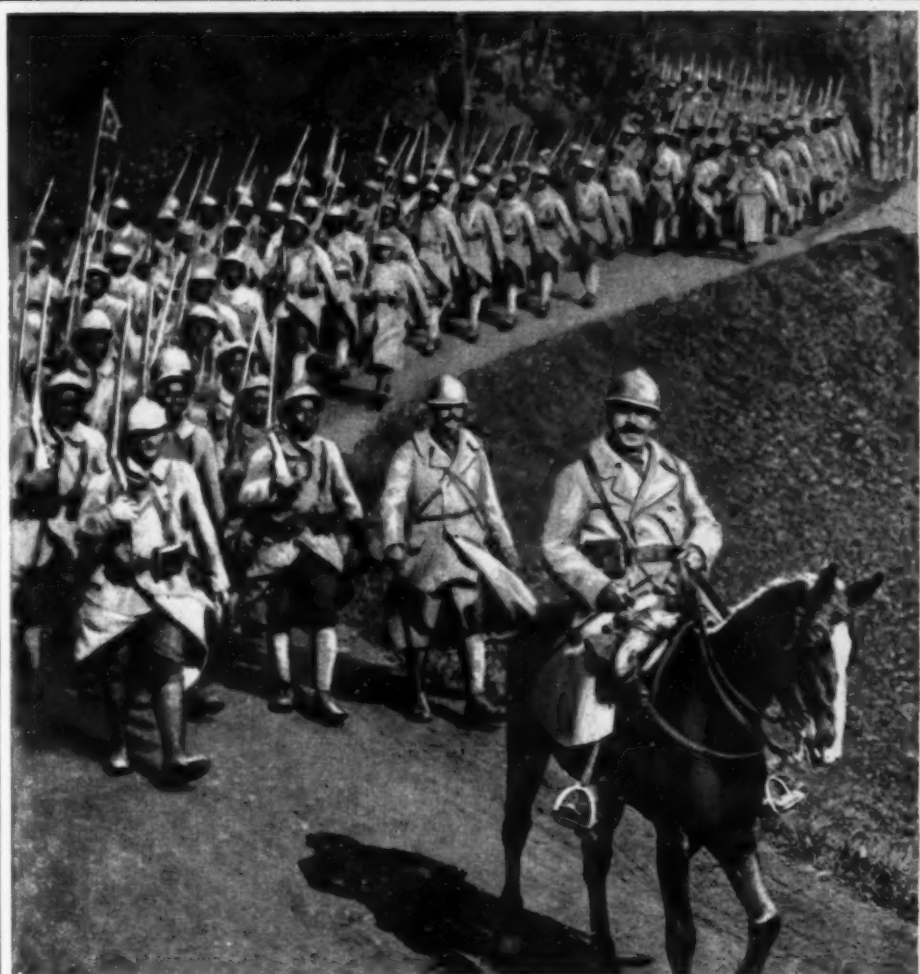
#### BUILD ON!

A SUDDEN wave came surging o'er the fort  
 A sunny child was building on the beach.  
 The child just laughed and gathered up his tools,  
 And started work beyond the water's reach.  
 A child did that; shall you and I do less?  
 The waves of war tear down our hearts, 'tis true,  
 But can't we muster up a cheery smile  
 And climb life's shore a space, to build anew?

C. F. Allen



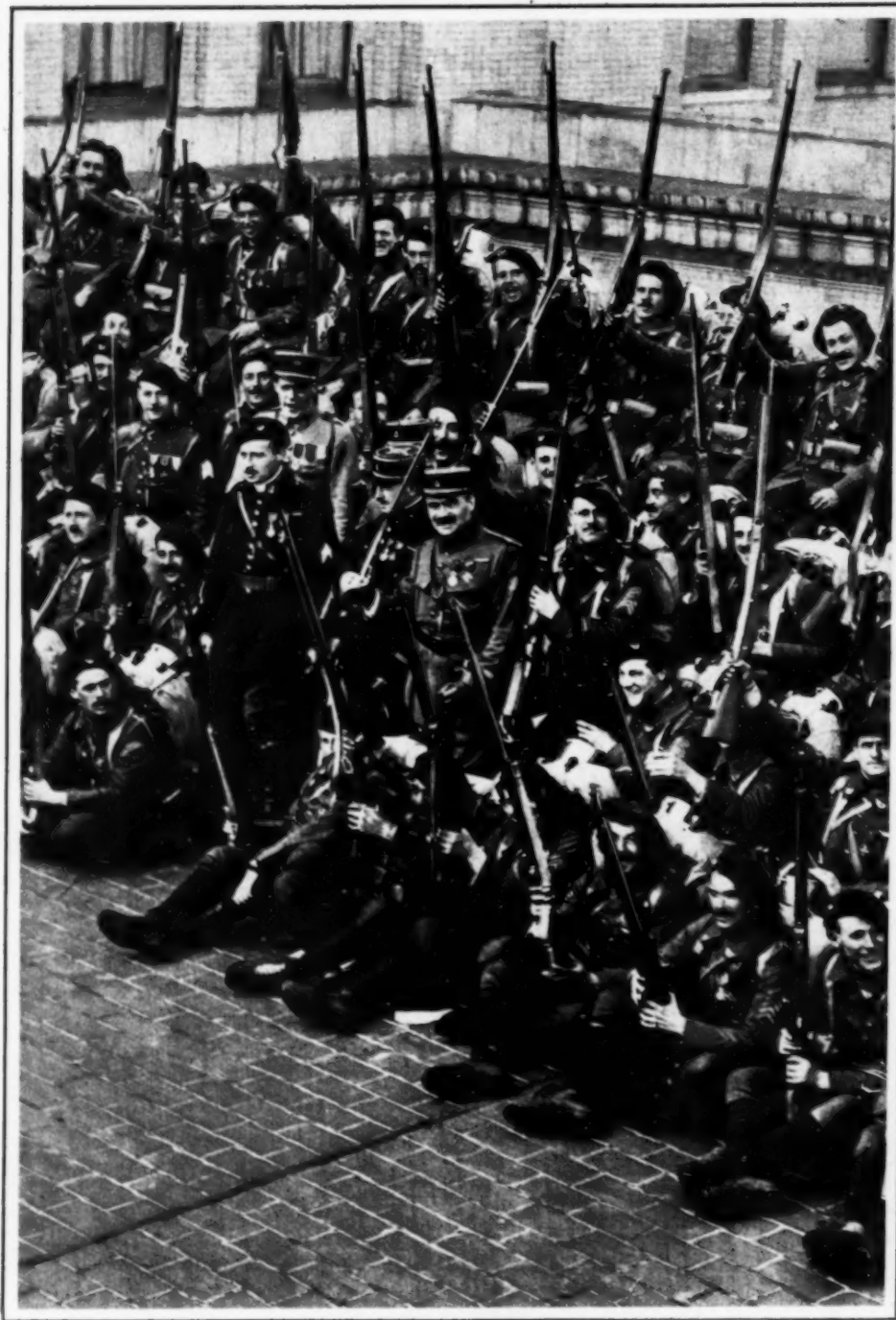
# *Picturesque Soldiers of Our Allies*



**SENEGALESE TIRAILLEURS ON THE MARCH IN FRANCE**

Twelve battalions of these troops figured in the French army list before the war, the officers being Frenchmen, the rank and file natives enlisted in the colony of Senegal

From a French official photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



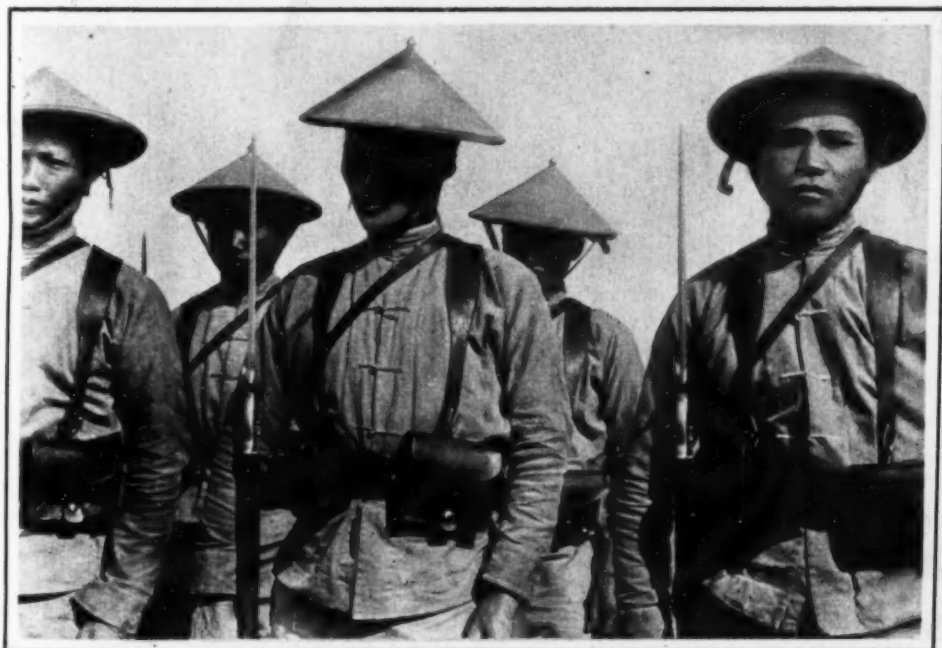
FRENCH ALPINE CHASSEURS, NICKNAMED "BLUE DEVILS"

These are the men who made so fine an impression during their visit to the United States—All of them have been wounded at the front, and all wear decorations for gallant service



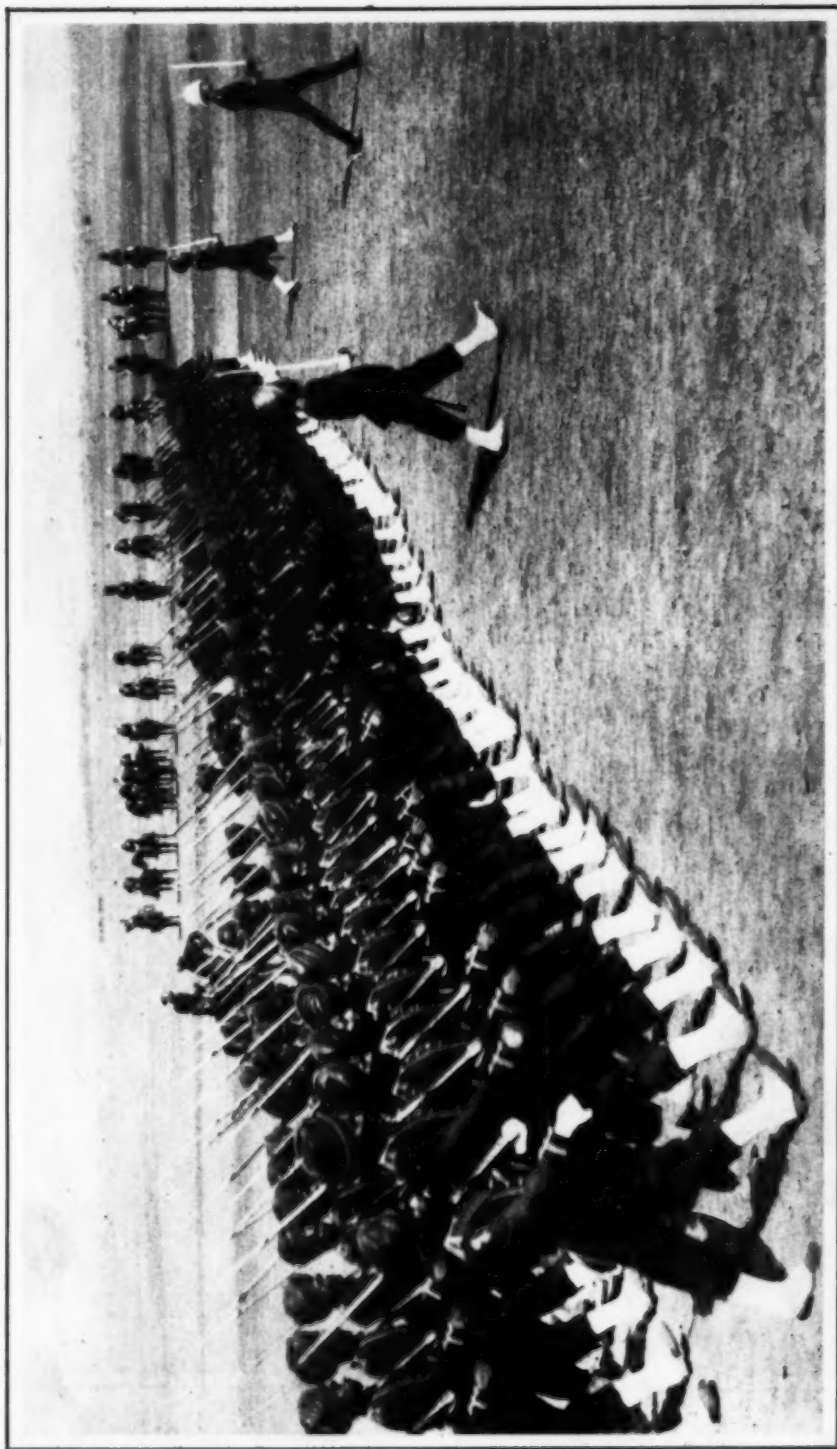
**FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS RECEIVING DECORATIONS**

The turbaned officer bestowing the awards is colonel of a spahi (cavalry) regiment from Morocco ; the recipients are French officers (with swords raised) and Arab soldiers (with rifles)



**ANNAMITE SOLDIERS OF FRANCE**

The French army list includes four battalions of infantry raised in Annam, the chief province of French Indo-China—Some of these have seen service in France

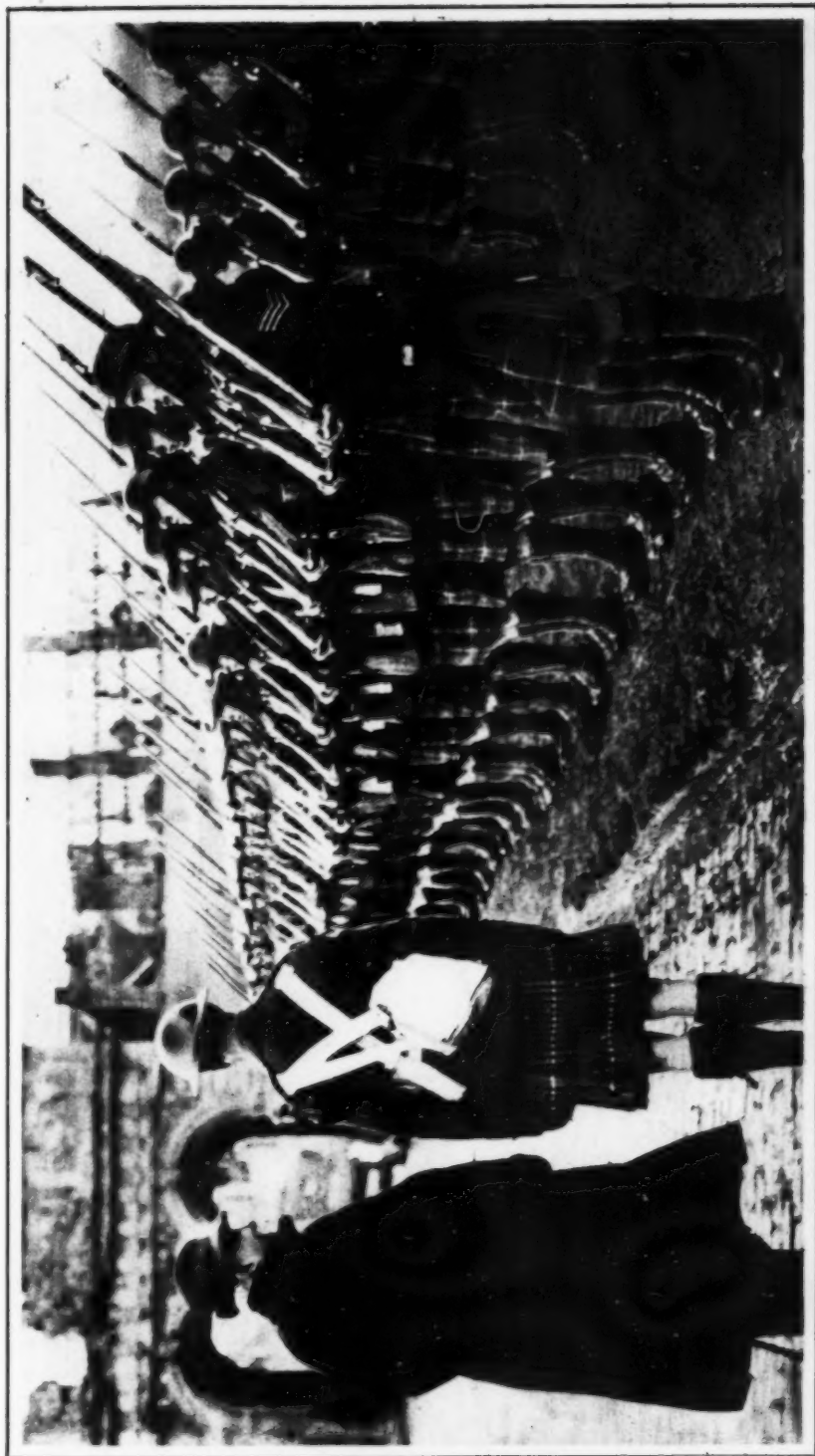


ANGLO-INDIAN TROOPS IN EGYPT

The British Indian army consisted of about two hundred and twenty thousand men before the war, and it has since been largely increased—  
It is bearing the chief burden of the campaigns in Mesopotamia and Palestine

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York





SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS ON THE FRENCH FRONT

In the early battles of the war the Germans are said to have called these killed warriors from the north "the ladies from hell"—In this picture a Highland regiment is paraded for inspection by M. Clémenceau, the French premier

From a photograph by the French Pictorial Service, New York





#### PORTUGUESE TROOPS SERVING IN FRANCE

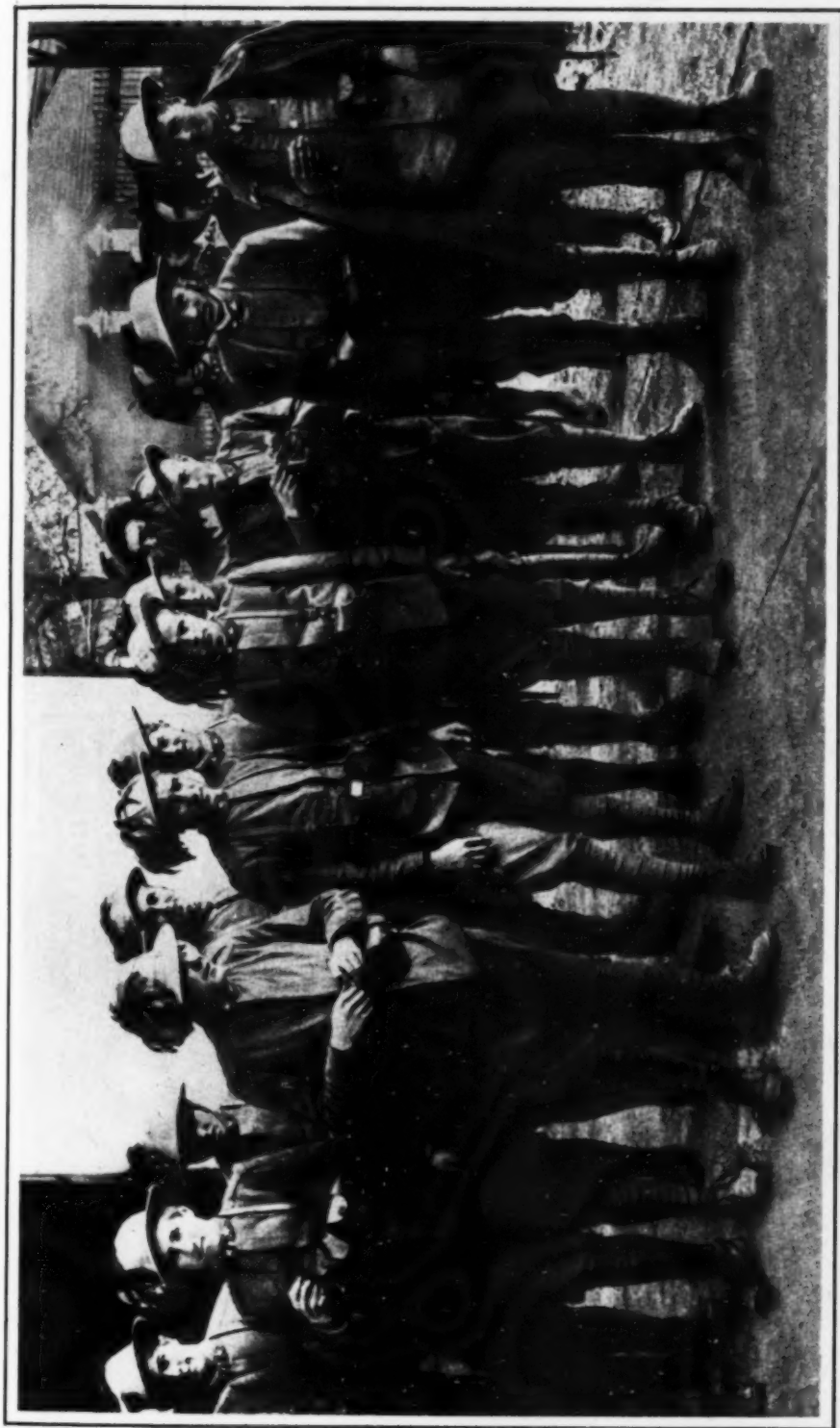
The little republic of Portugal entered the war under its treaty of alliance with England, and has maintained at least a division at the front since January, 1917

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by the Gilliams Service, New York



#### INSPECTION OF A POLISH REGIMENT GOING TO THE FRONT

While many Poles are compulsorily serving in the armies of Germany and Austria, several thousand volunteers have been recruited in Europe and America to fight with the Allies for Poland's liberation



MEN OF ITALY'S CRACK CORPS, THE BERSAGLIERI

"Bersaglieri" means "marksmen," and these soldiers, whose badge is a plume of cock feathers, excel as riflemen—They also hold some wonderful records for long and fast marches



A GROUP OF MONTENEGRIN SOLDIERS

In the group are two princes of the royal house of Montenegro, Crown Prince Danilo (with epaulets and sash) and Prince Peter (to the left of the cannon) -

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



GREEK INFANTRYMEN IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER

The Greek army, long disorganized by the treachery of the dethroned King Constantine, is now said to have two hundred thousand men in line with the Allies in Macedonia

From a photograph by Chusseau Flavien, Paris

# The King's Noon

BY ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams



THE king sat in the sun. Spicy perfume rose from a great boxwood bush behind his chair, distilled from the leaves by the noon heat, and joining in the summer air with the fragrance of many blossoms massed along the terrace. The flowers stood up straight in the gold light, panting sweet odors; but they were young. Because he was old, with a small, wise, wizened face and wise, bright eyes wrinkled at the corners, the king relaxed in his chair and drowsily felt the sunshine warm through to his marrow.

On either side of his massive seat stood a man gaily clad in varicolored silk. Indeed, the whole scene was very much like Mr. Maxfield Parrish's painting of "Old King Cole," except that the jester on the monarch's left was a hunchback, while the jester on his right would not have been taken for one at all had it not been for the costume of motley.

The hunchback was concluding a tale rather more humorous than delicate, his beadlike eyes alertly hopeful of his master's smile or his rival's envy. But the king was drowsy, and the other jester looked down the avenue of oak-trees, seeing and hearing nothing about him, his fair head held high and his gray eyes neither gently nor merry. Disappointed, the hunchback lapsed into muteness.

When the silence had endured a little, the king roused himself, looking to the one at his right.

"Why, Arnulf!" he summoned. "Come, you are not joyous. Have you no tale for me to-day?"

The young man stirred his strong, lithe body.

"I awake from a dream, fair lord." He spoke in a low voice tinged with melancholy. "I have no tale to-day."

"Tell me your dream," required the king.

"Fair lord, it was only a vision."

"Yet I would hear it, Arnulf."

"Then — I slept; and, sleeping, I stood on the edge of the world. I saw the ages which are to come go by me like the huge spokes of a glittering wheel. Yes, I saw them pass me by, and in the turning wheel of light the things that we know died or changed; countries and peoples melted into one another or fell apart. On, until at last the wheel spun to an age far distant; so far that the centuries through which I had passed from here were like an avenue of a thousand columns stretching behind me. I stood before a new world, and looked across such cities as we have never seen; and in all those cities of beauty and power there were no nobles and no kings."

"A most mad dream!" pronounced the king, and yawned.

But the other jester blinked with jealous anxiety, casting about in his mind for an extravagance to equal this one of his young rival's.

"Yet not a mad people, fair lord, for all moved in ordered ways. There were law and peace."

"What saidst thou?" asked the king. "Law and peace among unruled peasants?"

"The people were not peasants, fair lord," the young man answered.

"Neither nobles nor peasants! What were they, then—priests?"

"They were men and women," said Arnulf, with a singular energy and bitterness. His hands clenched and his nostrils dilated. "One stood level with another—not fenced apart as we stand! What a man earned, he took and enjoyed. Where he chose, he loved; and where a woman loved, she went."



"JUSTICE, GOOD KING! A MAN OF YOURS HAS WRONGED ME!"

"Ah!" said the king, nodding. "Well, what further didst thou see?"

"Nay, when I would have entered this country, I awoke."

"Ah!"

The king nodded again, and seemed to doze. The hunchback picked up the crumb of opportunity, softly drawing his lute under his hand; but at the first note of his music, his master silenced him with lifted finger.

"When dreamed you all this madness, Arnulf?"

"Twice I dreamed it, fair lord."

"When?"

"The first time"—the jester spoke reluctantly—"was two months ago; but when I awoke, I still dreamed."

"Before your wandering to the north, then. And the second time?"

"When I returned home, three days past, lord; and from it I awoke from dreams forever."

"A long word, Arnulf, and a mad dream!"

"Lord, I had slept in the moonlight, and was glamourous."

"The Princess Beatrice is a fair lady," the king said abruptly.

"Fair and good, to marvel at!" agreed Arnulf with indifference.

The wrinkles about the king's eyes deepened. His contentment seemed perfect, and he drowsed a while. The sun glowed

down, the scented air scarcely stirred; the jesters were silent, each in his place. Noon was passing.

## II

At the foot of the long alley of oaks, beneath the green and gold arches of the ancient trees, there paced into view a train of people whose rich attire gleamed like the garden-beds of flowers. Quietly they came, and halted at the farther end of the terrace, where one lady separated herself from the group and advanced alone toward the king.

The king aroused to look at her coming, and the two jesters looked also—as would any man.

She was tall, and carried herself delicately; on her gown of sea-blue the light tangled itself in cunning embroideries of gold and silver and seed-pearl. Her hair was clipped across her shoulders, and held smooth over her little head by a jeweled band; and below the band it stood out in a wide aureole of curling flame-red.

As she came nearer, they saw that her face was a rosy pearl for fairness, but her eyes were pools of blackness and her eyebrows fine lines traced in soot. Straight to the king's chair she walked, and saluted him.

"Justice, good king!" she cried, and her voice was like the shining flame in her hair.



"If it is mine to give, it is yours to receive, fair lady," answered the old man.

"It is yours to give. A man of yours has wronged me!"

The king lowered his chin and stared at her through narrowed eyes, as she stood upright in the sun before him. And he saw that passion burned hot in her, and consumed her, yet left cold her resolve; so that she was indeed more terrible than an army with banners.

"Who is the man that wronged you, lady?" he asked.

"He is the jester who stands at your right hand, good king!"

The king started, as did the hunchback on his left; but the jester called Arnulf stood unstirred. His gray eyes did not leave the lady, nor did his motley-clad figure reply to her charge by a tremor; only the expression of his face chilled to bleakness.

"What would you have of him, lady?" questioned the king, his mild voice troubled.

"His life!" leaped the answer, cruelly swift.

"And who are you, fair lady? Not of my realm, I think?"

"Pardon, my liege! Yes, but from the far north, where your land borders on another. I am called Gisela, Countess of Falconlac, and I am of high power in my place. For my father left me alone of his blood; and mine are the castle on the hill, the meadows and forests for many a long league, with villages and serfs and men-at-arms."

"Now I remember well your father, who was a noble indeed and a mighty fighter," mused the king. "And does so great a lady journey so far to seek the life of a young jester?"

"Good king, if you remember my father, do you remember that ever he forgot a wrong or stayed from following one who offended?"

"Yet the wrong must be deep!"

"It is deep as my life; deeper than my grave, since there I shall carry it if appeasement be not made. Justice, my liege!"

For a moment the king sat still and silent, with trouble on his brow.

"Will the Lady Gisela tell how the wrong of which she complains was done?" he said at length.

"I will tell you, sweet lord. First you must know that I have had four suitors in

the north, from that realm which lies next to this one. Fierce, savage nobles, all four, who clanked through my halls and thought themselves already masters there. I would have none of them. Then they, who had been enemies, banded together against me. They bade me choose one among them for my husband, or the four would wage war upon me, quarter my lands between them, and draw lots for my person. Hearing this, my poor peasants and villagers cried to me on their knees that I should yield and take one of those ungentle nobles for my lord, lest that unequal warfare level our land to misery and I myself fare no better in the end. It was my will to close gates and lift drawbridge and fight among my men-at-arms until death; but the women held up their babes to me, beseeching for life and hearth and mates!"

Now the king's hooded eyes stared keener at her as she caught breath.

"You were mistress, lady. Little your father heeded the wailing of serfs!"

"My father was a man and lived abroad; but I have gone among these humble ones—played with their babes, feasted them on holidays, and fed them from my stores in years of poor harvest."

"Serfs, no less, countess!"

"Good king, as Lord Christ looks down upon us, I was but one woman against those women."

The hunchback gaped wonderment at a doctrine so new; but the other jester closed his eyes for an instant, as if dazzled by the close passing of that glittering wheel of which he had dreamed.

"Then you chose a husband," judged the monarch.

The lady stamped her foot in its little embroidered shoe. Her eyes gleamed lightning across their darkness.

"No! Never!"

"You gave battle?"

"No."

"What, was there a third way?"

"Truly, good king. I could deed my lands and castle and pleasant things to the church, whom even those evil men dared not molest, and I could take the veil in the convent of St. Ursula. So should I be safe, and my people safe."

The old man considered the young beauty, bright in the sunny noon—her stateliness, her array of pride, and the sweet fragrances that clung around her.

"The convent is cold," he doubted.

"The veil is heavy, lady; and gray years are sad years."

"So was my heart sad, my lord."

Silence remained until the king spoke again.

"Yet my jester's part in this?"

The Lady Gisela drew herself up straighter than ever.

"O king, I sat in my hall. Around me were my maidens and gentlemen, who grieved; with the abbess of St. Ursula, the bishop, and their trains, who did not grieve! Before me on the great table lay the parchment upon which I was to sign away my inheritance. The four men who had brought me to this stood together and watched, dumb, yet hating me with their looks. The pen was in my grasp—when through the wide door of the hall there strode a stranger."

She raised her hand, on which showed jewels like crocuses above March snow, and pointed to the jester at the king's right.

"That man, my lord!"

The king looked toward the jester; who looked toward the lady, seeing no other thing.

"But not as you see him now, good king! He came dressed as a cavalier. And as he walked up my hall, gold spurs rang music with his tread, gold seemed his high-held head and smile of brightness—yes, and golden the hope he brought to me! Sunshine came in after him, and poured upon him from the high windows where he stood. Before my four enemies he stopped, and, gentle-tongued, challenged them to fight with him for my freedom. He challenged them to meet him, one after another, in the four days to come; each man he overthrew to resign his suit to me forever. Nor before that assemblage could they with honor refuse him. So the abbess and the bishop and their trains went home to await the issue of the challenge; and the parchment was rolled away unsigned. The stranger stayed as my guest, and I was grateful to him."

### III

HER proud lip did not bend, nor did her round young cheek pale; yet the king lowered his gaze from her face. Because he was old and wise, he saw many things. He saw moonlight, and a young man and a maiden who paced castle walls together; sunshine on the hills, and two who rode

afield together; firelight, and two who danced together in a hall where youth met with youth.

"The first day," her cold voice continued, "he threw Sir Roger from his horse so violently that the knight regained not his senses for a week. The second day he struck down Lord Robert, breaking his right arm at the shoulder. The third day he beat Sir Francis to his knees and took his surrender. The fourth day he slew Duke Egbert, but was himself wounded. I and my ladies cared for him, and companioned his healing with pleasant discourse, with music and tales; for we believed him to be a mighty warrior and gentleman."

She paused, her glance searing the jester with its fire and reproach.

"Speak, you who stand in motley there!" she challenged him, suddenly direct. "Now, speak you the truth before the king's grace! Wooed you not me throughout those days? Did you not send love, love, love in every look, in the touch of meeting hands, in lowered speech at my too-eager ear? Say, was this not so?"

"Yes," said Arnulf, his voice dry in his throat.

She faced the old man in the great chair before the thick bush of boxwood.

"You hear, my lord? Hear now the cost to me! For when he was wholly healed, I, doubting nothing of matters between us, summoned all my household and friends in feast and joy to celebrate my freedom. And at the feast's end, I rose and paid my thanks to my deliverer, as was fitting; and declared that my hand was that gentleman's who had four times periled his life for mine. At which there was loud acclaim, shaking the walls that rang it back. Then—then, this man arose in his place, my lord. In the silence he spoke full and free; saying he had neither house nor fame to bring a wife, being but a poor strolling jester from your court, whose wandering had brought him to the north; where, hearing my plight, he had adventured to aid me, since no better or nobler man offered. Yet was he honest, he said, and would not hold me bound by a pledge offered when I believed his birth equal to my own. Then, as he had walked up my hall the first day, he walked down its length; on either side the stricken company falling away to let him pass. At me he did not look; he spoke no farewell to me. At the head of my



"HE CHALLENGED THEM TO MEET HIM, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, IN THE FOUR DAYS TO COME"

table I was left alone—mocked, rejected, cast aside. I looked at all those faces turned toward me. Some were pale with pity, some red with shame for my shame. The abbess triumphed, sly of eye; while the bishop smirked: 'The church is still here!' Where my nails cut my palms, the blood dripped down my gown. I plead for justice, good king! O king, requite my wrong!"

"Lady, what ask you?"

"Sweet lord, what would the men of my

house have taken? Shall I take less? For what have I journeyed these weary leagues, if not to wipe my honor clean? The man's life is forfeit for that shameful insult. Give it to me!"

"It is just," said the king. "I grant your plea. Take him!"

The hunchbacked jester gasped and cowered as if the doom had been his own, glaring terror and wild unbelief at his mate opposite. The man who was condemned neither flinched nor protested. Erect in his

gay costume of mirth as the lady in her robes of pride, he looked steadfastly at Gisela, and she at him. Their glances were like glinting swords in the hands of two fencers.

Slowly the lady's scarlet lip curled, until she spoke imperiously:

"Is it just? Your jest have I been, jester—you who, unasked, saved me; uninvited, wooed me; unprovoked, shamed me before all the north. Is the doom just? Answer, for I have brought with me those who shall fulfil the king's word—and they wait."

Arnulf's broad breast heaved; he folded his arms, his tensed muscles bulking through the thin silk of his livery.

"It is just," he admitted. "Yet I must say that in my going from your hall as I did go, I conceived of no shame to you, lady countess. I was blinded, methinks, by my own misery and by the dazzle of a dream that had fallen and shattered. God send you a nobler lover to feed your hungry pride!"

"Amen," said Gisela; and, turning, clapped her hands in signal to those who waited at the foot of the avenue.

#### IV

THE group slowly parted, disclosing those who had stood concealed behind them until now—those whom Gisela had brought with her to carry out the king's judgment, and her own. They stood there, their ready eyes awaiting her command to advance—not an array of men-at-arms, not the doomsman in his black mask, but a round and portly bishop flanked by two fair boys who



"WOODED YOU NOT ME THROUGHOUT THOSE DAYS?"



bore cushions on which lay Book and ring, with Gisela's ladies two by two, their arms filled with roses.

The king did not speak; but Arnulf uttered a great and strange cry, springing from his place to confront Gisela.

"Lady, lady, what is this?" he panted, like a man who suffocates.

"Your life is mine," answered she. "Do you quarrel with the king's word?"

He caught her jeweled hands, his gaze like flame upon her face. She did not resist or turn away, but stood proudly steadfast before him.

"This? You meant this? Gisela, Gisela, would you take the jester for your husband?"

Her face was white, but she stood straight and spoke bravely.

"I took you once before my people. I take you again before the king!"

"You, the haughty! What of the laughter of the north?"

"The north laughs not at him who defeated the evil four."

"But what of your pride? What of your shame at the strolling jester's wooing?"

She held herself still more straightly.

"Not shame of his wooing! Jester, shame of his leaving me!"

He gasped a word that seemed her name. They were in each other's arms, his lips closed on hers. Around them the strong sunlight seemed beaten into walls of gold, shutting out the world.

Presently he spoke.

"You did not call me back. Gisela, a word, my name, a sigh, would have brought me back to your feet! Your hall was long—leagues long!—and every step that took me from you was agony!"

"How should I call you back, who had no voice to show pain that you went?"

"I believed you knew only pride, not love."

"Have I not pride in love, who saw you fight for me?"

"You take me in my motley? You, desired by all men!"

"Have I not come this long journey to claim you?"

Finally, out of a golden silence, they turned toward the king, hand in hand.

"For justice given, I thank you, liege lord," said Gisela. "Give us leave, now, to depart."

"You wed my jester, countess?" asked the old king.

"As you have heard, sweet lord."

"Without name or lands?"

"Good king, who weds Gisela is Count of Falconlac in her right; and of fame I doubt not he will win fully in the years to come."

"It may be, lady," agreed the monarch, "since he has so early won you. Yet, although of land and gold he has indeed little, being the youngest of seven brothers, some name he may already share of his own. Though from childhood it has been his sport to divert me in motley, from his gift for weaving tales and ballads; though his caprice, it seems, led him wandering abroad in motley, yet is he my youngest son."

Slowly Gisela turned to the man she had chosen.

"A game?" she whispered, suddenly pale.

"Was it all a game—prince? Then, then, I take back my word! Alone I will go home. The jester I loved was too gentle to make me his sport."

But Arnulf crushed the reproach in his own way.

"A game? Say a dream! A vision of men and women equal through love! What led me north but the drifted tale of a high-born maiden who would give her sweet youth to a convent to save her peasant vassals pain? What must be the heart of such a one, I thought! But should I take less than those peasants? Surely, if you would give life for them, you would lay down pride for a man you loved; so I went incognito. And when you let me go from you, I thought in bitterness: 'She does not love me.' Leave me?" Laughing, he turned and held up his hand in summons to those at the foot of the terrace. "No, never! For an hour shall see us wedded and on our way to your hall in the north; but this time it will be we who laugh, princess of mine!"

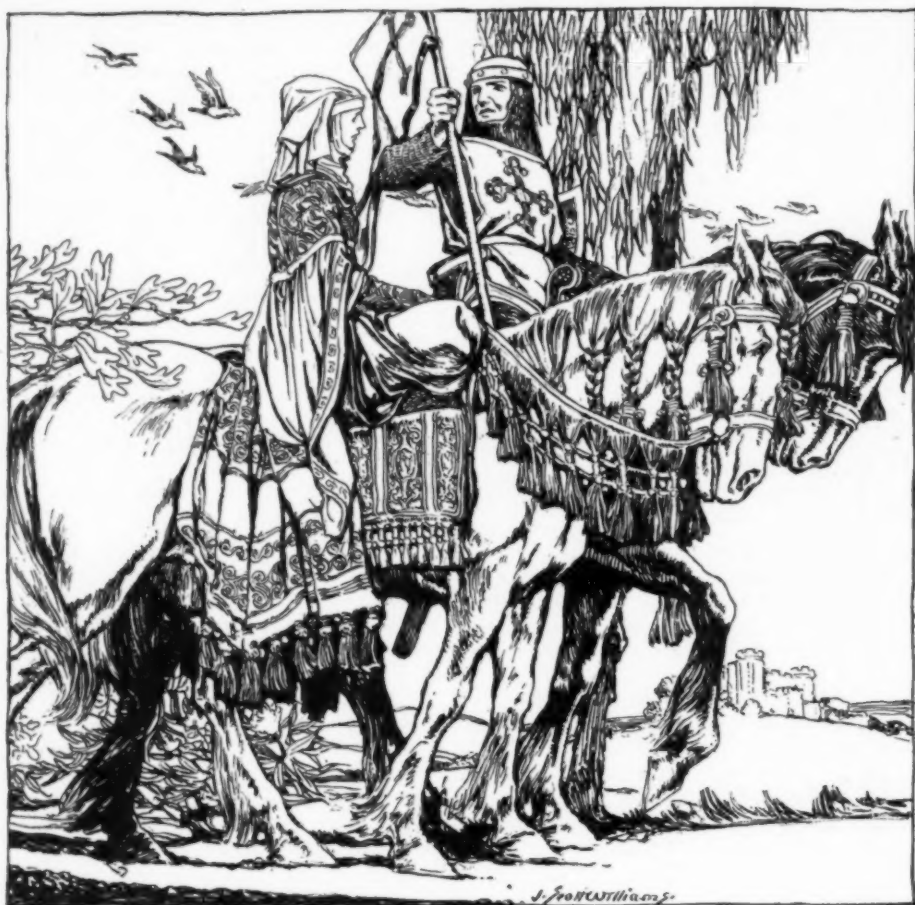
# V

THE king sat in the sun. He heard the jingling train of the wedded lovers riding north; and he heard a robin singing in the bush behind his seat. Crouched at his left, the hunchbacked jester meditated, staring at the garden's brightness.

"Master," the hunchback suddenly ventured, "the Countess Gisela came crying for justice."

"She had it, jester," said the king drowsily.





THE WEDDED LOVERS RIDING NORTH

"Yes, master. Yet she might have taken the prince's life, when it was given."

"No; or I had not given it."

"Her eyes were full of anger, master!"

"Jester, I was young once, and am old now. Look not at the eyes of an angry

woman, but at her lips. The soft mouth of Gisela was red with love, not death."

The air was still and warm, rich with the fragrance of boxwood and blossom. While he smiled, the king nodded, placidly at ease in the sunshine.

#### MORN AND DUSK

MORN, and the shadows leaving  
The valley green below;  
Two youthful hearts were grieving—  
Not all their buds would grow.

Dusk, and the shadows filling  
The valley and the streams;  
Two aged hearts were willing  
To count dried leaves of dreams.

Wilson Nixon

# Great Lakes, Our Largest Naval Training-Station

"THE PATRIOTIC CAPITAL OF THE MIDDLE WEST," AS SECRETARY DANIELS HAS CALLED IT, HAS SENT MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND MEN INTO THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By Robert H. Moulton

"WHEN some one asked me where the Great Lakes camp is located, I replied that it is located in the hearts of the American people. I am giving myself the pleasure of looking to-day into the faces of thousands who tell me that I can go back to Washington and report to the commander-in-chief of the navy that at Great Lakes they are sending forth men who will say, when asked when they will be ready: 'We are ready now!'"

This was the high light of a speech made recently by Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. He had just seen more than twenty thousand sturdy young sailors in the making march by—trim, jaunty, clean-cut lads, representing the finest brain and brawn of the Middle West. They had come from the dizzy heights of the Rocky Mountains, from the corn-fields of Iowa, the pines of Minnesota, the fertile prairies of Nebraska, and Uncle Sam was molding them into units of alert, well-developed ships' companies, to fare forth shortly from the broad, green campus of the naval station to man the gray, grim men-of-war.

The marvel of it all is that Great Lakes Station is a thousand miles from the seacoast. Surely this demonstrates the Middle West's enthusiasm for the navy.

Before war was declared, the navy had an average of three hundred and fifteen recruits daily from that region. After the declaration the daily average jumped to more than two thousand, and the Middle West was the first section to fill its quota in the navy. Two years ago there were seven hundred apprentice seamen at Great Lakes—a station built to accommodate fourteen hundred men. Then Uncle Sam

rolled up his sleeves, and in three months a city of tents capable of housing twenty-five thousand men grew up. In three months it had a population of sixteen thousand, and Great Lakes became the largest naval training-station in the world. It had more men in training than all our other stations put together. During the early months of this country's participation in the war, more than fifty thousand lads from the Middle West were passed through Great Lakes and sent to our fighting ships.

That this miracle was accomplished, that Great Lakes became, in the words of Secretary Daniels, the patriotic capital of the Middle West, is due most directly to the foresight and energy of Captain W. A. Moffett, commandant of the station. Captain Moffett, more than any one else, anticipated what was going to happen to the Middle West, arose to the occasion, and helped it along. He had his fingers on the pulse of his countrymen, knew just what was going to take place, and was ready.

When the United States entered the world war things had to happen quickly, particularly in the navy. The way to Europe had to be kept clear, and this was our sailors' job. The navy, therefore, couldn't first build its training-camps, and then, when the camps were completed, call its recruits for training. Instead, it had to receive its men as rapidly as they volunteered, provide temporary quarters for them, train them in the rudiments of seamanship and military practice, and at the same time prepare substantial cantonments adequate for the demands of a prolonged war.

Without a day's delay, the huge wooden



APPRENTICES AT THE GREAT LAKES TRAINING-STATION LEARNING TO HANDLE THE OARS IN A NAVAL CUTTER—IN THE DISTANCE IS THE TRAINING-SHIP, ONE OF THE SMALL CRUISERS CAPTURED BY DEWEY AT MANILA

cantonments at Great Lakes, capable of housing twenty thousand men, were planned, and construction was begun with equal speed. Several hundred new buildings, all double-floored and ceiled, and provided with steam heat and hot and cold running water, were ready for occupancy in October of last year. With the first sustained spell of cold weather in the latter part of that month, the miles of tented streets disappeared as if by magic; and when the order was given, sixteen thousand boys folded their tents and moved over to the wooden barracks.

Two features of great importance stand out prominently at the Great Lakes training-station—features which make it a model that all future cantonments, whether for soldiers or for sailors, can follow advantageously. These features are the regimental unity system on which Captain Moffett planned the war-time expansion of the station, and the thorough manner in which each separate regimental unit was further subdivided, to make doubly sure that any kind of contagion could be quickly and effectively segregated.

#### THE REGIMENTAL UNITY SYSTEM

Captain Moffett's adoption of the regimental unit for the expansion of Great Lakes was based on the theory that it isn't possible, as yet, to determine when the war will end, or how great the navy's demand

for man-power will be before the end comes. Had Great Lakes been expanded simply as an enlargement, a spreading-out, of the original station—which is, of course, the way that cities grow—each additional demand for enlargement would result in many complications and readjustments. Captain Moffett planned for just such a contingency. As a result, Great Lakes, at present comprising twelve separate and self-contained regimental units of seventeen hundred men each, can multiply itself to any size the war may demand without any change in what has already been constructed.

The second feature of importance—that of making the station as contagion-proof as possible—consisted in the adoption of two distinct architectural plans, one for the detention-camps, the other for the main training-camps.

Each of the seven regimental units comprising Camps Dewey and Perry—which accommodate about twelve thousand men—consists of a mess-building, six H-shaped barrack units, a storehouse with barber-shop and post-office, an executive and instruction building, and a dispensary and sick-bay, with a semidetached observation ward. Camp Dewey, comprising three such units, also has the largest drill-hall in the world—six hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide—and three buildings for the housing of commissioned officers, warrant officers, and chief petty officers.

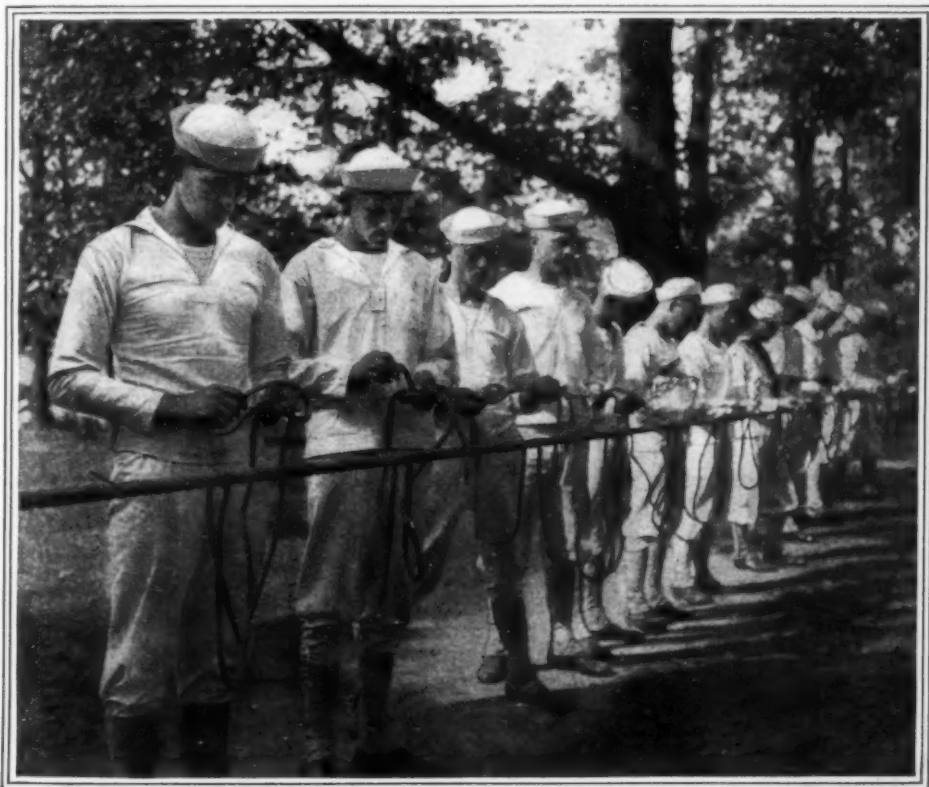
In planning the mess-building for each of these regimental units, Captain Moffett realized that to bring a great number of boys together in one huge hall, the atmosphere of which was warm and heavy with the odors of food, would not be the best way to combat disease. So, instead of one great eating-hall, the mess-building for each unit contains a large, well-equipped galley, around which are grouped twelve comparatively small mess-halls, each accommodating a company—one hundred and forty-four men. These halls have outside doors, so that the men can enter them directly from the open air, and, on leaving, go directly into the open air again. The result is that at no time while in the mess-buildings do the men of one company come into contact with those of any other company.

In the H-shaped barrack units a still further division is made in the endeavor to diminish the risk of contagion. Each unit contains four hammock-hung dormitories, and each dormitory, accommodating seven-

ty-two inmates, has its own shower-baths, wash-basins, and other toilet facilities, making it self-contained. Consequently, if a man comes down with any contagious disease, it is safe to assume that the only men with whom he has been in very close contact are the seventy-one others occupying the dormitory with him. These can be immediately isolated from the rest of the camp without being moved from their dormitory, and can be kept so isolated until the medical department considers their release advisable. In the three detention-camps the subdivision is carried even further than in the main training-camps.

#### THREE WEEKS IN DETENTION-CAMP

When a man—or rather a boy, since he is commonly under twenty-one—arrives at Great Lakes, he goes into detention-camp. First, however, his baggage is examined, and all prohibited articles, such as firearms, whisky, or knives, are confiscated. Then he has a hot bath, and receives three suits



YOUNG SAILORS LEARNING TO MAKE SHIPSHAPE KNOTS—A PICTURE THAT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE SORT OF LADS IN TRAINING AT GREAT LAKES

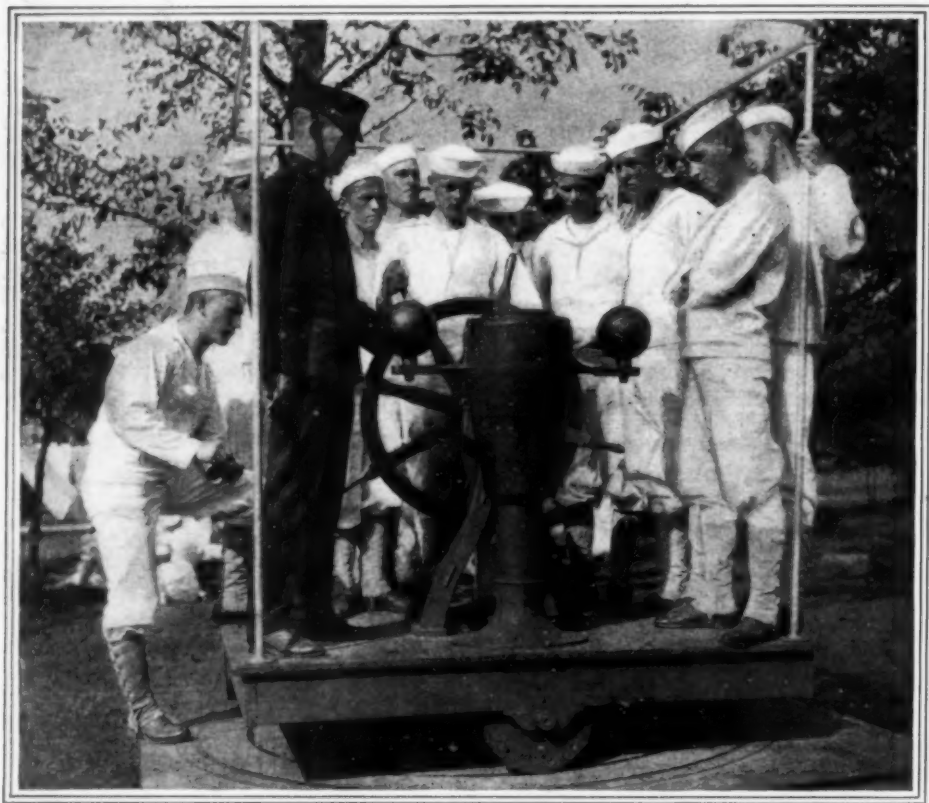


of white clothes, two suits of serge clothes, three suits of underwear, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, caps, and a dunnage-bag—everything being marked with his own name. Next he goes to the doctor and is inoculated.

During the first twenty-one days he is allowed to take things more or less easily.

the sight of the galley, banked in flowers and surrounded by grass, gardens, and an aquarium, has a lasting effect on the green boy who gets his first taste of navy life in detention-camp.

Entrusted with feeding the bluejackets during their first three weeks in the navy, Packey makes them enthusiasts over navy



A STEERING-WHEEL AND BINNACLE MOUNTED ON A REVOLVING PLATFORM ARE USED IN TEACHING THE NAVAL APPRENTICES HOW A SHIP IS STEERED

He rises at five for setting-up drills, and goes to bed at nine. All the time he is fed on the best of food in unlimited quantities, and gradually he begins to grow more and more fit, usually putting on a pound or two of weight each week, until at the end of his three weeks in detention-camp he is full of the joy of just being alive.

Much of the credit for the excellent condition of the men at the end of their first twenty-one days undoubtedly belongs to Packey Schwartz, first-class cook, in charge of the detention-camp galley. Packey is quite an institution; likewise he is a great believer in first impressions. He holds that

food. He puts to rout the canard that the navy diet is composed of beans and hash. Months after the recruit has been graduated into the main camp, or sent away to sea, he will sometimes sigh for one of Packey's meals, much as the homesick lad longs for a pie "like mother used to make."

#### THE ROUTINE OF THE TRAINING-CAMP

When the recruit leaves detention he enters the training-camp proper. The station is a place of strict discipline and eager enthusiasm, of class-room and tactical training, of college atmosphere and wholesome recreation. It is a place of tradition, too,





WITH THREE SQUARE MEALS OF WELL-COOKED FOOD EACH DAY, NEARLY ALL APPRENTICES PUT ON WEIGHT DURING THEIR STAY AT THE GREAT LAKES CAMP



WHENEVER POSSIBLE, THE MESS OPERATIONS ARE IN THE OPEN AIR—THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE YOUNG SAILORS COLLECTING THEIR MESS OUTFITS

and the unwritten statutes of departments, classes, and companies is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

From the day when the new recruit enters detention until, with his company, he reenters quarantine for three days before departing for sea, his training is shaped to make him an efficient unit in the ship's organization. It is, literally, vocational training for a career.

Two hundred candidates are annually eligible for Annapolis from the ranks of our enlisted men. It is believed that the number will shortly be increased. This offers a splendid opportunity for commissions to those who aspire to tread the quarter-deck.

The environment and discipline of the camp conform splendidly to the nature of a healthy young American. Every week there are boxing tournaments. Desire to participate is communicated beforehand, and bouts are arranged according to weight, after the approved fashion. Participants and spectators are keenly interested in these weekly meetings. It may be added as especially commendable that the spectator

must either take his turn at being a participant or incur the disapproval of his companions.

Butt's manual, "setting-up" exercises, and prescribed gymnastic drills, from which no one is exempt, insure healthy muscular development. The class-rooms stimulate scholastic endeavor, and the possibilities for advancement conduce to painstaking care in performing regulation duties.

Rifle practise is compulsory, and so is participation in all the boat-drills. Naval cutters are manned by the sailor lads and maneuvered in the lake. There is a small cruiser captured by Dewey at Manila Bay which offers adequate facilities for practise.

Baseball, football, and other field sports, cutter races, company contests, and competitive drills, with silver cups, medals, and general prizes, stimulate interest in the recreation periods. Saturday afternoon is "free day."

Taps sound at 8.30 P.M. and lights go out at nine o'clock. The day's routine is apportioned along the best lines for preventing the work and the play from becoming



PACKEY SCHWARTZ, FIRST-CLASS COOK, SERVING RATIONS OF HOT MEAT TO THE NEWLY ARRIVED MEN IN DETENTION-CAMP



AFter a meal each man washes his mess equipment, which is then inspected to make sure that it is absolutely clean

irksome. Every phase of life in the station has been studied long and carefully, and adjusted with painstaking endeavor to promote the best results.

The Great Lakes training-station is particularly interesting because it is a mold of ideals that are indispensable to the finest manhood in or out of the service. Moral cleanliness—a thing which it has been the proud accomplishment of the last century or so to evolve—is enforced by regulation, and even more effectually by uniformity of public sentiment. The men you meet at the station are clean, physically and mentally. They are bronzed, erect, broad-shouldered

Americans, with a sane, healthy outlook upon life, a real zest for the career they have embraced, and a sound determination to make good.

For over the beauty of it all, over the splendid buildings and the tall flagstaves and wireless towers, broods an ideal—the spirit of Decatur and Jones and Farragut. The traditions of the American navy, the standards of honor and courage that have made us hitherto invincible at sea, have crept inland to meet the lads who are being groomed to man our great ships. Uncle Sam, molding landlubbers into fighting men, is doing his work very well indeed.

#### NIGHT IN THE HARVEST FIELD

HUSHED the day noises—not a note that jars  
 Save here and there a tiny insect choir  
 Threshing the silence, which seems subtly fraught  
 With the vague sweetness of half-drowsy thought;  
 While high in heaven the benignant stars  
 Redeem the darkness with their golden fire.

*William H. Hayne*

# The Soul of the Beast

BY RAYMOND S. HARRIS

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

YES, it is true that I have been to the front, *monsieur*. You will not call it strange when you hear why.

What if you had played from babyhood with a brother who was comrade and father and mother? After more than three years of war would you not long to see him, to hear his voice, to know that he is yet alive and laughing, despite your black dreams, despite the voice of the front, bellowing along the eastward hills?

Oh, it is certain, *monsieur*, that the front is not guns, but a great snake, a dragon, a monster that eats men, rolling and writhing along its five-hundred-mile course from the Swiss mountains to the sea, where the Belgians hold the tiny piece of country they have left—a monster that breathes fire and has great blazing eyes that cannot see. Truly such a thing has no brain—only appetite!

When I hear it grumbling and growling and rumbling along, I feel a horror. Its sides foul with blood and mud, its mouth dripping blood and torn flesh, so it wallows on its way, and turns and travels back; and so it has lived on the borders of our land for more than three years, and yet they have not killed it.

In the morning, as I go to work at the government tobacco-mill, where we make up packages for the soldiers, I hear it all along the brightening sky, growling and grunting and rumbling with a belly-rage, devouring the young men, eating and eating, yet never satisfied. While I am at work I hear it still, all through the day, champing and coughing, and, deep within itself, mumbling with a sullen grumbling as it crushes the young men.

On my homeward walk, when the sun is down, and the twilight spreads around me like a velvet cloak, the monster is yet rolling and groaning along, blind, bestial, devouring. And sometimes I awaken at

mid tide of the night, when the birds have long gone to sleep, and the cows are lying quietly in the shed, and even the horse, wide-awake old Etienne, has stopped chewing his straw and stirring around, and has lain down to rest; and then louder and more brutal and more horrible than ever I hear the beast, growling and grumbling and rumbling along, eating up the young men.

It was in the night that I decided to go. I got up from my bed and dressed in the clothes of Guidor, who died of his wounds two months ago, and gave me his uniform while the death-sweat was on his brow. When the dawn came I was out on the road, walking eastward, like a soldier returning after leave, and the front was mouthing and wallowing as if it were gorging itself more and more, and still, with a dreadful eagerness, nosing and nuzzling right and left, eating and eating.

"Why walk, brother?" the driver of one of the motor-trucks called out to me.

I ran along by the side of it, for the trucks keep going always.

"My trouble was rheumatism," I shouted, "and I walked to get the stiffness from my legs. Then I was too late, and I started out after them—the captain will not be pleased!"

"Up on the load!" the driver said, jerking his head backward.

I climbed up, even as it moved along, and rode astride of a sack, boldly and in plain view, which is safest.

## II

IT is twenty-two miles to the front, but the trucks go slowly, though with much jolting and noise. I had not slept the night before, and strange sights and sounds have a way of confusing a person, too. We had stopped, and the two men in the forward seat were laughing, before I knew they had been calling to me, and I had not heard. I



got down, and we went in to get some petrol. The man inside brought us each a glass of wine, and they said:

"Never mind the machine; we must have our petrol first!"

"Look at this old soldier," the driver said, pointing to me. "He is a veteran, going back to the trenches breathing fire. They leave him—he is so eager he starts to walk. Yet when we call to him till our lungs collapse, he sits on the load and looks back to nothing. Come, Marshal Joffre, what is it—rheumatism you have with you, or a sweetheart you have left behind?"

I tried to answer him, to pass it off; but I did not know just what to say, or how to say it. I got red, stammered, and finally turned and ran out and climbed on the load, sitting astride my old sack.

They came out laughing, and the station-tender poured in our petrol; but the driver walked over and looked up at me.

"Never mind jokes, little fledgling," he said. "Have you a mother back there, eh?"

I nodded.

"So has my boy," he said.

He stood for a moment with his head bent; then he shrugged his shoulders and got up into the seat, where his helper already was.

"Listen to the front!" the station-tender said. "It is savage to-day."

So they, too, knew that it is a beast! I listened, and at first could not hear it; the noise so filled the air that there was nothing to pick out.

"The front is a beast!" I cried. "It is a beast that eats up men!"

I had got up to listen and look, and I cried out because of those days of waiting and fearing; but as I finished I saw that the three were angry. They had not thought it a beast, after all!

"The front is the soul of France!" the driver cried, facing me sternly.

"To think they send *that* to the front and put me here measuring petrol!" the station-tender said.

He spat on the ground, and went inside scowling. The helper whispered to the driver, but the driver shook his head.

"Let him ride," I heard him say. "After all, he has just left his mother, and the boy is young—too young. To-morrow he may save the line!"

The motor had already started. As it jolted along beyond the station there came the flash of a banner from behind a wood,

and the notes of a bugle, and, rising and falling as easily as the modulations of the trumpeting, a line of horsemen poured rippling into the road. For a moment we were part of them—they flowed past us on both sides, like a swift stream parted by a rock, and one young fellow shouted to me.

"I'll trade horses with you, sack man!"

There was a pounding of hoofs that spurned the road, a thousand sun-glints on buckles and bridles and lance-points, a thousand level eyes that flashed into ours and were gone. And long after they had passed, and the pale dust-column had faded into the trees, my heart beat out the rhythm of their passing.

I strained my eyes after them, and the helper turned and looked at me with a proud anger, as if he would say:

"What, can you call yourself a Frenchman, and yet not thank the kind God for such men?"

However, he disdained to say a word.

"Even so," I thought, "they are only food for the beast; though they gallop so bravely, it is but into his gullet."

The warmth left me, and I shivered there in the afternoon sun. What a clamor the beast was making, too! Never, back in the village, had he seemed so terrible, so frightful, so frightening. With what rage he was sucking up the blood, as he thrust his slobbering jaws from side to side, gorging and gorging, devouring the young men!

### III

I SANK into a horrible dream again, and only gradually realized, finally, that we had stopped, blocked at a railroad-crossing. Men were straining at ropes and bars, taking a great, squat gun from the two flat-cars upon which it rested. It was to go into position near by—and then it came to me that every few moments the heavy shock of a great gun smote us from a clump of trees down near the creek. This one, no doubt, was soon to take the other's place.

An officer came, and pointed down toward the creek, and we backed, turned, and made a détour around the obstruction. That is how we saw the great gun among the trees, saw it as it raised ponderously, as it fired, and then as it sank slowly into its squat body, like a toad settling back into the shapeless rolls of his heavy frame. Yet who would think a toad could jump so swiftly, and so far?





THE TWO MEN IN THE FORWARD SEAT HAD BEEN CALLING TO ME, AND I HAD NOT HEARD

As we rode away the driver said:

"Every time that big boy shouts, a dozen Germans stop beating the Belgians and fall dead from fright." Just then there came another giant's breath from the gun, and the helper said: "Twelve Germans!" Soon there was another great cough, and he said: "Twenty-four Germans!" And again: "Thirty-six Germans!"

"*Parbleu!*" said the driver. "You are killing off Germans fast to-day—they should send you to the front!"

I began to pick out the blasts from all points around, for now I knew we were actually among the great guns, and that the hills and valleys in every direction were alive with groups of my countrymen, serving the monsters. The very noise was quickening. It came like solid waves, swaying the motor on its springs.

Soldiers were all about us, too—ever since we had passed the railroad we had been among them, marching, idling, practising, sleeping, carrying, working. Then there came a spectacle beside the road—lines of soldiers drawn up at attention, and one standing out in front. An officer of

high rank stepped forth, and, addressing the foremost man, placed on his breast some medal of honor, his reward for a gallant deed.

Again we were stopped, for the soldiers stretched across the road, and we heard the officer saying:

"A brave deed in this war is not for France alone, but is France's gift to civilization—not a selfish act of national patriotism, but a blow for world freedom! To-night we need volunteers. In the first-line trenches are brave comrades who have been all day under terrific fire. We could not take them water, nor could they send for it; so through the hot day they have suffered doubly. We need fifty men to carry them water to-night—are they here?"

We had not heard from Pierre for days, and my heart had said:

"He is at the front again!"

Suppose he were among those in the first line now! I slid down from the sacks, so that I sprawled in the road, and when I came pushing up in front, brushing off the dust, the officer laughed.

"I choose you, for one," he said. "Only

remember to stop when you get to the first line—don't go on and try to drown the Germans with your water!"

We who were chosen marched off along the road to the motors which would place us behind the first trenches; and as I, in the speedier car, passed the motor-truck in which I had ridden so long, the driver and his helper took off their caps and bowed to me. It was their apology!

#### IV

THERE WAS a confusion of long lines of ambulances, of motor-trucks, of soldiers marching. There was a medley of sound—of martial music, of shrieking horns, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules. As we neared the front the activity increased until the tension of affairs seemed taut—about to snap. Then the front itself—and, suddenly, men moving quietly enough, everything running smoothly, decision, sureness, strength.

It was approaching darkness, and the noise of the guns was growing stronger. Now one could pick out the voices. Under everything like a cataract that drowns out all lower tones, the steady, rolling, giant droning of the big guns in the rear, carrying with it such force, such shock, such sense of power, that one braced oneself against it with outspread legs. Pricked out on this curtain of sound the nearer, punching pulse of lighter artillery; and ahead, guarding the foremost lines, the quick, rattling clatter of machine guns. Sometimes the sharp tapping of these last stopped for a moment, but the dull, dominant monotone of the great bombardment was never still. The soldier facing death in the farthest trench at noon, or the man momentarily awakened from sleep behind the lines at midnight, alike had this cataract of sound pouring into his ears unceasingly.

Each of us had two long canvas bags of water, suspended from the shoulders, dangling in front and behind. In single file we passed through the first communication-trench and stepped out into a wider corridor, where men were receiving first aid. Shells were falling around us now, and once we scrambled over the debris where one had wrecked the passageway. Soldiers were clearing it out. So on and on, and, tensing, into the curtain of fire.

"Spread out," our lieutenant said. "Let each man come through for himself; then some will make it!"

The flash and crash of the shower of shells was continuous.

"Can a person go dry through a rain-storm by dodging between the drops?" one thought.

A soldier beside me grunted and stopped.

"A piece of shell has gone through my front bag," he said. "Look how the water is spurting out!"

Then he sighed, turned half-way around, and dropped on his back. The piece of shell had gone through his body, too, and he was dead as I stepped around him and faced the fire.

It was not much more than a quarter of a mile, they said, to the advance trench which our troops had captured, and in which the enemy's barrage fire had isolated them. We bent over and ran on into the storm. Around was the howl of bullets and pieces of metal, the uneven crashing of bursting shells, some nearer, some farther away. Our way was across land pitted with shell-holes, and heaped with the up-flung earth; strands of barbed wire lay twisted, with here and there a post still standing with its coils; rocks and shattered logs made the task harder. It was night, too—perhaps the colonel thought of these things when he told me not to go on into the German lines. They seized me, at any rate, as I was crawling across the trench, for the moment knowing nothing except to go on.

Our lieutenant shook his head.

"That makes five," he said. "I should have brought two bags myself. Ten bags of water for three hundred men—it will not last long!"

"Not three hundred now," a captain said. "We have lost half of them."

A rocket seared up, farther along the trench, and the men turned to their guns. There was a sudden and violent downpour of shells upon us; then it stopped altogether, and the steady shuttle of our machine guns rose to a frenzy. A man pitched into the trench near me, but even at that moment the fire of our machine guns died down, and the storm of enemy shells began beating upon us again.

The captain turned to our lieutenant.

"That is the third attack we have stopped since dark," he said. "Perhaps it will be all, until early morning. They'll try to have us wiped out by then, but we may get reinforcements through."

The lieutenant shrugged, and turned a

flash-light upon the man who had fallen in beside me. The man's gray coat was wet with blood.

"Throw him back to them!" he said,

sage it was telling. After a time our lieutenant nodded with satisfaction.

"We are strafing them now!" he said.

"My count for the last quarter-hour



"CAN A PERSON GO DRY THROUGH A RAIN-STORM BY DODGING BETWEEN THE DROPS?"

and they rolled the body out over the trench lip.

Behind us the torrent of our guns grew more intense, and our lieutenant and the captain occasionally put their heads to one side and listened, as if to catch some mes-

showed a dozen fewer shells upon us. In the morning we will go forward!"

The captain smiled, but it was a grimace.

"You are young," he said, with a shrug.

"To think that once I played on the grass in my dooryard with the babies, waiting

for dinner! Nothing is certain except that the water you brought us was confoundedly warm."

"Next time I will serve it iced," the lieutenant said, smiling.

Over at the right a white flame bloomed out in front of the enemy's line, and began reaching for our trench in a long, arched stream. Gradually the tip of the stream rose higher and higher, until it was leaping at our trench top, and the men behind ran to both sides, while our machine guns began stabbing frantically for the base of the fire. Without warning our trench was suddenly a furnace, and three men below me cried out, shrieking, and curled into balls at the bottom, their clothes all at once vanishing, and their skin cracking open.

I was choking, smothering, as I clung to a beam for a moment, and then there came a volcano of wild flames from the attackers' position, and a demoniacal yelling that pierced through to us. While we tottered there, gasping, mad creatures sprang from the enemy's lines, covered with fire, and danced in a devil's fandango for a moment; until they dropped, burning like pitch fagots.

"Our men landed that one luckily!" the lieutenant said. "I told you we were laying the shells down better!"

He pulled himself up to look back toward our lines, and then let himself down slowly, sliding, sliding, until he was at the trench bottom, his head between his knees, and the blood spurting from the back of his neck.

"Throw away your club," the captain said to me, "and get a rifle from one who needs it no longer."

I looked at my hands, which carried a splintered stick, and cast it aside. Then I stooped down and drew out the lieutenant's trench knife.

A hoarse shout was sounding along the line, and the captain sprang up. Again a rocket swiftly climbed. The machine guns were chattering once more, and the riflemen spread out as evenly as might be, but there were not enough down at the right, where the liquid fire had struck us. A gray blur appeared there, and cast itself into the trench, and a man came out of nothing, almost above me. The captain shot at him with his pistol, but the soldier speared his rifle and thrust, the bayonet sinking into the captain's right shoulder.

Even so, the captain sought to bring

up his pistol again, but could not; and I sprang up on the shoulder of our lieutenant, whose body was stiffening there, and with both hands brought the heavy knife down across the man's arms. One hand was almost severed at the wrist; dully he looked at it, swaying, and gave way and tumbled down upon the captain below. I held up the knife with a sudden exultation, and saw that blood was running down it upon my hand.

A moment later I was down the trench where the fire had come, and a soldier said:

"Well done, water-carrier! Now the dawn will come, and they may relieve us." I drew my arm across my eyes, and looked in surprise at my knife. Part of the blade was broken off.

## V

It was becoming lighter. One could now see the bodies lying thickly before us; but soon a mist began creeping low along the ground. It formed strange shapes, and now and again was broken for a moment by an exploding shell.

"What devil is that?" some one cried shrilly.

We beheld then a huge creature of delirium, which might have been one of the shapes of the mist; but it came so steadily, hulking over bodies and smashing down the massed wire, that we knew it must be real. There were great holes in its way, but it reached out above them like a caterpillar that swings through the air from one leaf to another, stretching and stretching until it spanned across, and coming on, in spite of machine guns and rifle-bullets, invulnerable, terrible. It moved as slowly as a flood of lava, yet as irresistibly, destroying everything in its path. Straight on to our trench it crawled, and they threw bombs under it, only to have them crushed to fragments.

Suddenly from its thick sides, which shed the drubbing bullets as a roof sheds rain, burst a resistless sheet of steel. Our men were running down the trench, but it came faster, and wiped them out as it came.

Some were climbing out when the firing ceased, and then we saw that another creature—*our* creature—had come forward on a like mission against the enemy. The two for a moment had forgotten us, and were crawling forward toward each other for a death-trial.

"I bet on our monster!" a soldier next to me said, panting heavily and leaning on





THE CAPTAIN SHOT AT HIM WITH HIS PISTOL, BUT THE SOLDIER SPEARED HIS RIFLE AND THRUST

his rifle. "Look how he is spitting, he is so mad!"

At the end of our trench was part of a stone wall, which had once been a great house, but the shells had torn most of it down. The enemy monster came up to this obstacle and pressed against it, but it would not yield. So the creature began climbing up the side, as if reaching up with its front paws for a good position from which to

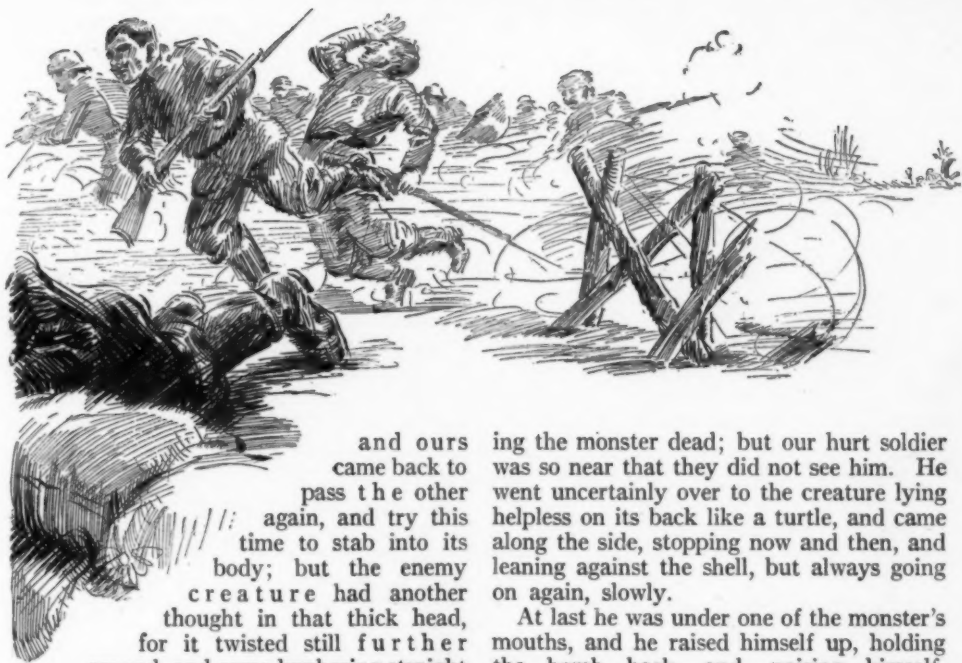
push it over. Suddenly the wall fell down, and the creature went on over the ruins, toward our monster.

Meanwhile the two had been showering each other with machine-gun fire, but that seemed wasted, for they came on without slackening speed, and passed each other so close that the enemy's gun reached into one of the mouths of our monster, and stopped the fire spouting from that opening.

"Our creature is wounded," the soldier said to me. "Watch how that will make him fight!"

Both creatures turned in long circles,





and ours came back to pass the other again, and try this time to stab into its body; but the enemy creature had another thought in that thick head, for it twisted still further around, and came lumbering straight for our monster.

Have you seen two ants fight, and one climb upon the back of the other, and bite? Even so did the monster, which was larger than ours, climb up the side of our creature, just as it had climbed up the wall. But our creature kept moving along, and the front feet of the enemy would not grip hold, so that it slipped and slipped, and finally, instead of turning our creature over, it fell back on its side, and rolled heavily over on its back.

How we cheered, and danced around, for a monster is a fearful thing, and a soldier but a human! But even as we cheered a shell came from somewhere and rent open the head of our monster, destroying it. Then the devils that lived in the enemy monster's belly yelled like victors, and began again to serve one of the guns that had been so rolled around in that tough skin.

Even so, out of the bowels of our creature, out through the torn skin where the shell had burst, one of our men came crawling. His head was bleeding, and he stood unsteadily, but as he rose to his feet we saw that he had a great bomb in one hand.

The devils were at work with another gun from inside now, and they swept back some soldiers who came yelling up, think-

ing the monster dead; but our hurt soldier was so near that they did not see him. He went uncertainly over to the creature lying helpless on its back like a turtle, and came along the side, stopping now and then, and leaning against the shell, but always going on again, slowly.

At last he was under one of the monster's mouths, and he raised himself up, holding the bomb back, and, poising himself, straightened and threw the bomb inside. There was a dull shock, and out of the opening bits of flesh and metal were spewed, and a gray cap came flying. Our soldier picked it up, and went back toward our lines, stopping now and then, like a drunken man, before he could totter on, fingering the cap, a strange smile twisting on his face.

Now indeed the enemy's monster was dead, and all of us screamed and ran up to him; but we could not get inside. We climbed over and circled around him, looking vainly for a large enough opening. We scarcely knew why we did so; but our officers were gone, and this had come after a time of terror—so we exulted over the dead brute, and shrieked names at him.

Two soldiers on the top stopped dancing, as I looked, and pitched off to the ground, and some one cried:

"The Germans have us!"

We ran for the lines, across the field of death where the barrage was crashing; for the graycoats were in our trench, and out with the bayonet. But I did not run far, for I looked down and saw the broken knife in my hand, and thought how many had given their lives to hold the trench. My cap was gone, and my hair, which I had twisted in a coil beneath it, fell down, and spread about my shoulders.

"Back, comrades!" I cried. "We must hold the trench—for France!"

A German was coming at me, and as I turned he drove ahead, the bayonet tearing my coat; but I cut into him with the jagged blade as he passed, and his head fell forward, partly severed from its stalk.

My comrades stopped and gathered around me, exulting, for till now they had thought me a man; and we went back and fought, singing, exalted, mad, and machine guns and greater numbers could not win for them.

Next we heard shouts behind us. While we leaned weakly against the trench sides, panting with exhaustion, the reinforcements came at last, and swept on to where a new enemy advance was forming to recapture the occupied trench. When they saw what we had done, the Germans were demoralized, and our men went through them and took their trench. I saw these things, but blurred, as if through water. There was fighting, and there were outcries, but I was sinking, sinking—

Somebody was holding me in his arms, and I looked up, conscious, and saw that it was Pierre.

"You may take your sister back as soon as it is safer," the colonel was telling him. I aroused myself, to hear the next words: "She broke up their attack and enabled us to drive through where otherwise we would have shattered ourselves against their trench lines. France owes her the thanks of the army to-day. Conduct your sister to her home, and report only when that has been done. The front is a terrible spot for a woman's eyes!"

A stern ecstasy burned within me.

"The front is the soul of France!" I cried.

So ended my battle.

## VI

It was not long before the barrage fire shifted ahead of us, and we two went back

across the field. I was happy to hear Pierre's home voice once more, and to know that he was safe after all. I did not care for the danger, less so now than before, but I feared for him, and my ears began to hear the groans of the wounded, and my eyes to see the dead. A battle thinks only of the living, but a woman's heart must mourn for the slain.

So we went back, but the journey became a dream to me, and when I awoke it was in the hospital near our home, and Pierre was sitting there, looking over a map. Through it showed lines that were roads and railways, with markings that represented trenches, and colored squares that were regiments held in reserve.

"I shall be happy for a time, watching him," I thought, until a dread came cowering into my heart; yet I raised my head and listened.

It was the voice of the beast that I heard again.

How it was snarling, with a hunger-growl, to-day! Louder than ever before its grunting and guttural grumbling came back to me, as it wallowed along its five-hundred-mile trough, writhing through the blood and mud, devouring the young men! It was a hog, up to its thighs in a red muck, slobbering and mouthing as it crushed flesh and bone, eating and eating, yet never satisfied. It was a monster, gluttonous, insatiable, growling with a belly-rumbling; driveling a bloody slaver; crushing the young men. Along the eastward horizon its hoarse hunger-rage was growling and roaring; but even so a stern resolution calmed me.

"The driver was wrong, after all," I whispered to my brother, pulling myself up by his sleeve, as he dropped the map and bent over me. "I, too, was wrong, while the battle screamed its song. The front has no soul; it is a monster. It is a monster that must die. Back to your post, my brother! The front is at war with the soul of France!"

---

## THE BUGLE-CALL

HARK, 'tis the bugle pealing in the morning!

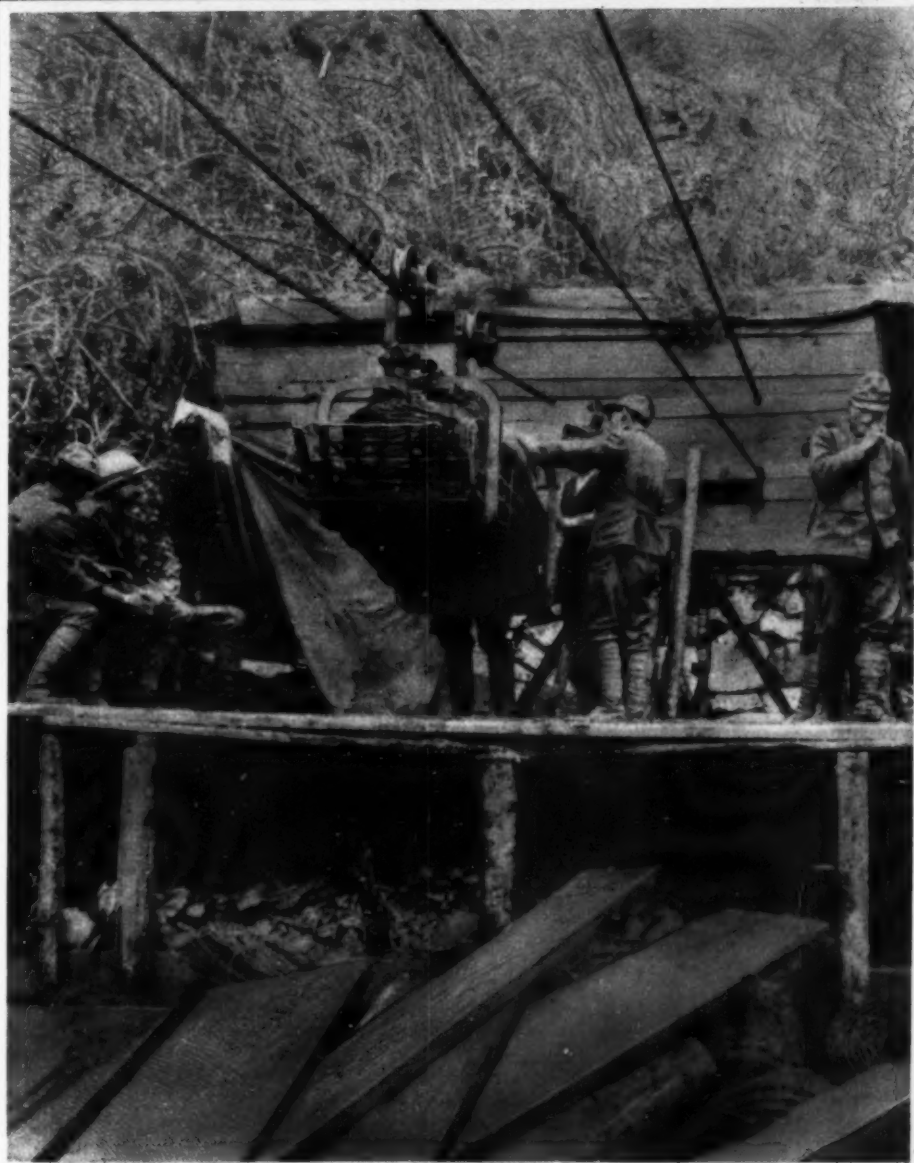
Hark, 'tis the bugle when the day is gone!

It saith to those who march, all danger scorning:

"Unto the victory God speed thee on!"

*Sennett Stephens*

## *Told by the Camera*



AN ITALIAN CABLE RAILWAY IN THE ALPS

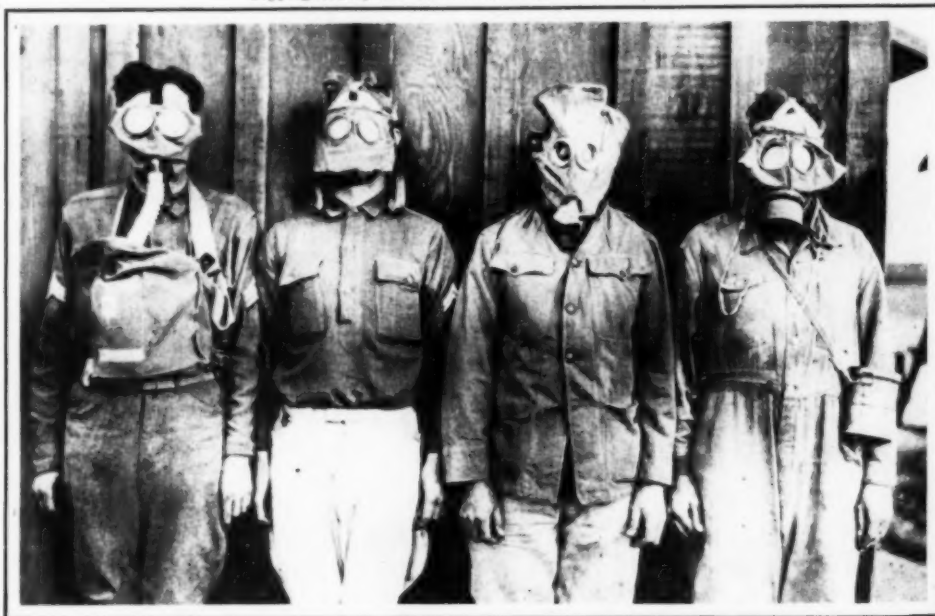
The Italians use cable railways for hoisting ammunition and supplies to mountain positions, and for bringing down wounded men, as shown in this engraving



#### UNITED STATES MARINES BURYING GERMAN DEAD

The marines, under Brigadier-General J. G. Harbord, have been in the thick of the fighting on the front between Soissons and the Marne

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information

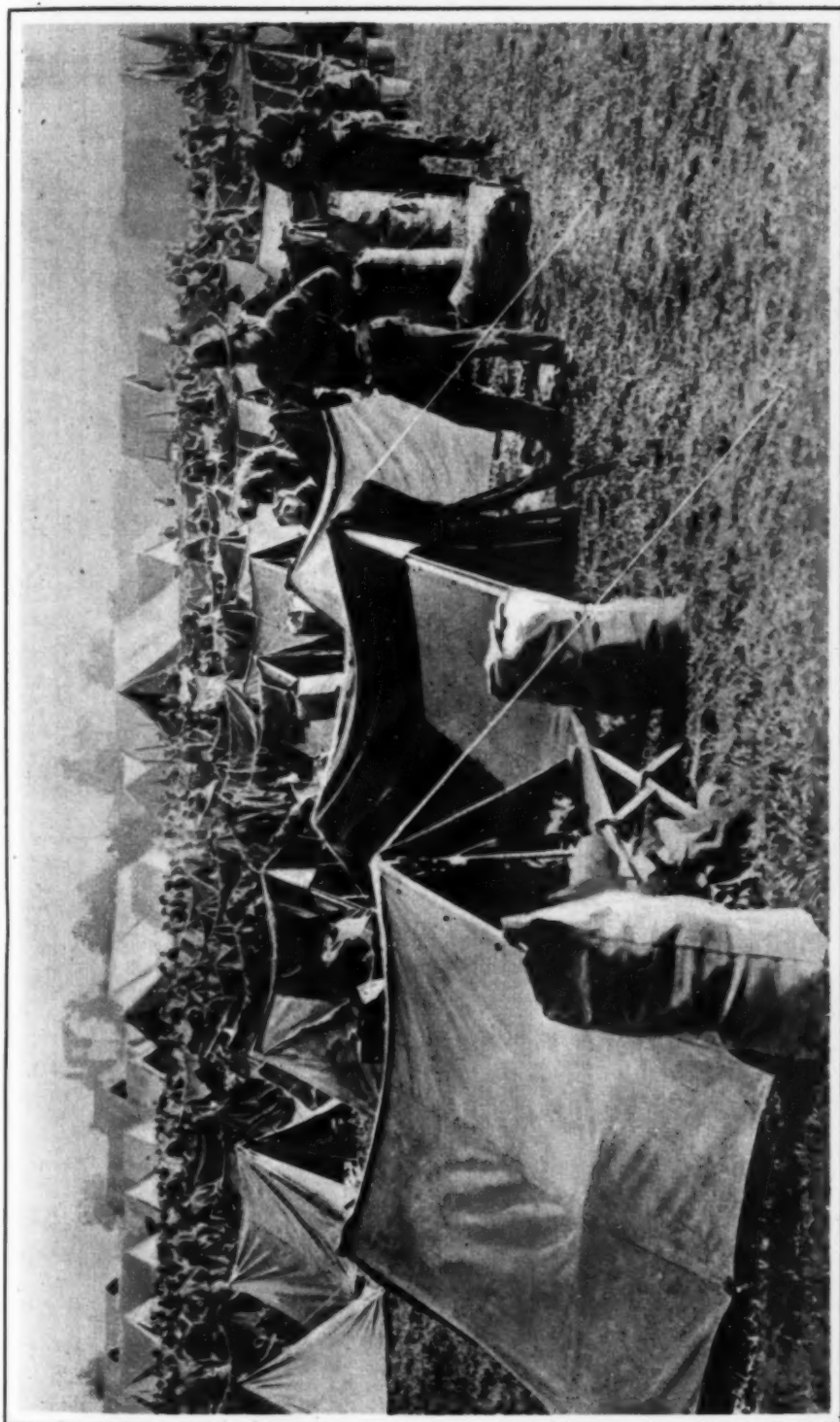


#### GAS-MASKS USED BY FOUR ARMIES

From left to right, the four types of mask are those used by the American, the British, the French, and the German troops respectively

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information

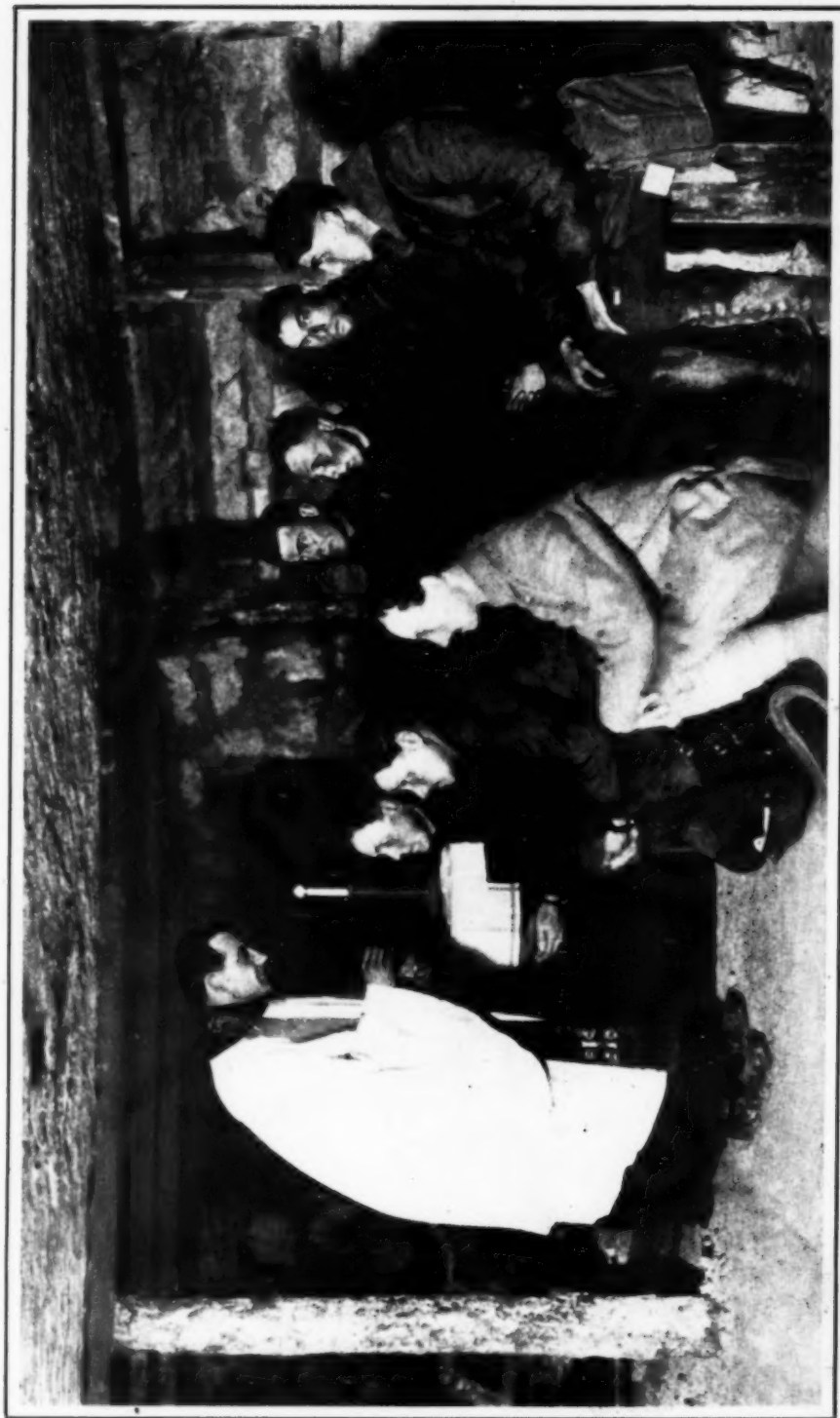




AN ENCAMPMENT OF UNITED STATES MARINES IN FRANCE

The marines, on arrival at their training-ground, have put up dog-tents for temporary shelter while barracks are under construction

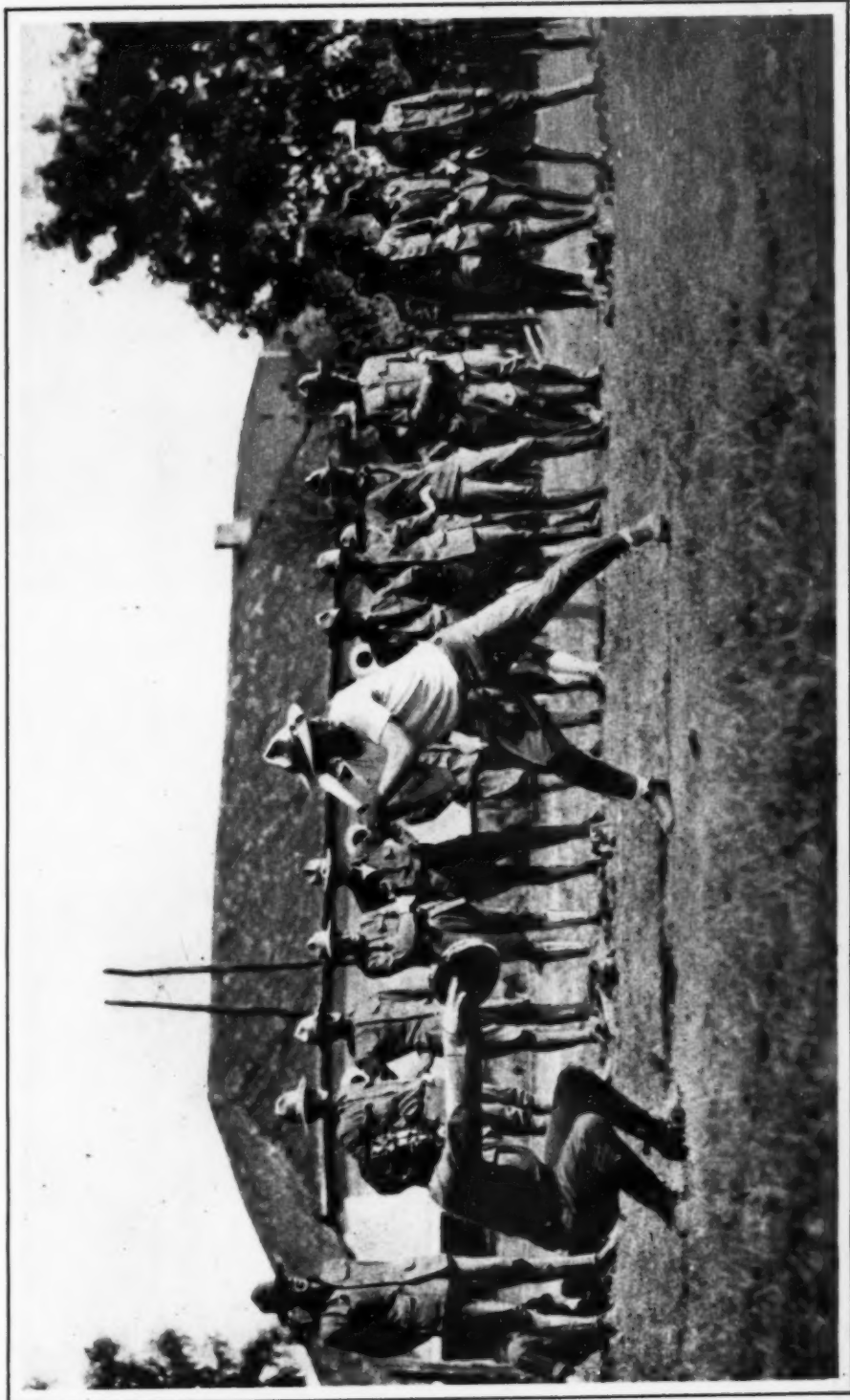
Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



A COMMUNION SERVICE AT THE FRONT

An American chaplain conducting service in an underground shelter for soldiers who are about to go to the firing-line

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



THE NATIONAL GAME AS PLAYED BY THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE

The engraving shows one of the regularly scheduled match games played on a Y. M. C. A. athletic field well within sound of the guns at the front

**BRITISH TROOPS MOVING UP TO AN ADVANCED POSITION**

Soldiers of a Yorkshire regiment advancing at dusk over rough ground to take up a position on the front line

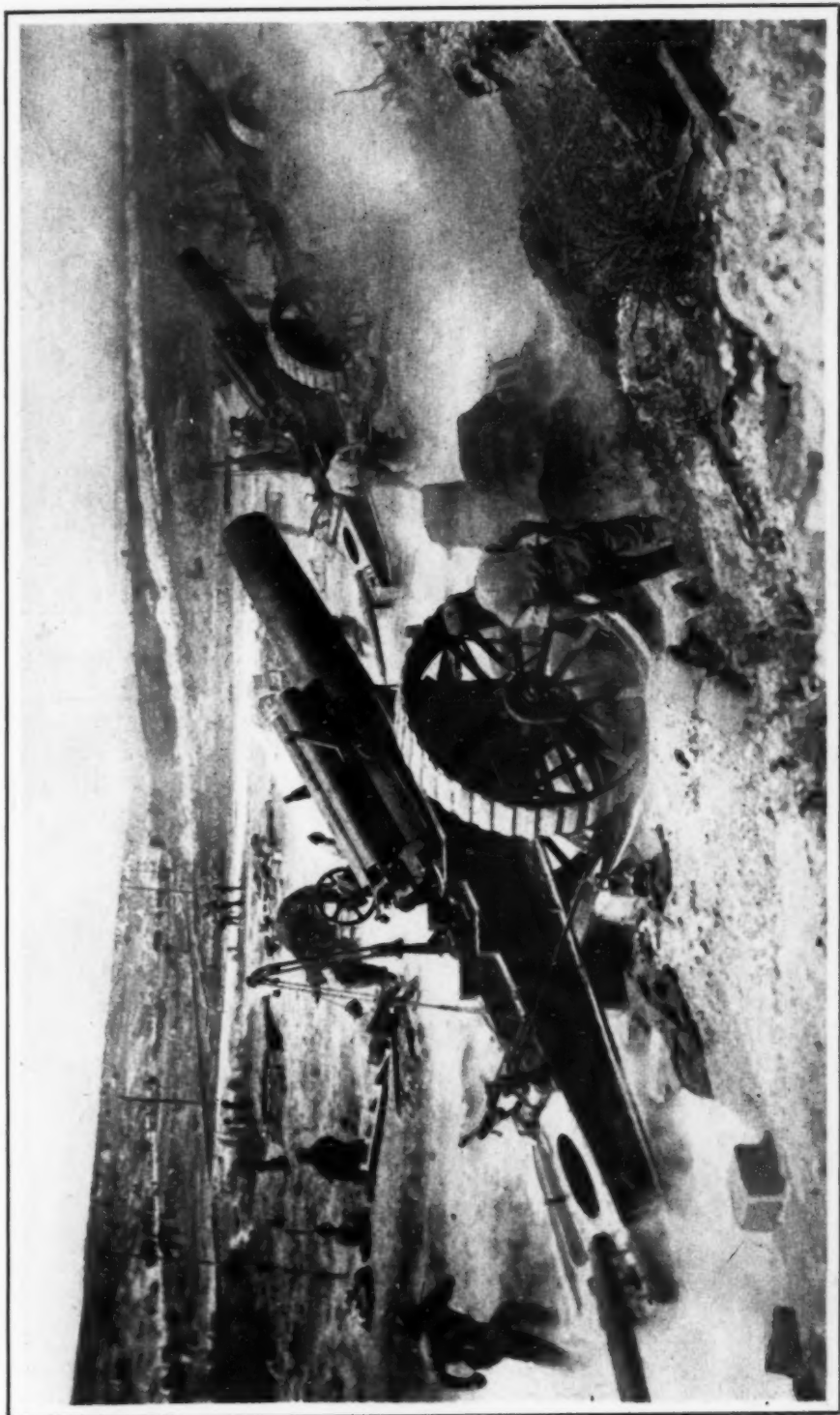
From a British official photograph

**GAS-PROTECTION FOR MAN AND BEAST**

A British driver seeing that his horses have their masks properly adjusted before entering a zone where there is danger of gas

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by the Gilliams Service, New York

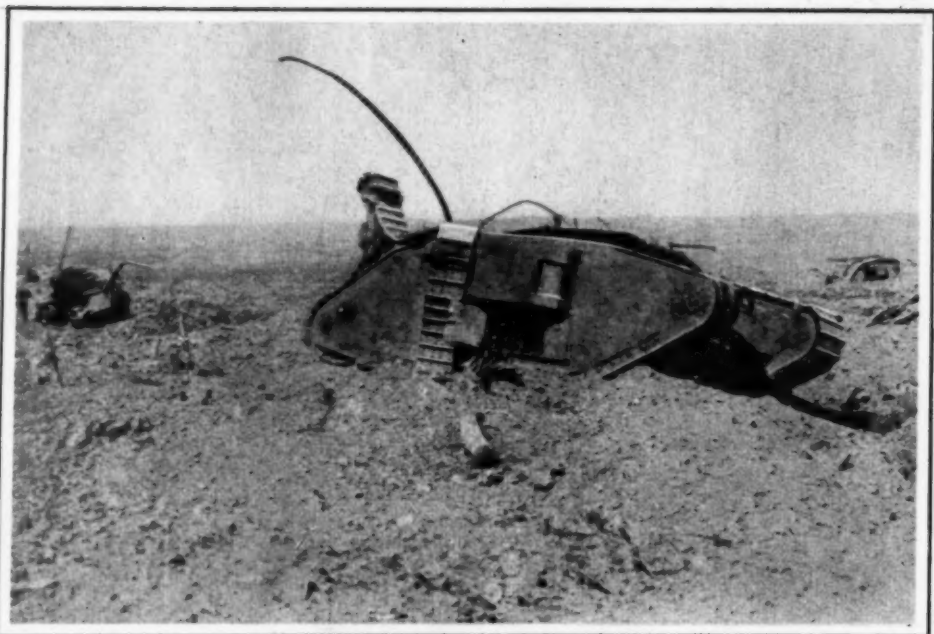




A BATTERY OF HEAVY BRITISH GUNS AT WORK

The engraving shows three large howitzers hurling shells upon the enemy's lines from a position behind the British front

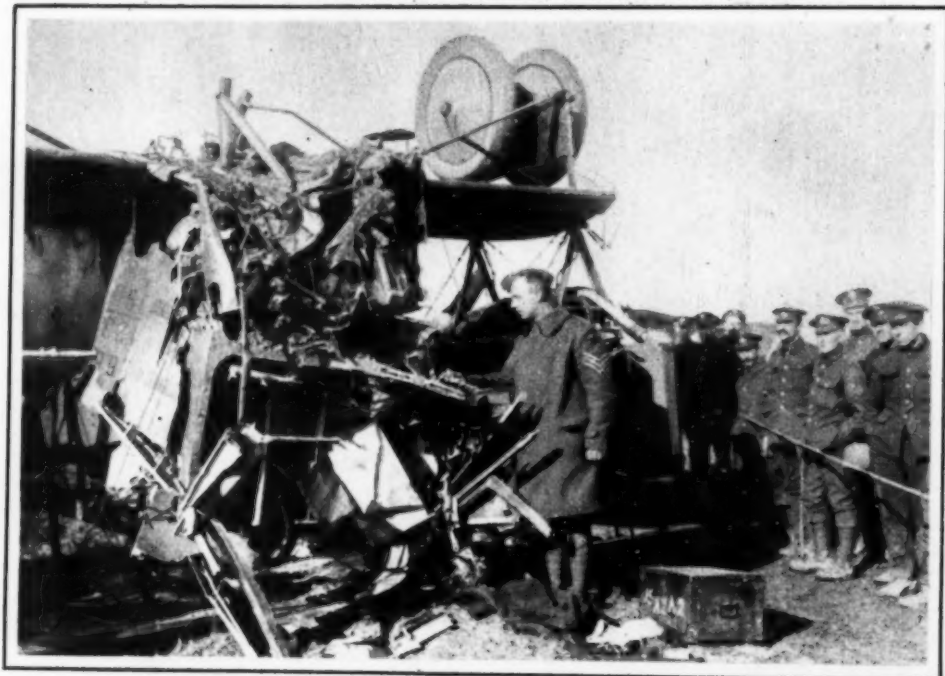
From a British official photograph



#### WRECKED BRITISH TANKS AFTER A BATTLE

The British tanks will stand hard knocks, but many of them have been disabled by heavy shell-fire

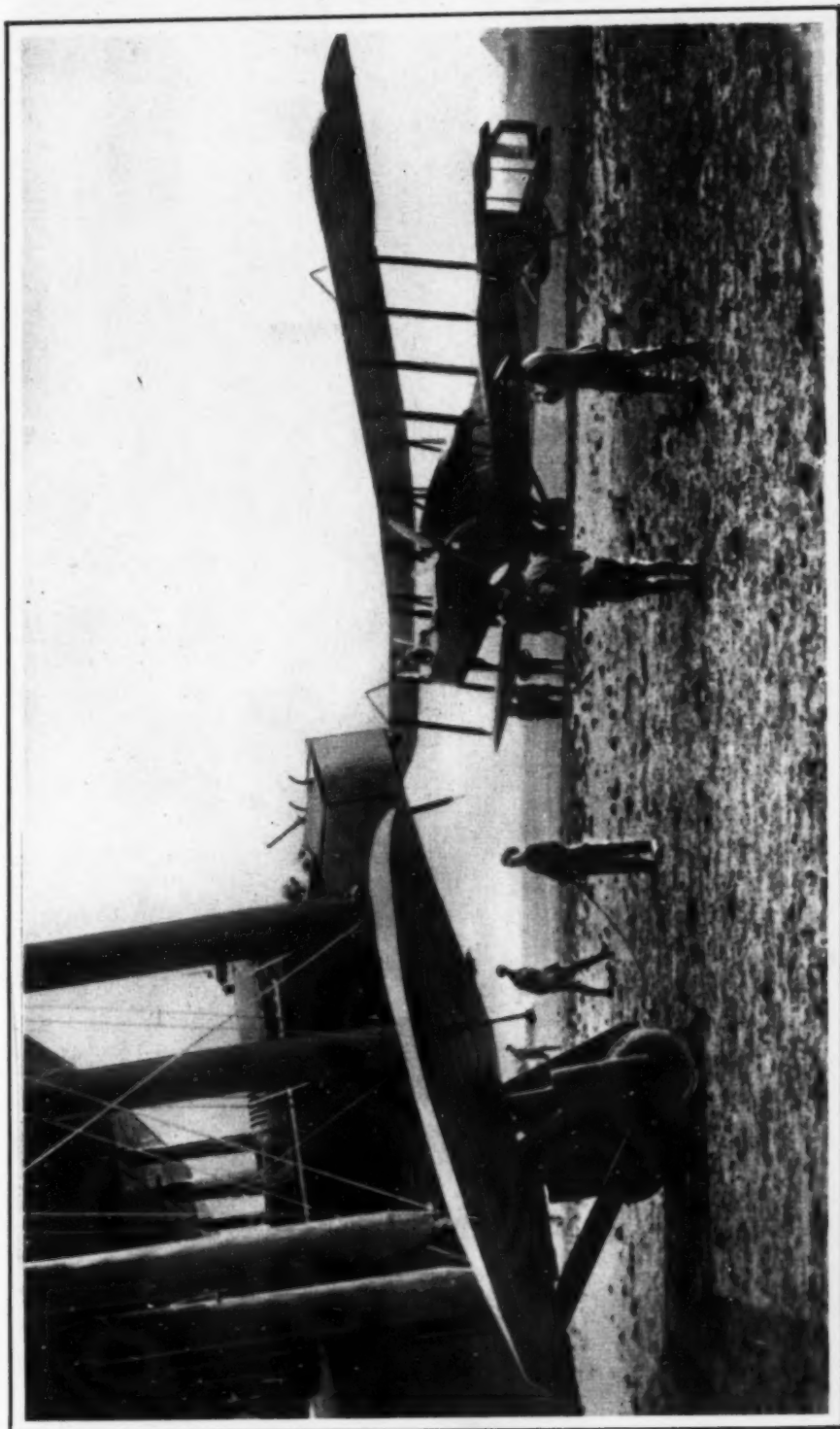
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



#### THE WRECK OF A GERMAN AIRPLANE

The remains of a Gotha bombing-machine which was brought down within the British lines in France

From a British official photograph



**GIANT BRITISH BIPLANES USED FOR BOMBING-RAIDS**

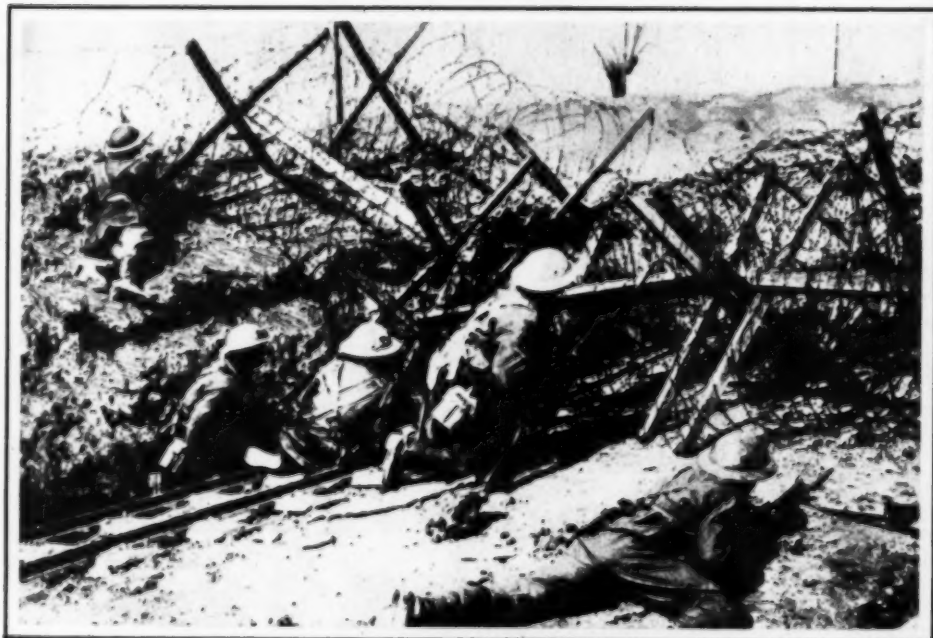
These big Handley-Page machines are the largest now in use—They have great speed and carry large numbers of heavy bombs

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



#### BRINGING UP A HEAVY FIELD-GUN

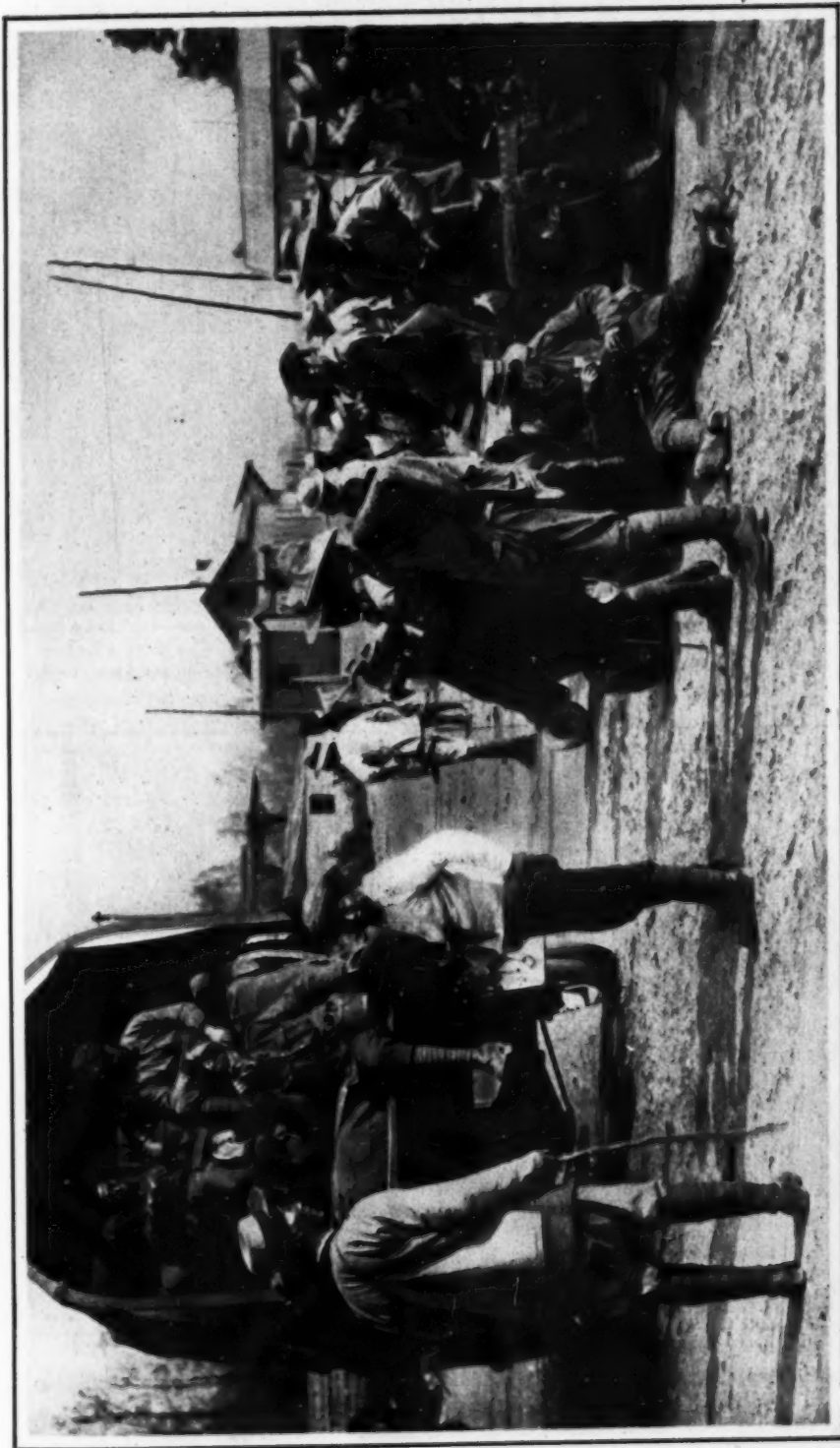
British soldiers are hauling the gun through the ruins of a battered village on the western front  
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



#### BRITISH SOLDIERS BEHIND "CONCERTINAS" OF BARBED WIRE

Concertinas are loose coils of wire on wooden frames, easily rolled into place when needed  
From a British official photograph





THE ARRIVAL OF A PARTY OF CHINESE LABORERS AT A VILLAGE BEHIND THE BRITISH FRONT

Many thousands of laborers have been brought to France from China, South Africa, and elsewhere, for work behind the lines of the Allies

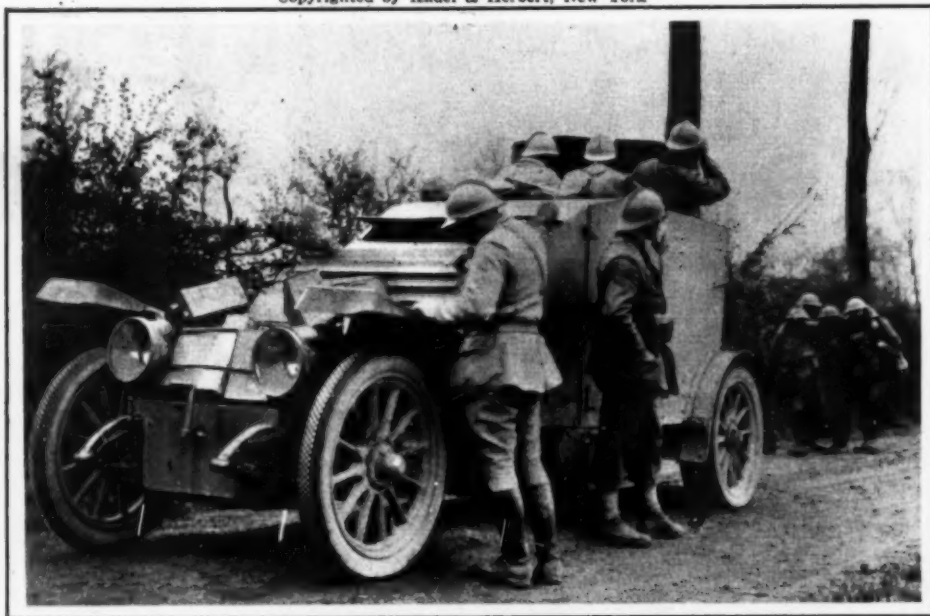
From a French official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



**A NEW FRENCH TYPE OF PNEUMATIC GUN**

This weapon, the Boileau-Debladis gun, is used in trench warfare—It is practically noiseless, firing sixty-millimeter shells by compressed air

Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



**A FRENCH ARMORED CAR SUPPORTING THE BRITISH**

An episode of the great German attack on the British lines—On the right British soldiers are helping a wounded comrade to reach a dressing-station

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York

# No Cripples Any More

THE WONDERFUL WORK THAT IS BEING DONE IN RESTORING WOUNDED SOLDIERS  
TO A LIFE OF SELF-HELP AND USEFUL WORK

By Ruth Murray Underhill

"THERE need be no cripples any more!" It is a cheering, though still a distant call. Many of us in America are only just realizing its meaning and its importance.

Hitherto war has always meant not only death with glory or homecoming with honor, but also the return of thousands who come back from the field of battle only half-men, facing life with only one arm or leg, and with many years to live. We have hardly grasped the problem as yet, hardly taken thought how we are to make a place for our own people who have given for their country what can never be returned. But France and England and Italy and Germany have been facing this task since those weeks of 1914 when the whole aspect of the world was changed.

There need be no more cripples. That is the conclusion to which our Allies and our enemies alike have come. Even in Rumania and Turkey there have arisen new hospitals and schools which give back to the half-man his place in the world, so that he is no cripple, but a fellow citizen, bearing his part in the life about him.

It is a long way from lying on a hospital cot, and having bandaged stumps where bones and muscles used to be, to self-supporting work in the world. After former wars men have been left to find their way along this stony path as best they could. But former wars did not cripple men by the fifty thousand—the number that France expects. Former wars did not leave countries depopulated of workers. It is now the business of every citizen left alive and well to help smooth the wounded soldiers' path back to life.

It is the second war—the fight to construct which follows on the fight to destroy. This second conflict has already begun—is already at white heat, even while the first

is still unabated. It is a strange contradiction that civilization must call forth its most cunning and tremendous machinery for the breaking of men before there can burst forth such will and power to cure. But the world travels in this extravagant rhythm, as war has reminded any one who had forgotten the fact.

Germany some time ago reported forty thousand cripples; France, as has been mentioned, plans for fifty thousand. It is said that there are thirty-eight thousand in England, and at least five thousand in Italy. These men would fill a good-sized city. It means that a city has been taken away from Europe—a city of able-bodied men, capable of producing the things we live on, the things for which Europe will hunger after the war. Europe and the world cannot afford such loss.

What do they do with their cripples, then, these nations who have had so long and so bitter an experience of war that they cannot afford half-men?

Owing to that keen, new insight that war has brought, we no longer wish merely to pension our crippled soldiers, merely to see that they are kept alive as comfortably as possible. Nor do the wounded men wish it either. Is being taken care of in comfort any payment for the loss of power to work?

"No," say the French. "Only he who works wherever and however much he can feels himself really a man."

Let us give the wounded soldier, besides his pension, the power and the place to work. Only then may his country feel it has been just with him.

Each nation has organized for this in its own way; but the thing that is accomplished is practically the same in all of them. First, healing, and healing in a newer and more far-reaching sense than used to be possible. It is not enough that a man's arm should



A SOLDIER WHO HAS LOST HIS RIGHT HAND  
AND FOREARM WORKING AT HIS  
TRADE AS A CARPENTER

be amputated and the wound closed, leaving him a cripple. We cannot afford cripples any longer. Perhaps he has something left to work with—ten inches of arm, five, three. One has to shudder, but in these days we have become used to shuddering, and to passing beyond it to something more constructive. That remnant of a limb must be trained, taught to push, to move quickly, to be sensitive. In fact, the whole man must be taught to move again, for the human sense of equilibrium is a delicate thing, and when several pounds of weight are removed from one side of the body, the whole balance is disturbed, and one is like a baby learning to walk.

The methods used to strengthen these poor remnants of limbs sound like an incantation. These are among the resources which the French hospitals report—baking and blasts of hot air; galvanic, static, and

high-tension currents; baths of many kinds; colored lights; active and passive mechanotherapy, massage, and gymnastic exercises.

#### THE CURATIVE POWER OF WORK

But the greatest of all is work. A man who grows tired and exceedingly sorry for himself while operating some strange orthopedic appliance will stand happily at a turning-lathe for a whole morning, making the very same motions and enjoying himself to boot. This, of course, is only play work, meant to call the man's mind back to its old ways and to take away the horrible feeling of isolation that hangs over the sick; but it serves its purpose. No man, after a morning spent like that, will go back to his cot feeling quite so desolate. His mind is not centered upon the pattern of the wall-paper and the flies on the window-pane, but upon the old, accustomed smell of the workshop and the feel of the machine under his hand.

In Germany there is given to each disabled soldier a little book called "Der Wille Siegt"—"The Will Conquers." It tells the reader that, if he wills, he need not be a cripple, and it shows him why. Almost no ordinary man uses all his strength; much of it dissipates in idleness, or in unnecessary movements, or in lack of skill. So the man who uses his head and learns to avoid all unnecessary waste of power would be a superman if he were whole, and will be as good as a sound man if he is crippled. There have been lectures and exhibitions and motion-pictures to prove that this is so. One film shows an armless man who puts on his own artificial arms, dresses himself, eats breakfast, and goes to the shop.

"He does," says the caption, "everything that another man does except to wash his hands at lunch-time."

Every country has realized that it is the wounded soldier himself who must awake to the necessity for cure. The French minister of the interior issues a booklet to each soldier on his discharge from the army. It contains a succinct and businesslike statement of the value of trade training, and a list of the places to get it. France also has her system of films and post-cards and lectures to explain the problem to the nation. Major John L. Todd, reporting on the subject to Canada, says:

There can scarcely be any one in France, capable of reading or of listening, who has not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the



measures taken by the government for the care of wounded soldiers.

The other nations are working on similar lines. In the military hospital, as soon as he is able to move, the wounded man hears the new gospel of self-help. No long days of card-playing and smoking and looking out at the moving world as if he were no longer a part of it! In some interval of healthy rest after gymnastic exercises that

take him back to his school-days, a doctor or comrade remarks:

"What job are you going to take when you get out?"

"Why—can I do anything?"

"Anything you like. Better take a look around the shops and see."

That might be said in almost any of the European orthopedic hospitals, for most of them have workshops. These are not meant



A FRENCH SOLDIER WHO HAS LOST BOTH ARMS BELOW THE ELBOW DOING FARM WORK--THE ARTIFICIAL ARMS SHOWN HERE ARE KNOWN AS PROSTHESES, AND CAN BE FITTED WITH A VARIETY OF MECHANISMS ACCORDING TO THE WORK TO BE DONE

to give a man a complete training—it would be impossible to keep each patient in hospital for a year—but to start him well on the right road, so that he can go on at a trade-school.

The directors of the workshops must study the different trades to find out which are compatible with certain injuries. When one puts his mind on it there are plenty of half-men's trades. To have two arms and two legs is part of nature's lavishness; actually, to get things done, we do not need so many. The tailors and shoemakers and tinsmiths do their work without the help of legs; the painter and blacksmith can get along with one arm and a hook at the belt, and so can many a farmer.

Watch the motions of a man working a die-casting machine. He can do perfectly well with one hand—even the left hand, if his materials are properly arranged.

The thing to do is to fit the trade to the injury. Generally a man's best chance is in the trade which he knew before he was wounded, and which gives him a background of habit and experience that cannot be matched by any new knowledge. So the one-legged man who has been an outdoor carpenter learns to do cabinetwork; the railroad brakeman becomes a station-agent, and the farm-hand an overseer. Generally a step up! Yes.

"When the arm won't do a thing, the head must," as one of the trade-teachers said.

Many a man who has never had any training, and has relied on his muscles instead of his brains to get him a living, finds in the cripple school his first chance to use his powers as far as they will go. There must be no wasted strength now, and all his advisers are anxious to draw from the cripple the best he has.

Does it seem that

there are few trades which could be taught to crippled men? At the Belgian school—which, for good reasons, is in France, at Port Villez—there are forty-two workshops, besides the business courses. Tailoring, shoemaking, harness-making, tool-making, carpentry, farming, the work of blacksmiths, tinsmiths, locksmiths, electricians—all these trades can be taught to wounded men, and have been taught successfully.

Each country finds different trades in which room can be made for the man who is not as others. Italy is full of beautiful old handicrafts, skill in which is worth a great price. So, at Rome, her men are taught cameo-cutting; in other cities they learn to work in stamped leather and wrought iron. In France a new trade has been started—the making of wooden toys. France never concerned herself with toys before. She left them to Germany; but now there is growing up an industry manned by newly trained workers and designed to last for the future.

These are special developments for men with special abilities; but the others are

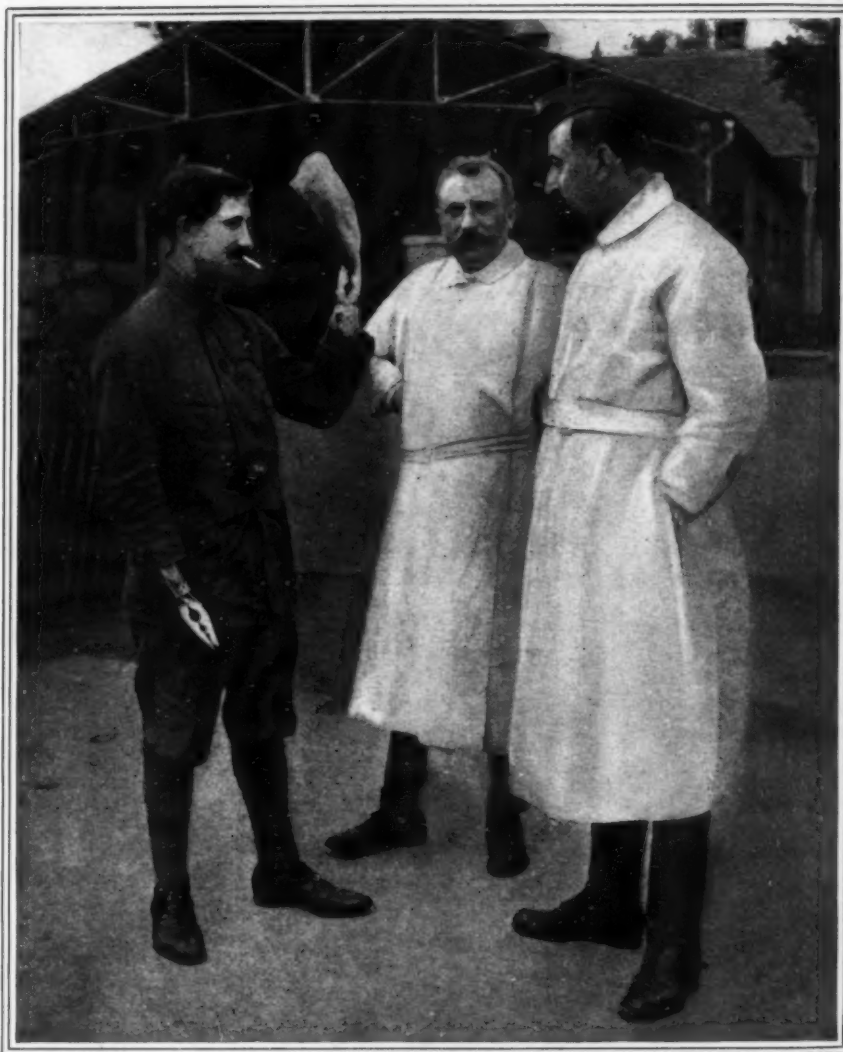
being slowly and perseveringly instructed in whatever it is found that they can do, so that every man may have some calling.

They are not slow at learning. There is pressure behind a man fighting his second war, perhaps with only twenty working years left to him, and with a family waiting at home. One of the teachers in a hospital workshop complained that his only trouble was that the men learned so fast—he was always getting in a new batch of apprentices and starting over again.

As the work in the schools goes on there arises the problem of what to give a man instead of his missing limb. To supply the substitute is, of course, the duty of the govern-



A MECHANISM DEvised BY DR. ROBIN, OF PARIS, MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO USE THE FINGERS OF A PARALYZED HAND



A FRENCH SOLDIER WHO HAS LOST BOTH HANDS SALUTING HIS DOCTOR AS HE LEAVES A PARIS HOSPITAL TO TAKE UP CIVIL EMPLOYMENT

ment, acknowledged in every country; but strange new vistas are opening in the direction of substitutes for limbs.

#### IMPROVING ON NATURE'S METHODS

The idea that a wooden leg or an imitation hand can be clapped onto a wounded man and the case dismissed with a blessing is a thing of the distant past—before the war. A wooden hand is good for very little except to look respectable on the street. The thing for which the doctors are striving now is to give back to the injured man not a hand but the work of a hand.

And this opens possibilities. The work of a hand may be done in an extraordinary number of ways. Sometimes it is managed by a steel rod with tools clamped to it; sometimes by a strong iron claw. Some of the most eager thinkers are asking:

"If we are to differ from nature at all, why not differ altogether? Why not replace one arm by two steel rods, or even three, so long as they can be made useful?"

Men learn that the old motions by which they have been accustomed to get things done are not necessarily the only ones. A farmer with one arm can use a shovel; he

simply has an implement with a longer handle, which goes through a strap at his waist. Then the one arm does nothing but press down on the handle, and the shovelful of earth is lifted just as well as by the old method.

If the man wants more power he can use his knee. Large objects can be moved by one arm and the hip. A necktie can be tied by one hand and the chin. The hand can be washed by the foot.

Strange and fascinating studies are being made in every country to ascertain how things can be done differently, in order that they may be done by cripples. In the most unexpected industries employers come for-

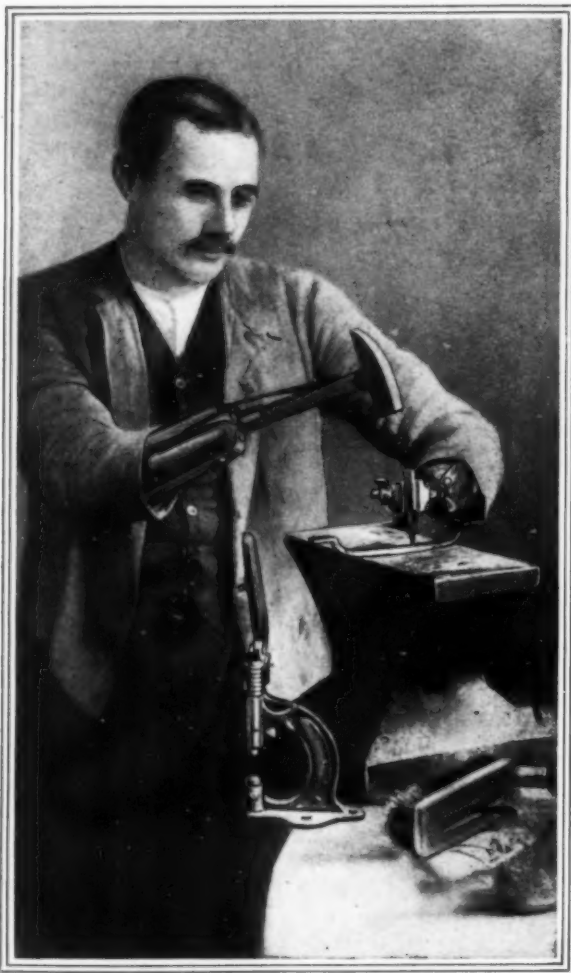
ward with the statement that so many machines in their shops can be run without the use of the feet, or of one hand, or of one arm. Stress sharpens invention. One of the easiest developments was to alter ticket-chopping machines in railway-stations so that they can be worked with the foot, thus enabling a one-armed man to be ticket-chopper. Some French typewriters have a shift-key that works with the knee, and men learn to type seventy-five words a minute with one hand.

But the crippled man cannot do these things without practise. Every one who has had a sprained wrist for a week knows how difficult it is at first to get the simplest things done with one hand. It may be entirely possible, but the man is not used to it; he has to think about each new movement. It can be learned better with a teacher's help.

In almost every city in the world there is some man who has suffered an injury long ago and has gradually recovered his working power in spite of it. As a rule, people do not hear about this man. He manages to live among his neighbors and to make a living like the rest, and no one realizes what a mine of new knowledge he possesses.

But when the city is striving desperately toward the teaching of its wounded soldiers, this man comes into his own. He is the only one who can show a group of dazed and convalescent men how to tie a necktie with one hand, and how to eat, and how to write. Austria's one-armed Count Zichy, who plays the piano and drives a tandem through crowded streets, and her architect, Grosselfinger, who stands at the top in his profession, have proved to be valuable citizens indeed.

Almost every hospital has some such volunteer arise from the city about it. His class must be like a kindergarten, but one where the pupils learn with determined and mature rapidity. They learn how to use the old limbs and the new ones. Each man helps with his own



A WOUNDED SOLDIER WHO HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN OPERATING  
A HAMMER AND PUNCH WITH ARTIFICIAL  
HANDS AND FOREARMS

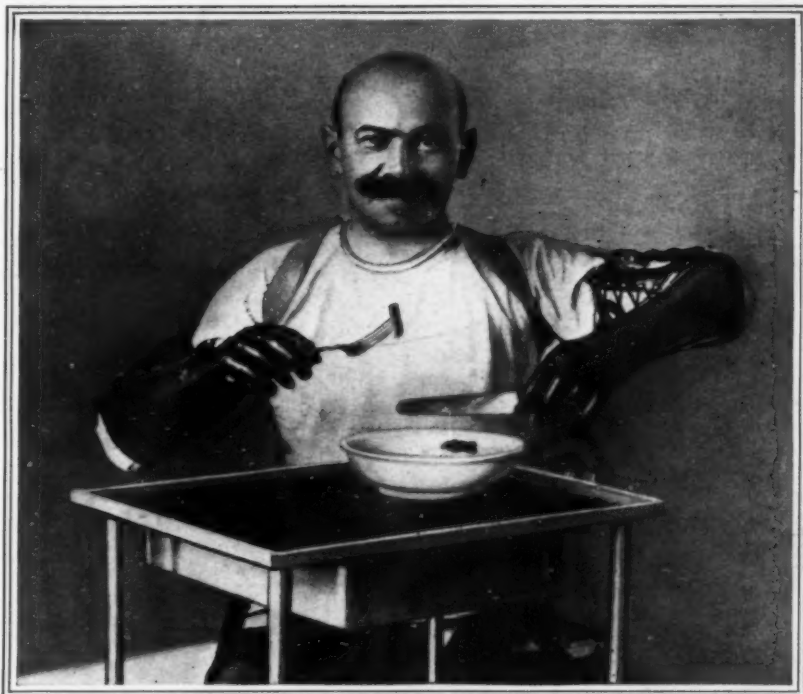


suggestions until the steel or wood or leather which has been given him is somehow fitted into his scheme of life.

All this time, as far as he is able, he has been practising at the trade which is to be his. If he is not a man who is suited to a skilled trade, he is ready, as soon as he has

there takes him in hand and consults about the trade in which he will earn the best living. Then they see that he learns it in a school or a shop, and that his family is supported while he is doing so.

It takes a long time, this practical training. Sometimes the government has to sup-



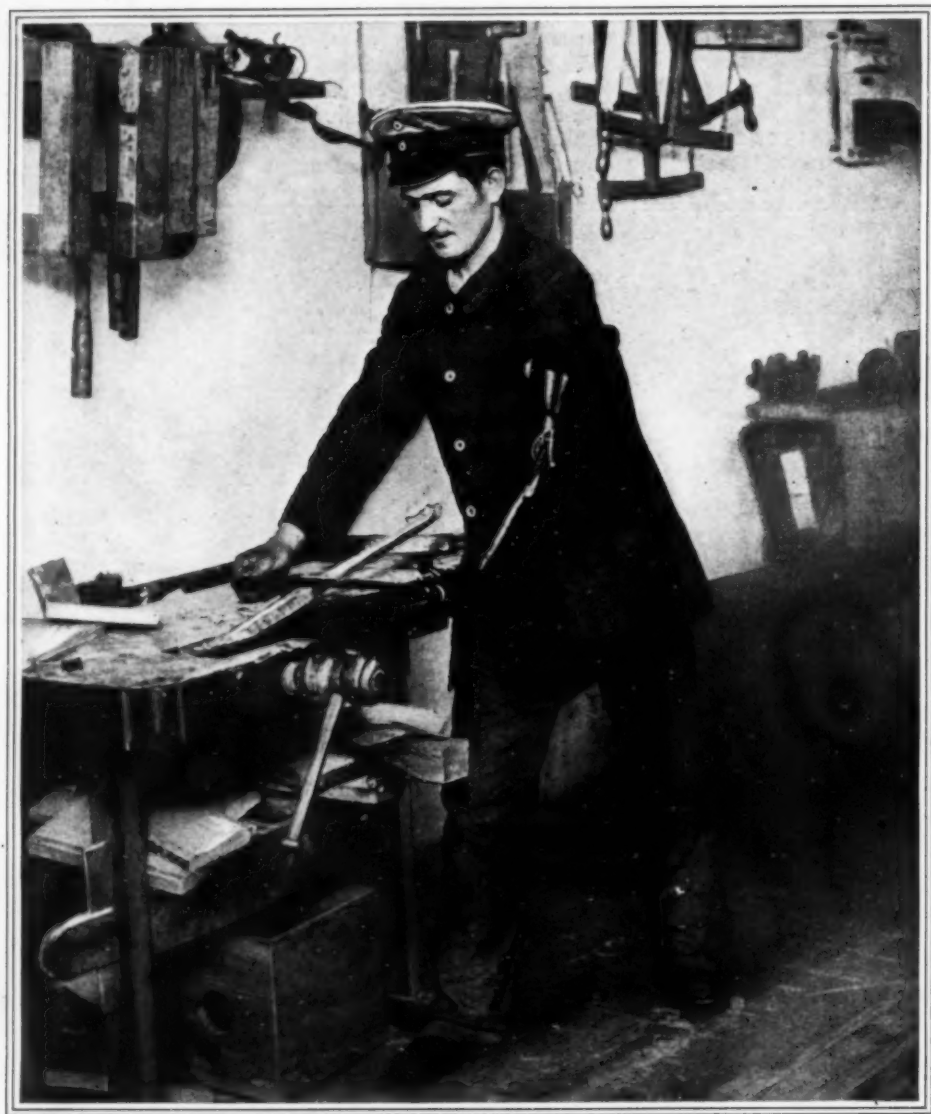
EATING WITH ARTIFICIAL HANDS—HERE THE NATURAL FORM OF THE FINGERS HAS BEEN IMITATED, BUT AS A RULE AN ARTIFICIAL HAND THAT IS FRANKLY A TOOL IS PREFERRED

grown used to his new limb, to leave the hospital and go home. But society wants to do better by him than that. He has still many years to live, and he must be fitted, if possible, for work—for the very best work of which he can be made capable.

Every country manages its trade training differently, but there are two chief methods: Workshops can be fitted out in the hospitals, or the men can go from the hospitals to near-by trade schools. The largest French and Italian schools—at St. Maurice and Milan respectively—are under the same roof and the same management as the hospitals with which they are connected. England is working out a scheme of her own meant to bring the best results for each individual man. He is sent back from the hospital to his home town, and a committee

port a man and his family for a year or more while he learns the skilled motions, and perhaps the reading and writing for which he never had a chance before. Of all the wounded, the French estimate that four-tenths of one per cent have to be trained in this way. It seems a very small figure, but it becomes a large one when the total casualties reach the vast numbers of the present war.

After the training is over shall the man be turned out of doors as a finished product and left to shift for himself? That is hardly possible. Every country has felt that it cannot lay down responsibility for its wounded soldiers until they are back at work again, as nearly as possible in the useful life from which they were snatched by war. The usual plan is to have the



A GERMAN SOLDIER WHOSE LEFT ARM HAS BEEN AMPUTATED JUST BELOW THE SHOULDER  
USING A DRAW-KNIFE

regular public employment bureaus put in a division for war sufferers. Germany has a complete system of these employment bureaus, and the problem is comparatively easy. France has made up her mind to have the same sort of system, and meanwhile is looking after the matter by private means with government supervision. In England and Italy the regular committees for the care of wounded soldiers take up the work in every town.

Figures are coming in from every country about the number of men who have finished school and are at home and at work in their old places. We look on them with sympathy and interest, we who as yet have suffered so little. We shall not be able to escape our tale of half-men, but in providing for them we have the most hopeful and heartening lessons to learn from the countries where there are many wounded men, but no cripples any more.

# The Griswolds' Model

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

GRISWOLD flung down the afternoon paper with an exclamation of disgust. His wife's glance was comprehending.

"The Lanneau divorce-case?" she asked. "When family skeletons are as unattractive as theirs, it seems a mistake to rattle them around so noisily."

"Skeletons? Nothing so decent—putrid corpses!" he growled. "Lanneau is a rather good sort, and Lily isn't the worst woman we know. Why couldn't they get a decent divorce? Why do sensible people invariably lose their heads when it comes to a question of suicide or divorce? Yet the tidiest woman will choose the sloppiest, bloodiest way of getting out of the world—fling herself in front of a train, or jump down an elevator-shaft; and a man who has shunned publicity all his life will wind up by blowing out his brains in a big hotel! With the choice of a number of dignified methods of suicide or divorce I can't see why well-bred people lose their heads and go at it like paid publicity agents."

"You seem quite enthusiastic." His wife's eyes darkened in a way they had when she was irritated. "Is it a model suicide or a model divorce you are contemplating?"

"Nonsense, Cecily!" Griswold said crossly. "Isn't there anything under the canopy a man can discuss without your making a personal matter of it? The temper of red-headed girls! All I meant to say was that if you and I, for instance, should decide upon a divorce, we could go through with it in a thoroughly amiable fashion."

"We aren't always amiable now. Why should our dispositions improve upon the verge of separation?"

"Don't you think a husband and wife might have a certain pride in showing themselves at their best, and not at their worst, at the end of the stretch? After all, few

people can live together for several years and not have some happy memories, some jolly times shared; and it seems to me that whatever they can find that is wholesome and sweet might well be put at the end of their relation—to make a clean wound of the cutting, instead of a festering sore."

"Where would you stage this model operation—Reno?"

"Good Heavens, no! Reno is for poor people who can't afford to take longer than six months to be divorced in, or for those whose speed-limit urges them not to wait longer than six months and half a day before making a change of partners. Above everything, the really dignified divorce must be unhurried."

"Divorce hardly needs your brief in its defense." Cecily's voice had the cool tinkle of ice. "From being looked at askance it wedged its way into social recognition, then into popularity, then into being rather smart, and finally into being accepted as a matter of course."

"Except with certain old-fashioned people, such as your father and my mother," he replied. "Well, what have you on hand for this afternoon?"

"We were to go to the Mitchells' tea-dance." She laid a delicate stress on the pronoun.

"Make my excuses, please—that's a good girl. Toothache, headache, homicidal mania, chronic alcoholism—any excuse but the truth that a tea this afternoon would bore me to death, Cecil dear."

"I can't say that it interests me overwhelmingly." Cecily rose as she spoke. "Especially to go unescorted, as I have done so often of late; but one has to observe certain social amenities, and the Mitchells are members of our set."

"Our set" is such a steadily widening term that we are kept going day and night."

"It was you who urged me to go out

again when my heart was least in it," she returned, leaving the room.

As she dressed, she kept thinking how animated Nick had seemed while they discussed divorce, though of late he had been so uninterested in everything. Her thoughts slipped into somber channels. Certainly life together had been a far cry from the protracted lark they had planned it to be in the happy days of their engagement.

The first year had been wonderful, even to its occasional lovers' quarrels, and the memory of it lay in her heart like a warm glow. The next year brought the great sorrow of her life. A motor accident caused the premature birth of her little son. He lived but four months—long enough for the tiny down on his head to take on the reddish hue of her own, long enough for her heart to be held in the frail hands which were hers in miniature. To give him up tore at the roots of her life, especially because of the doctor's verdict that there could never be another child.

At the time Nick seemed to feel the baby's death much less than she did, because of his greater anxiety over her desperate illness and her slow return to health; but three years had passed since then, and perhaps in the secret recesses of his soul he found it as hard to relinquish fatherhood as she did to give up motherhood.

The conversation rankled in her mind. Afterward it seemed to her that it was the trivial beginning which laid the first foundation-stone in the Griswold divorce-case. Things appeared to slip imperceptibly to that point. A queer listlessness about Nick, a strange indifference to his work as consulting engineer, a growing indifference in his personal relations, chilled and bewildered her. He no longer caught her to him and kissed her a dozen times in the old way, even after their quarrels. For weeks he had not once come into her room to say good night; but more profound than any lack of demonstration was a growing sense of spiritual detachment, a feeling of being outside Nick's life. And how gallantly and gladly their journey together had begun!

"Nick is a gentleman. If he had stopped caring for me, this is exactly the way he would act," she thought bitterly.

At times she felt as if she hated him for the power he still had to hurt her, though she was not sure whether it was her love or her pride which suffered. Then came a sudden impulse to put him to the test.

"Suppose we get that model divorce, Nick?" she suggested. "I don't think we are making a conspicuous success of it together. When we married, we believed that we should add to the harmony and happiness of each other's life, and when we cease doing that it is sufficient 'grounds' for us to say good-by."

There was absolutely no mistaking the flash of relief which swept over Griswold's face. He stumbled in his words as he accepted her decision with some incoherent phrases about the fault being his. But that look had betrayed him. It was relief, a curious exaltation.

To the very depths of her soul Cecily Griswold felt cold and sick. What a sorry failure her wifehood must have been when after five years a man was glad to let her go!

"I'll leave the details of the arrangements to you." She kept her voice as casual as if she were ordering dinner. "Our incomes are about the same, so you will please let that part of it alone."

"As you like; but I shall claim the privilege of leaving you everything I have."

She understood that as a way of telling her that there would be no successor. Many men had made the same promise to dearly loved wives and had broken it; she smiled mirthlessly to think how small was the chance of faithfulness to a divorced wife.

"And no publicity," she said abruptly. "No head-lines, no reporters, no gossip; above all, no advice from your family or mine."

"Then we'll have to keep it a secret until the divorce is about to be granted," he reflected.

"I thought you had already mapped out a model working plan?"

"In a way, I have. It takes a year's residence in New Mexico, and then divorce is about as easy to obtain as it is in Nevada. Suppose we give it out to our friends generally that I am going out to New Mexico to investigate some mining prospects, then dope it to them that I am keen about the country and that you are going to join me out there?"

"They would be stupid to believe it when I kept postponing my departure."

"Then come," he said eagerly. "See here, Cecil, we are friends always. Let's take the last turn of the road together like good pals. I've been like a sore-headed bear lately, I know, and I don't want this





"SKELETONS? NOTHING SO DECENT—PUTRID CORPSES!"

to be your last memory of me. What is there to hinder your coming out there and staying a few months? It will rest you from the hectic life you lead here, and I think we can have a jolly good time of it and throw our two families off the track. At the end of the year, all you have to do is to take the train to El Paso, or anywhere you please, and write me a letter stating that you've left me for good and forever and will never under any circumstances consent to live with me again. Then I can get an immediate divorce on the ground of abandonment. I may not have made a con-

spicuous success as a husband, Cecil, but I am the best friend you have, and you can trust me not to do anything to make your stay in New Mexico otherwise than you would wish it to be. I've never known people to get a friendly divorce, but we'll show it can be done. We'll have a good time right up to the last, and teach the world a new trick. Of course, a lifetime isn't long enough for me to be sorry in about the motor accident—"

She put out a protesting hand to ward off the words.

"You couldn't help it, Nick. It was the

drunken driver of the other car. Please don't go back to it again! You know I've never blamed you for it half an instant, but—but I can't talk about it. Let's talk about our—our divorce instead. Are you really in earnest about New Mexico?"

## II

Six months later Cecily was on her way to join her husband. She did not know whether his letters—frequent, brief, enthusiastic—mirrored his real liking for his new surroundings, or were merely intended to quote to their respective families. She was reluctant to come, but determined that she would play the rôle blithely assigned to her and "be a good sport."

Griswold met her at the station, his face aglow with pleasure and welcome. For a moment memories of like meetings swept poignantly over them both; but the man recovered himself first.

"It's corking of you to come, Cecil," he said, as he helped her into his car. "I'm afraid the trip has tired you. You're prettier than ever, but aren't you thinner?"

"It's you who are fatter," she retorted. "And sunburnt! Why, Nick, you're burned to a crisp."

"Out here one basks in the sunshine like a lizard. It's the popular outdoor sport for the idle rich."

"So you wrote me," she laughed. "You kept telling me how wonderful the air was until mother said: 'Does Nicholas think you are the Weather Bureau?'"

"There's a lot out here besides climate. We'll motor out to the biggest surface copper-mine in the world, and I'll show you turquoise-mines, zinc-mines, copper, gold, silver, and all the fifty-seven varieties. You'll meet some of the most attractive people you could run across. It's an oddly cosmopolitan place; people from all over the face of the globe come to this spot for health, mining, or divorce. You'll hear all sorts of yarns about the old days when there were only miners and cow-punchers around. The men who made a lucky strike would come to town and gamble until day-break, and at the end of each game some fellow would go to the door of the saloon, toss away a deck of cards, and call for a new one, so that in the early morning the street would be littered with cards as thick as leaves."

"Asphalt isn't half so picturesque as playing-cards for a pavement," she re-

gretted. "I'm sorry we weren't here in the earlier days. What a charming place!"

The car stopped.

"You really like it? Here we are!"

The furnished house which he had rented was Spanish in architecture, set back from the street with an avenue of cottonwood-trees. The front door opened directly upon a patio, open to the sky, and to the right and left of this were the two wings which contained the sleeping-rooms, while the living-room and dining-room were at the rear. The house was really a sort of open square, with windows in every room facing on the patio. The effect had probably been charming when the patio was ablaze with flowers, daily watered and tended; but since the owners had returned to the East only the cacti had survived the struggle for existence in an almost rainless climate. There was a cactus shaped like a small thorny keg, another with curved thorns like fish-hooks; the cholla cactus bristled with distorted branches, the giant cactus towered tall and fleshly, and Aaron's Rod looked as if its dusty ugliness could never break into blossom again.

"How repellent they are, how oddly hostile they look!" Cecily exclaimed. "May I put in flowers?"

He opened a door into the right wing and showed her the pretty suite of rooms which was to be hers. They had just been done over in French chints, and he had sent to El Paso for her favorite roses to fill the vases. They explored the living-room, charmingly simple and spacious, with good rugs and well-chosen pottery; and then he showed her his own room.

"Why, it's like a monk's cell!" she cried in amazement. "I never suspected your ascetic tastes, Nick; have you been reading Tolstoy? You are using your sleeping-porch, aren't you? I thought you disliked to sleep out."

"I'm a convert. It makes one sleep like old Rip. I hope you'll try it."

She colored a little uncertainly, and was annoyed that he saw and understood it, for he hastily explained:

"Your room has a sleeping-porch, too."

"Shall I have time to dress before dinner?" she asked. "At what hour do you dine?"

"I gave orders for our dinner to be at seven this evening." He corrected her pronoun. "But I told the servants you would take charge when you came. Probably the

Earles will drop in to-night to welcome you."

Cecily dressed with unusual care. These men and women were to be the immediate witnesses of their star performance. Well, they should wonder when they knew. That tribute was her due.

She put on a black frock, shimmering and diaphanous, which emphasized the whiteness of her throat and neck. Her dark eyes and eyebrows made her masses of red hair the more arresting. Her skin was fine in texture, but delicate in coloring; her eyes and lips and her glorious hair gave the wanted note of color. There was about her the elusive charm of a face which holds a contradiction—defiant, challenging eyes and a mouth that was pensive, wistful, sweet.

A sudden shyness kept her from glancing directly at her husband when she rejoined him. If his old warm look of approval of her beauty swept into his eyes, she did not want to see it; and if it did not, she did not want to look for it in vain.

But there was no doubt as to the admiration of Nick's friends. A dozen or more called that evening, and women as well as men could not keep their eyes away from her radiant loveliness. Vinton, who was the last to leave, caught Griswold by the shoulders and shook him heartily.

"You ought to be strung up for springing Mrs. Griswold on us in this fashion. Now I'm a hardened old bachelor and stiffened against surprises; but when you hadn't thrown out a hint, how could I have guessed that Mrs. Griswold's husband was the luckiest of men? Good night, Mrs. Griswold; when is the first possible moment I may come again?"

"Say eight o'clock breakfast, Cecil, and call his bluff. The lazy old hypocrite has never crawled out of bed before eleven since his mine struck pay-dirt."

"I should gladly have stayed until eight if the invitation had come spontaneously from Mrs. Griswold," said Vinton, bowing good night.

"Do you like them, Cecil?" Nick asked eagerly. "I don't want you to be bored here. They fell for you—the entire bunch! You were your nicest self to them—and that's hard to beat, you know."

"Tell me more about them all, Nick." Cecily's face was animated with interest. "The breezy friend who has just gone, for instance?"

"Black sheep of prominent Eastern family; expelled from college for some fool scrape; father grew tired of paying his debts after considerable experience in doing it; shipped him West. He drifted here, got interested in Zamora Copper, and wrote his father that if he would give him five thousand dollars he would sign a paper promising never to ask for or accept another cent from him. The old man took him up, sent the money; he invested every penny of it in Zamora at two dollars and forty cents a share and sold it at fifty-seven dollars. The interesting part is that although he was a spendthrift with his father's money he's distinctly careful with his own, and now the black sheep is the family's blue-ribbon exhibit."

"Now tell me about Mrs. Welles—the little woman with the Southern voice and the becoming hat. I liked her best of all."

"She's true grit and pure gold, if that does sound paradoxical. Bert Welles is a lawyer who developed tuberculosis; tried to fight it out back home, but the bug beat in every round, in a way it has of doing. Then his wife took charge. They must sell their home and go West; she would live in the Pecos Valley, on a ranch twenty miles from a neighbor; she'd camp in the mountains, she'd bring the children or leave them with her mother—nothing was material in comparison with Bert's getting well. They came out here—Bert flat on his back and carried from the train on a stretcher. Bert insists that all the best people arrive here that way. That was seven years ago, and now he's practising law and enjoying life as only a man can who has looked at death at close quarters without being in the least afraid of it. Did I tell you that he was my lawyer?"

At the word, silence cut between them like a chilling wind. Nick spoke first, his voice harsh and strained:

"These few months you are here, suppose we don't mention the divorce at all, Cecil? Understand, I am not remotely suggesting that you should change your mind about it. I agree absolutely in the wisdom of it; but shall we let that sleeping dog lie for the last brief time we are together?"

"As you like," she agreed carelessly. "Good night, Nick."

She rose. The charm which had held them was broken like a spell. Fatigue seemed to veil her beauty, always more or less dependent upon her mood.

"I have kept you up inhospitably late," he said, holding open the door for her to pass. "Good night, Cecily."

He barely touched her hand with his lips.

### III

THE next few weeks proved that there was no doubt as to the place Cecily had made with Griswold's friends.

"Hit? Why, you've bowled 'em over!" Nick exulted. "My compliments on your adaptability! At home you fit into the surroundings like an orchid in a conservatory, and here you bloom like the yucca, which is the desert's prettiest daughter."

Cecily had just come in from a ride with Vinton to the Earles' ranch. She had forgotten her vexation at Nick's laziness in

not accompanying them. She swept a curtsy in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Everybody wouldn't agree with you," she demurred. "Dr. MacDowell, for instance. He dislikes me cordially, and pierces me with his 'thou-art-weighed-in-the-balance-and-found-wanting' glance!"

"Surly old Scot!" Nick said affectionately. "I must admit that he has been impervious this far, but he'll probably fall all the harder when he succumbs. I've been out to the 'san' all morning, and MacDowell is tremendously pleased at the way Jimmy is improving. I have permission to bring you out to see him to-morrow."

Between Dr. MacDowell and Griswold had sprung up one of the silent, profound friendships of men. There was rarely a



THE ARDENT EYES AND THE WHITE FACE WON HER



morning that Nick did not spend at the sanatorium, as he said that a talk and a smoke and the doctor's laboratory made the most satisfactory combination he could find. Nick talked a great deal of Jimmy Ames, a little fellow who had developed tuberculosis, and whose sister had scraped together the money to bring him out West to the eminent doctor. Cecily smiled to herself when Nick told her the story, because it was plain to her that he himself was "staking" Jimmy and giving the boy his one chance for health.

Nick and Cecily motored over to the sanatorium the next morning. The groups of white cottages looked bright and friendly in the sunshine, and the doctor pointed out the cottage in which she would find Jimmy. He added the suggestion that Griswold should remain with him, as he did not wish Jimmy to have more than one visitor.

The girl who opened the door fairly dumfounded Mrs. Griswold. Her eyes were big and blue and confiding, her skin the softest pink and white, and her aureole of pale, golden curls made her look like a child saint. In her white frock and blue ribbons she looked about sixteen, though Griswold had said that she was two years older. At the sight of her visitor the color rippled over her face, and she cried:

"Oh, you're *his* wife, aren't you?"

"I am Mrs. Griswold."

"Jimmy has longed to see you. Honey, here's Mr. Nick's wife!"

Jimmy was lying on his cot. His hair was dark, but his eyes were bluer than his sister's, and his thin little face had a lovely look of eagerness.

"Won't you please, please, *please*, take all the hairpins out of your hair?" he demanded. "Mr. Nick said that *Letting Your Hair Down* in the fairy story hasn't nearly as pretty hair as you!"

The ardent eyes and the white face won her. As Cecily took down the glittering wealth of hair, she thought of Nick's pride in the reddish down on their baby's head.

"Mr. Nick don't know any fairy stories, and I've heard Emmy's and the doctor's, but you know nice new ones!"

He stated it coaxingly and nestled down into his pillows.

Griswold came for her half an hour later. He stood at the door watching her—the sun on the bright, loosened hair, and Jimmy's hand holding to her skirt lest she might slip away from him.

Emmy ran toward him joyfully.

"Can't you come in? Then I'll come out. I was so sorry not to have seen you when you came yesterday that I was cross all the rest of the day!"

When Cecily finished the story and came outside, Emmy stopped short in what she was saying and colored vividly. To make it worse, she rushed into explanations:

"I was afraid you might have heard what I was saying, Mrs. Griswold, and it would have sounded silly to you. Mr. Nick is so good about letting me tell him everything about my unimportant little self. You'll come soon again, won't you?" She turned to Griswold and added, without any question as to his return: "When you come over to-morrow, please don't forget to bring the magazines you promised."

On the way home Griswold asked a dozen questions about Jimmy, but Cecily could not put the questions she would have liked to ask—why he had said so little of Emily Ames, whom he evidently saw daily on his visits to the sanatorium, and why he had failed to mention that she was as exquisite as an ungathered white rosebud. Cecily faced the issue squarely in her characteristic way of being honest with herself.

"I voluntarily gave up Nick when I decided upon a divorce. I have forfeited the right to object if he is falling in love with this girl. One thing I know absolutely, and that is that Nick would never do anything to hurt a child like that. He wouldn't make love to her while he is still ostensibly a married man, though it's perfectly evident that she's in love with him."

What a relentless power there was in youth! That pretty child could give Nick about as much real companionship as a Christmas doll. But the next four months were still hers, and she would give Nick her mind, her sympathy, her companionship, in the way she knew. He might marry Emmy then, but *he would remember her*.

#### IV

EVEN to herself Cecily could not have defined her state of mind in the weeks and months that followed. She knew that Nick saw Emily Ames daily; she knew that he paid her expenses at the sanatorium, for when she had suggested taking care of Jimmy he had rather shamefacedly admitted that he sent Emmy a check every month to cover all their expenses. Rather than seem to be spying on her husband, a rôle she would



"GOOD-BY, MY WIFE!"

have scorned beyond expression, Cecily made her visits to Jimmy in the afternoons.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Nick had befriended him for months, the boy soon gave the first place in his affections to Cecily. It was as if he divined the unsatisfied mother-hunger in her nature. He was gaining steadily. His cheeks were tinged with the flush of returning health, and his tongue wagged happily all the day long.

There was an evening when, as Nick said good night at the door of her room,

the look of struggle in his eyes swept Cecily with a swift response. She had only to open her door to him, and the victory would be hers. She could make him forget any passing fancy for that pretty doll caused by his loneliness before she came. Her voice was very soft as she murmured the foolish nickname of their early married life:

"St. Nicholas!"

She felt him tremble as he held her hand against his cheek, and with an effort which seemed to wrench her she recovered herself.

"Good night—happy dreams!" she ended quickly, and went into her room, closing the door.

She lay awake, restless and unhappy, listening to him walking up and down in the patio. The place was a blaze of flowers now; soon the frost would have them, but she, too, would be gone. Nick had wanted the divorce; he would have Emmy to console him. She must have Jimmy!

The thought of returning East and taking up the old life without Nick repelled her; but after she went away and wrote the letter which would enable him to get the divorce and to leave New Mexico forever, she would return and make a home for Jimmy. Emmy was fretting to go back to the East, and impatient over Dr. MacDowell's decision that the boy must remain at least six months longer. Cecily would stay with him; she could not lose out of her life the eager welcome in his eyes and the ripple of content in his voice when he greeted her.

No doubt Nick would help her to have her way about Jimmy. Even married to another woman, it was impossible to conceive of him as not helping her to have her wish about anything. And she deserved something from him, for she had been a "good sport" through this idiotic plan of his. They were having things decent and wholesome at the end—no recriminations, no advice, no publicity—altogether a model divorce.

Her tearless eyes stared into the darkness, her ears strained to listen to that steady tramping outside. In a few days even that pseudo-nearness would be over, for the year of residence would be ended on Thursday, and she would be free to go.

It was hard for both of them that the day before she left happened to be her birthday. Tacitly they accepted that the day was to pass as normally as possible. In the morning they went to see Jimmy, who was ecstatic over the birthday-cake frosted with pink roses and shining with tiny candles. In the afternoon they motored over the wonderful ridge which Cecily had christened the Top of the World Road.

On that last day with the husband of her first youth, it seemed to Cecily as if something in her soul was reborn. The challenge of the high peaks, the graciousness of space, the peace of the far horizon, quieted her heart.

"At first I missed the intimate loveliness of the green hills at home, Nick," she said

when the silence became too full of speech to bear; "but I have learned to love the beauty of line and color of the mountains here, and to watch for the brief moment when they are suddenly irradiated just before sunset. Nothing has ever satisfied my worship of color and light as this country does. You know how cross I always was on gray, rainy days at home?"

He nodded, smiling at her with a perceptible effort. He had not spoken, and she, too, took refuge in silence. The sun dropped behind the hills, the afterglow faded slowly, and when they reached their home again the dusk was chilling and the few stars seemed cold and far.

Cecily was glad that they were to dine with Vinton at the Country Club, for the day *à deux* had been an ordeal which she had not the strength to prolong. When the evening was over she could not remember a word that had been said, but she had an incoherent impression that she had been her gayest self, more daring than was her wont, and that every one had laughed over her sallies—except, of course, Dr. MacDowell, whose somber eyes were fixed on her with a look half questioning, half contemptuous.

Friends swarmed at the house the next morning, and others went to the station to say good-by and to urge her to hurry back from her trip East. Nick and herself did not have a moment alone except when he went into the Pullman with her.

"Good-by, my wife!"

The words were strangled as he held her to him a moment and kissed her brow and the bright hair that he had adored when their love was young.

## V

CECILY stared out of the window as the train sped on. Mesquite, sage-brush, greasewood, yucca—they had for her the friendliness of familiar things, they seemed dearer than her rose-garden at home.

She and Nick had made the garden together. The stone flags with strips of grass between and the trellises of pink pillar roses had been his suggestions; the sheet of pansies which covered the ground under the Killarney roses had been her idea. The result was rather disappointing; but how furious Nick would get with any one who failed to praise her pansy-bed!

When she thought of the enthusiastic, quick-tempered, demonstrative boy Nick

had been in those days, it seemed as if his very nature had changed. Yet there was still the same characteristic of thoughtfulness for her. For instance, he had been months in securing just the silver fox furs he wanted for her birthday. An exclamation of distress escaped her as she realized that she had forgotten them. She had meant to wear them away, but in the confusion of many farewells she had forgotten to put them on. Nick would think she had purposely discarded his last gift.

As soon as the train reached Deming, where she had an hour's wait, she hurried into a telephone-booth. Her butler answered the call, and said that Mr. Griswold had gone out to the sanatorium as soon as Mrs. Griswold left, and had not yet returned. So quickly to seek the cooing consolations of Emily Ames!

Cecily's lips were compressed into a bitter line as she hung up the receiver. She struggled to a decision, and though her better self gained the victory her whole being was quivering with pain. As she had played the game straight, she would play it to the end. Nick might at this moment be enjoying the limpid adoration of Emmy's blue eyes, but that was no reason why she should fail in courtesy or appreciation of his gift. She would make the explanation about the furs and ask him to forward them to her, as she had intended.

Calling up the sanatorium, she asked for Mr. Griswold.

"He's in bed," replied an unknown voice, "and Dr. MacDowell don't like the patients to be disturbed after bedtime."

"But Mr. Griswold is not a patient," she contradicted impatiently.

"Yes, he's here again," insisted the dogged voice. "He's back in the same cottage he had before."

"Before?" The walls of the booth were spinning around queerly, but she managed to ask: "Has Mr. Griswold been a patient before now?"

"He was here for six months, and now he's come back. Do you want to speak to the doctor?"

But the receiver had dropped from her hand. She reeled blindly out of the booth. The chilling night air revived her, and she steadied herself to think coherently.

Everything was suddenly clear. A blinding flash of truth had lighted every dark corner, every puzzling mystery of Nick's life and hers. Her knowledge of her hus-

band—the husband whom she could at last acknowledge that she loved with every pulse of her life—made her understand.

The nervous irritability, so foreign to his temperament, which had been the first cloud to come between Nick and herself, only stirred her tenderness now that she saw it as a symptom of disease. Then, when he found that he had tuberculosis, he had made that quixotic, idiotic, characteristic decision to give her back her freedom. Nick felt that she had lost motherhood through that unhappy accident for which he blamed himself, and that he would not tie her down to a consumptive husband and possible exile from all her friends and associations. So he had conceived this plan and kept the truth from her.

His very secrecy about it had proved his faith in her, for he knew she would never desert an invalid husband. Her boy! Her foolish, proud, dear old Nick!

The trunks were checked to El Paso, but life was too short to delay over such trivial things as three trunks filled with delightful clothes. She found an official who directed her to a garage, and in a short time she had started on the long ride back.

## VI

It was nearly midnight when she reached the sanatorium and was shown into Dr. MacDowell's study. The relief of finding him still awake was so great that her knees gave way, and she staggered into a seat. Her hair was disheveled, her coat gray with dust, but the doctor looked at her with an approval he had never shown before.

"I—I didn't know—I never dreamed—" she stammered brokenly.

"That idiot told me what he said to you at the telephone. Griswold had insisted that you must not know—that you did not guess. I thought he was wrong, and that a woman of your intelligence must suspect the truth. I've been pretty hard on you in my thoughts. Am I forgiven?"

He held out a hand, and hers met it in a trembling clasp.

"Together, then, the rest of the way? Pulling together, we'll get Griswold cured. You want to see him to-night, of course?"

"May I?" Her voice was quivering and eager.

"Yes, child. I'm just from his room, and he's restless and sleepless. You'll help him as nothing else can; but you must not go in with that tragic face."



In the next quarter of an hour Cecily learned why Dr. MacDowell's patients idolized him. He had something hot and appetizing brought for her to drink, he heaped up wood on the fire that she might feel the cheer of the open blaze; and when warmth and food and kindness had brought the color back to her face, he frankly told her the story of her husband's case.

He had been more than satisfied at the way Griswold responded to treatment, but at the end of six months, against the doctor's advice, the patient had rented a house and written for his wife to join him. He came out to the sanatorium daily, and rested on a cot all morning; but while he had not lost ground, his improvement had been so slow that the doctor had insisted upon his return. He could probably live anywhere he chose later, as he would be a cured man, but MacDowell earnestly advised that he should remain in that dry climate.

"He has been a monomaniac on the subject of your not finding out. He pretended to his friends here that he was sensitive about it, and asked them never to allude to his condition to you or to him. It couldn't have happened anywhere else, but here there's a peculiar feeling of good fellowship—the fraternity of the bug, somebody called it—and a sick man's whim is respected. He has confided in nobody besides myself your and his rather—er—unusual procedure for divorce; and I'm the only confidant of his plan for keeping Jimmy here and adopting the boy. The sister has about consented. He's fine stuff, that youngster! If you want to do something for your husband, take that boy into your home, and for patience's sake let that girl get back East to her fiancé! Griswold, with his habit of helping other people, has succeeded in getting the young man a berth in a bank. Now, shall I take you to him?"

"Still awake, Griswold?" asked the doctor, when they reached his cottage. "Here's an independent prescription that insists it belongs to you!"

MacDowell walked rapidly away. Cecily came forward in the moonlight and knelt by her husband's bed, her arms around him, her face against his.

"Cecil! My wife, my darling, are you real? Are you *here*?"

"I motored back from Deming. I'll explain everything to-morrow, but to-night I can't tell you anything except that I love

you—that I have always loved you," she cried in a sobbing breath. "It's the only really important thing, the only thing which matters in our lives. Oh, Nick, why didn't you tell me? My heart was dead because I thought you had stopped caring for me."

"It would be easier to stop caring for sun and air. You are life itself to me, Cecil. But, dearest, how can I let you tie your youth to a broken man?"

"We're going to mend you, the doctor and I—to be able to spoil you and fuss over you again in the dear old way! I want to wait on you and be ordered around and even scolded a very little!"

"I can't do that part of it. I'll never be cross to you again as long as I live."

It seemed an auspicious time for her confession.

"Nick, please don't be vexed with me"—her voice was meek and small—"but I thought you were falling in love with Emmy, and were going to marry her. I never dreamed I could be so horribly, humiliatingly jealous of anybody as I have been of Emmy Ames!"

"What?" he fairly shouted in his astonished indignation. "You thought I was in love with that pink paper doll? After our wonderful years together, after living with a woman with mind and heart and soul, you thought I'd fall for the first baby-faced girl who happened along? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cecil!"

His good resolutions forgotten, he caught her by the shoulder and actually shook her in his wrath.

"It's better than our deadly civility and detachment of the last six months. I never was so happy in my life as I am this minute!" she murmured, laughing. "But don't think there's a single pang of jealousy left for you to shake out. You know I've never been suspicious or jealous before, Nick; but I was wandering in an unknown world when I thought you had ceased to love me, and so I lost my bearings."

His arm slipped around her and he drew her close.

"My blessed wife, my *wife*! It's such a marvelous word that I want to say it over and over. Facing separation made us realize how beautiful marriage can be. This is the day on which I was to take the first steps in that model divorce of ours—and the beginning day finds you close against my heart!" Nick's face was as contented as a child's. "Two o'clock and all's well!"

# The Odd Measure

Skoropadski,  
Dictator of the  
Ukraine

*A New Figure  
Brought to the  
Front in the Great  
Russian Upheaval*

**E**VEN in these times, when one who wishes to seem reasonably *au courant* of world affairs must devote much time and patience to adding to his vocabulary so many strange and fearsome names of men and places, it would be difficult to single out another country that has given us such kaleidoscopic visions of coming men—and of going men—as the Russia of the last two or three years.

The sensational departures were inaugurated by the transfer of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Caucasus; and it was what seemingly amounted to an arrival when the last of the Romanoff Czars took his kinsman's place at the head of the army, though even at the time it was suspected that Nicholas II did so only because he no longer felt himself safe anywhere else in Russia.

Since then, the dominant colors in the Russian kaleidoscope have changed much and frequently. A mud-colored smudge disappeared with the evil monk Rasputin. When the royal purple had faded, there was the hopeful pink of Miliukoff, the more determined rose of Kerensky; there were ugly spots of yellow mingling with field-gray, burning blotches of blood-red, and sinister streaks of anarchistic black. What will be the color of to-morrow?

Another name has recently been flashed upon the chaotic background—that of Skoropadski, chief of the new Ukrainian government. We behold a tall, still-youthful figure in the long, black coat of the Cossack hetman, with a huge bearskin covering the blond hair. He is a general, a Ukrainian of old and pure stock. So much we know; but what his color will be when the blur of a difficult beginning has cleared, we can only guess by carefully considering the man's words as quoted in a Berlin paper by a journalist who is said to have traveled from Vienna to Kiev by airplane to interview the hetman in his capital.

Superficially, it would seem that none could be more friendly toward an erstwhile enemy than the temporary ruler of Ukraina is toward the Central Powers. "I must," he is reported as saying, "attach value to the support of the German and Austro-Hungarian troops, whose help my predecessors in the government have already claimed." But would he have asked for that help had he been in their place? He "believes" that it will now be easier to furnish the Ukrainian crops to the Central Powers. But would he do so were the Teutons not in a position to force him? He is pained at the doubt of him that some members of the Reichstag have expressed. He is not a conservative, not an "adherent of the federation of Russia"; nor is he a socialist, though his "program in its democratic demands goes much further" than that of the Berlin socialist leaders.

It is all very amiable—and very ambiguous. When one considers Skoropadski's position of practical helplessness, one is inclined to read into some of his words a meaning which his Teutonic interviewer would have been shocked to discover.

He sweeps away Herr Scheidemann's agrarian reform plan, which would abolish private property in land, saying that his country cannot lend the land for a test of socialist theories. Indeed, he proposes to put landownership within the reach of the smallest purses—the very thing for which Premier Clémenceau and the French Radicals have always stood, and which has given them such predominance over the socialists in rural districts.

Even General Skoropadski's denial that he would wish the Ukraine to enter into a Russian federation has its qualifications. True, he is emphatic enough when he speaks of his desire to see his country always "free,

autonomous, and independent"; and for government officials he will have only Ukrainians who speak the language of the country, or who will quickly learn it. But may not this be at least as much a warning against Teutonic interference as a declaration against Great Russia—that one province of the former empire to which Germany would like to have the new Russia limited?

Then again the hetman thinks that "perhaps the Ukraine will later enter into close economic relations with the rest of Russia." Any reference to such a friendly arrangement, or any other, with the Central Powers is conspicuously avoided; and since the interview was given and written for the benefit of German readers, no doubt the fact has its significance.

Some time in the future, the Ukraine is to elect a general assembly which will determine the country's definite form of government. The hetman and his cabinet are in power only temporarily, till the people, through their representatives, can declare for or against them. But the Dnieper will roll much water under the bridges of Kiev before things are settled, and meanwhile General Skoropadski is the foremost citizen of a republic that was the fairest province in the realm of the Czars.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Treasure-Trove for Trench-Diggers in Macedonia

*Inscriptions, Vases,  
Weapons, Jewels,  
and Other Relics  
of Earlier Ages*

**I**N war, all is not fighting. During the last two years, the armies in Macedonia have had long months of digging in and waiting. In the process, some curious discoveries have been made by officers of an archeological turn of mind.

The war profiteer seems to have had his prototype along the valley of the Vardar as early as the days of the Emperor Hadrian. An inscription found by British sappers tells us it was set up in a gymnasium near Saloniki—then Thessalonica—in honor of an honest man who had supplied the emperor's legions with corn, wine, and beans at a rate far below other tradesmen.

In the plains near the Ægean, the most remarkable archeological remains are the conical or oval tumuli erected over a stone or marble tomb, which sometimes contained valuable pottery or other articles of human manufacture. Nearer the hills, the trenching-tools of the soldiers often cut into what are known as primitive village mounds. Hearths and stone floors are met with, and empty sockets that once held beams of wood.

The first houses, it appears, were built of rushes and unbaked clay, in groups on small, steep mounds forty to fifty feet high—probably to avoid the spring floods, or possibly for greater security against attack. Pottery fragments of the Mycenæan age or style have been found in some of these, so that their date is fixed as somewhere about 1400 B.C. The pottery is always hand-made, often delicate, and bears no trace of the wheel. Grooves, zigzags, and spirals are the most common ornamental patterns, sometimes stained with brown, purple, or red pigments, as on certain broad, open bowls, with handles shaped like a wish-bone, that have been found there.

Archeologists go so far as to assert that Macedonia must have had a civilization as early as 3000 B.C., and that gradually its culture was influenced by that of other regions, especially to the north, the trade route of those ages running through the Vardar Valley to the Danube. Strange to say, beyond some connection with Thessaly, early Macedonia does not seem to have had intercourse with Greece, and the pottery found seems to deteriorate the nearer we get to historic times.

Ax-heads, a bracelet of black stone, and other polished objects of the Neolithic period have also been turned up in or about the trenches. A store of grain, consisting of wheat, millet, and sesame, discolored but excellently preserved, was discovered in one of the earliest village mounds. The troops experimented in sowing part of the seed, but their labor was in vain. When we remember that in Roman times Macedonia was a rich grain country, it is easy to believe that it may also have been so in ages which to us are prehistoric.

As was to be expected, the tombs of a later date have given the richest treasures—ornaments of gold and bronze, hair ornaments, knives, lances, lamps, and vases of pottery, with ornamentation akin to that of central Europe rather than to the Greek forms; all pointing to the fact that Macedonia linked more with the Danube than with the Ægean.

General Guillaumat—who was Franchet d'Esperey's predecessor in command at Saloniki—issued an order to all British and French troops that antiquities found in the trenches or elsewhere should be reported to headquarters, and a provisional museum has been opened. Systematic excavations are being made by both the French and British in certain places, and it is fortunate that both armies have in their ranks a number of trained archeologists.

After the war, Macedonia will doubtless be a field of valuable treasure-trove for those whose time and resources enable them to investigate its antiquities.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Where Our Fallen Heroes Rest

*A New Consecration  
of the Historic  
Soil of Northern  
France*

THE daily summary of war news from France brings a list of names of places that must forever be associated with the proud and pathetic memories of many an American family. Throughout fair France, from the Meuse at Verdun, across the vineyards of Champagne and the plains of Brie to Picardy and the coast, almost every turf beneath the feet is now a soldier's sepulcher, and little crosses mark the resting-places of our brave boys who went "over there" so gallantly.

We recall the memories of a hundred chapters in the history of that civilization which is France as we read the daily record of towns and hamlets where Americans stand, with the French and British, in the greatest of all battles for that civilization which is now ours also.

At Compiègne, on the Oise, we remember Joan of Arc, captured by the Burgundians and delivered over to Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, who sent her to the stake. Centuries later, Louis XIV set up a camp there as a spectacle for Mme. de Maintenon. It was to Compiègne that Napoleon went to meet his bride, Marie Louise, when Berthier, who had married her as the emperor's proxy, brought her from humbled Vienna.

In the distance is the cathedral-crowned mount of Laon, the Laudunum of the Romans. Hence the great German attack in May was launched, and here Napoleon, in 1814, was defeated by Blücher in a battle that ended his last hope of expelling his relentless enemies from the soil of France. What a procession of world happenings has been unrolled between the Compiègne of Joan of Arc and the Laon where Napoleon suffered disaster!

Noyon, that once smiled among its apple-orchards, recalls memories of John Calvin, whose progenitors belonged to the sturdy race of bargemen on the Oise, and of a no less sturdy bishop whose Gallicanism led him to address the Pope as "*Monsieur de Rome*." Nearer to Paris, on the Marne, stands Meaux, with its great cathedral made famous by the eloquence of Bossuet. Here, too, was the home of Mme. Guyon, whose semimystical doctrine of quietism was the object of Bossuet's fiery attack. Eastward is Rheims of the kings, with the tragedy of its cathedral; and in between lies Château-Thierry, where La Fontaine dreamed, learning wisdom from the ant and using the crow and the fox to teach men to beware of flattery.

Senlis we remember for its murdered mayor when the first rush of German invasion went that way in 1914, but it was also once the lovely home of the great Condé. Villers-Cotterets, the little market town among the trees, is revered as the home of the Dumas family, and in its cemetery lies the elder Dumas, who died at Puy, near Dieppe, on the day when the Germans took the place in 1870. A score or more of places where the Allied troops are fighting and dying, from La Bassée to Bethune and down to Albert, are described to the life in his "*Three Musketeers*" and "*Twenty Years After*."



Away to the north of Villers Cotterets lies all that is left of Soissons—Soissons that Cæsar knew and Clovis held, where King Pepin was anointed by the Pope's legate; Soissons, with its abbey of St. Médard, where Abélard was once imprisoned, and its other abbey of Notre Dame, where Louis XIV used to send the young Huguenot maidens to be converted to the Catholic faith.

These are but a few of the towns swept over by the recent torrent to which the heart of the world turns to do honor to those who fell in their defense—the blue-clad sons of France and the khaki-clad men from Britain and America who sleep together there.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Poland's Flag Now Flies with Ours in France

*In the Allies'  
Victory Lies Her  
Hope of a New Era  
of Liberty and  
Nationhood*

SIXTEEN thousand Poles from America are now said to be fighting side by side with the French, the British, and our own boys in the trenches of the western front—men recruited from the coal-mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and from other industries throughout the United States, by an organization whose devoted and efficient head is Ignace Paderewski. Paderewski's Polish patriotism is as splendid as his musical genius, and his slogan, like that of ourselves and our Allies, is "a world made safe for democracy."

The Poles, of course, have cogent reasons for joining us as far as they can in the world struggle. President Wilson has spoken of the right of small nations to self-determination, and it is for this right, to which Poland has ever laid claim, that those of her sons who are not held in Teutonic bondage have once more girded their loins for battle. To them, this is not only a war for democracy, but also another war for Poland's freedom.

The history of Poland teems with bloody and often tragically ineffectual efforts to maintain or regain the freedom of a small but well-defined, self-reliant, and intensely proud nation. The love of liberty, which no suffering could ever uproot from the hearts of the Poles, has found new encouragement now that the whole world is in arms against Germany and Austria, two of Poland's masters and despoilers, and now that the power of Russia's tyranny has been done away with by the Russians themselves. With the Allies victorious, as they must and will be, Poland, having aided them as effectively as she could, is reasonably assured that when peace comes to the world she will secure freedom from Prussian, Austrian, and Russian interference, at least in her economic life.

It has often been advanced that Poland as an economically and politically independent state would be a failure, and would shortly fall a prey to "too much heart and not enough head" within, as well as to aggression from without. Well-informed Poles agree that their country might be better off if, for example, its military and diplomatic independence were somewhat qualified; but they assert that economical independence could only—and certainly would—benefit Poland enormously. They contend that since the division of the Polish kingdom there has been a three-cornered fence thrown around her to hamper and suppress her natural and industrial resources, lest she would grow strong enough to shed her foreign fetters. They claim that although Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd kept their Polish provinces down as low as was possible, the cotton, linen, and wool industries, for example, increased eightfold since 1870. Naturally, the Poles feel cheated out of the wealth their land holds but is forbidden to yield to them.

Poland, before the invaders devastated her in the present war, grew cereals in such abundance that she fed a dense population and exported a large surplus. There are oil-fields and coal-fields toward the Carpathians; there are mines of zinc, lead, and iron ore; there are meadows of sweet hay and vast stretches for cattle and sheep to graze on. There is the Vistula, a moving highway, to convey Polish products to the Baltic and thence to all parts of the world. There are salubrious springs to which health-seekers were flocking more and more, till the war shut them off. In

fact, Poland has within her natural borders all she needs to become a self-contained and prosperous nation, if only she had economic independence, state autonomy, and a free right of way to the sea.

Poland's hope lies in the victory of the Allies. Liberated, she will rise as a nation to which our sons and grandsons will be proud to point in proof of the worthiness of our objects in the great war.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Woman's Plea for Seats Among the Mighty

*It Is Justified by  
the Good Work of  
the Woman's  
Liberty Loan  
Committee*

**I**N this second year of our greatest war many American women are frankly expressing disappointment because no member of their sex holds any executive position of real authority in war work. They point to the fact that no woman—so far as has yet been reported—serves as food administrator of any State or city; no woman holds a leading executive position in the Red Cross; there are no women fuel administrators, even in small towns, and no woman sits with the Council of National Defense.

An argument for the admission of women to seats among the mighty is found in the admirable work done by the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. This committee was nominated by the Secretary of the Treasury, who invested it with the same status and the same privileges as other committees of his department. Its members have characterized their appointment as "the first time in the history of the world's greatest democracy that women have been recognized as potential factors in influencing public opinion," and have expressed their "grateful appreciation of the generous spirit in which the committee was conceived and the fair dealing which it has always met."

Mrs. William G. McAdoo, the President's youngest daughter, is chairman of the committee, which includes Mrs. George Bass, Mrs. Antoinette Funk, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, all of Chicago; Mrs. F. L. Higginson, of Boston; Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, of San Francisco; and Mrs. George T. Guernsey, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution. These ladies serve as a permanent committee for each successive loan. Under them are State, county, and city chairmen who carry over from one loan to another, or who may be replaced if there is any reason for a change of personnel.

The Woman's Liberty Loan Committee is financed directly from the United States Treasury according to a budget which the committee makes up and submits. Its members do not have to persuade or educate some male supervisor to approve their policies and allow their expenditures. When they want to summon a State or county chairman, thousands of miles away, to an important conference at Washington, they do not ask her to see if her husband will pay her expenses, or suggest that she should persuade some State organization to put up the money. They send her a check for the cost of the trip.

Before the third Liberty Loan campaign, the committee determined to hold conferences of county chairmen in some central city of each State, and wrote to the State chairmen for estimates of the probable cost. When the budgets were submitted, the committee decided that the expense would be too great, and sent out word that the conferences would not be held. In a few days letters began to come saying that the State chairmen had accepted figures from railroad men and others who had reckoned in extravagant masculine manner, and that they would now submit amended estimates based on women's careful spending abilities. The differences in cost were so great that the conferences were held.

The results attained have justified the policy of giving these women a free hand and purse and putting the responsibility up to them. The figures of the third Liberty Loan show that through the Woman's Committee nearly one-third of the total amount of subscriptions, and more than one-half of the number of subscribers, were secured through the National Woman's Committee.

# *Portraits of Yesterday*

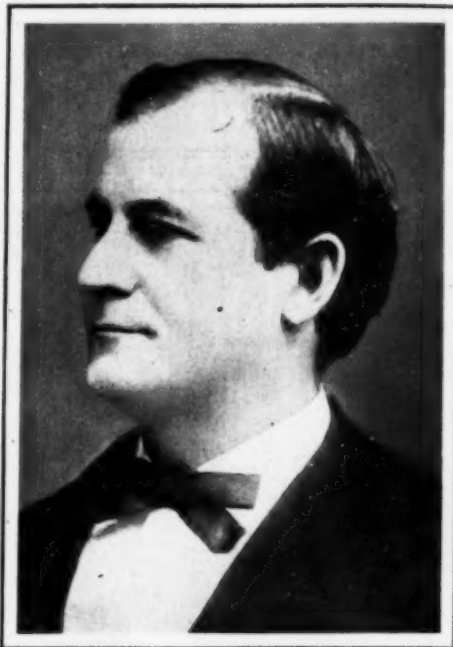


GENERAL PERSHING

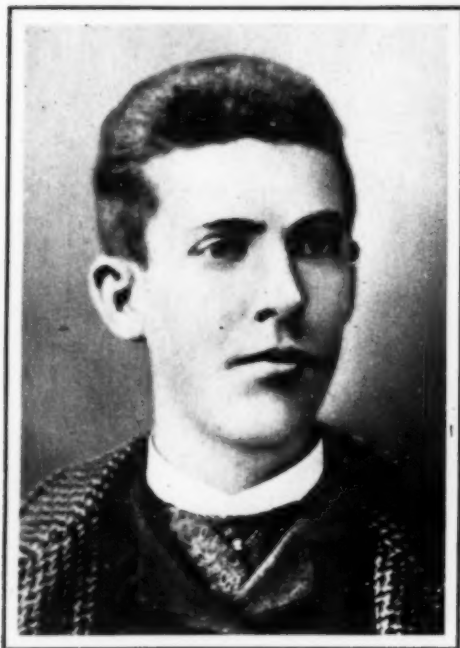
When our present commander in France was a young cavalry officer

**SPEAKER CLARK**

As a twenty-three-year-old college president

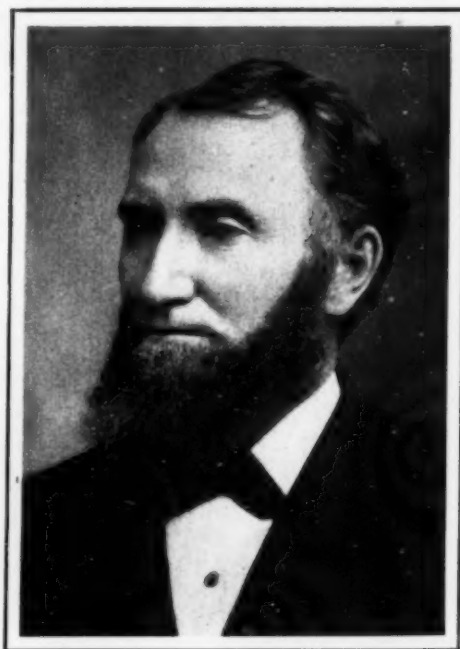
**WILLIAM J. BRYAN**

As a "boy orator" in the House of Representatives

**CHARLES E. HUGHES**

As a law student at Columbia

Copyrighted by Brown Brothers, New York

**EX-SPEAKER CANNON**

In the earlier days when he wore a beard

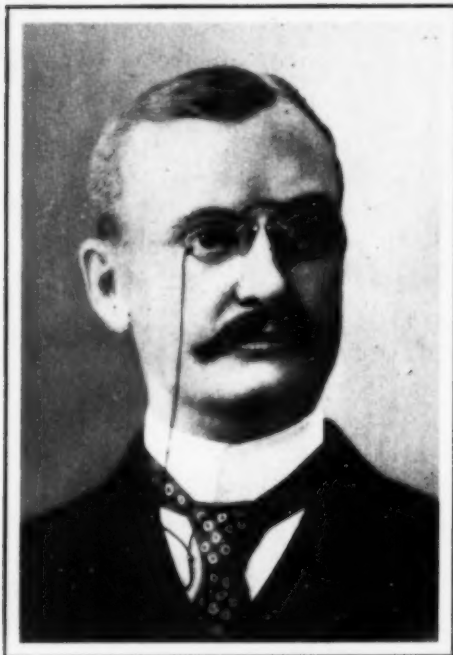
From a photograph by Bell, Washington





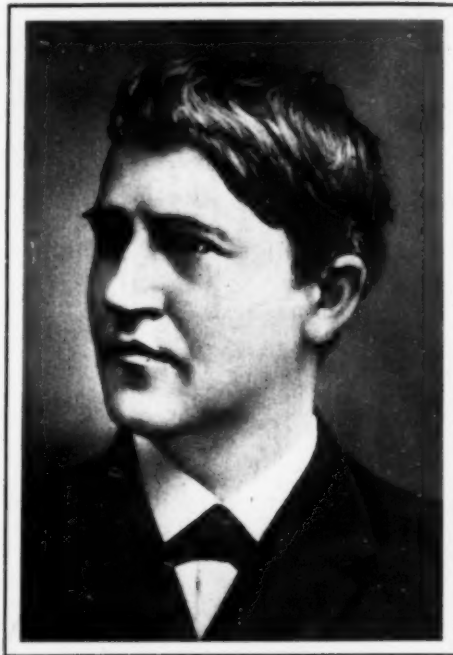
PRESIDENT WILSON

Now of the United States, then of Princeton University



THOMAS F. RYAN

In the days when he first became a financial power



THOMAS A. EDISON

In the early days of his fame as an inventor



HENRY FORD

When he was making his first industrial success

From a photograph by Hopp, Detroit



GEORGE W. PERKINS

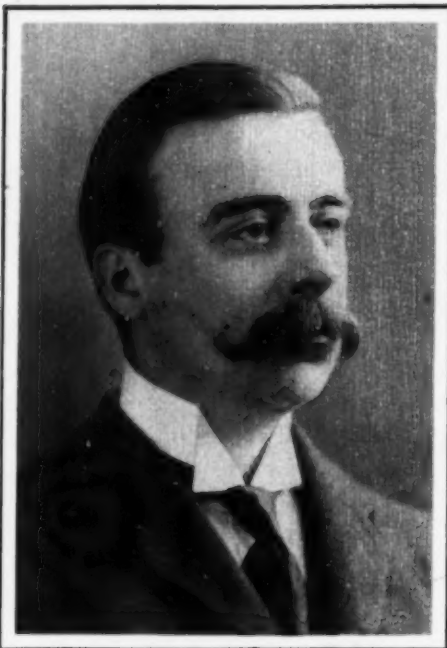
When he first came to the front in finance

From a photograph by Scott, Chicago

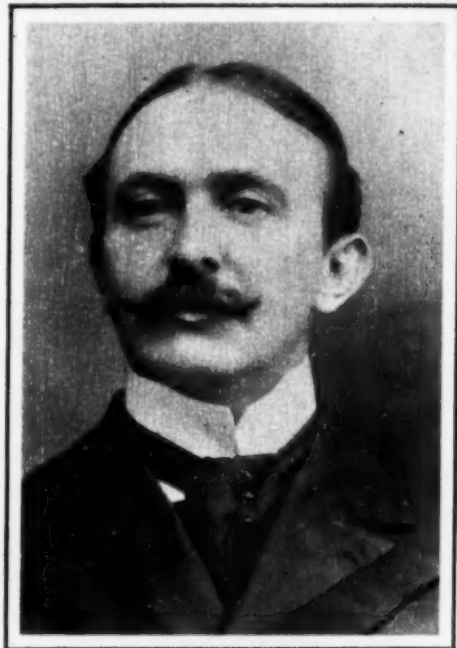


EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

When he was twenty-five years old and a member of the New York State Legislature

**CLARENCE MACKAY**

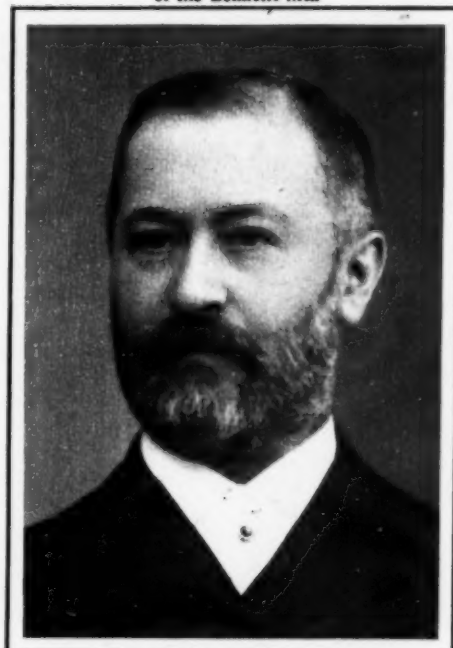
About the time when he succeeded his father as a telegraph magnate

**AUGUST BELMONT**

About the time when he succeeded his father as head of the Belmont firm

**BERNARD M. BARUCH**

As he appeared in the earlier days of his Wall Street career

**JACOB H. SCHIFF**

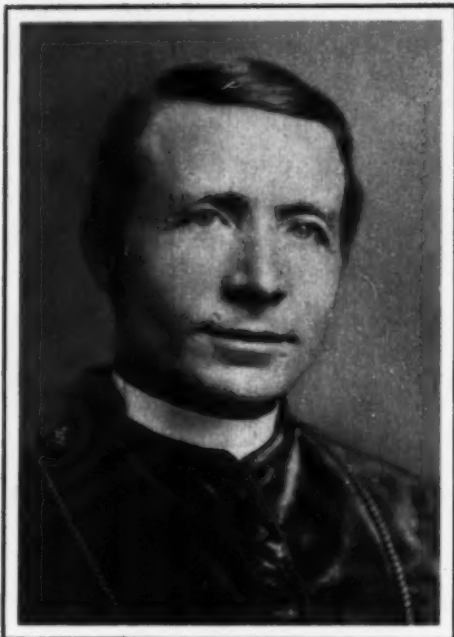
A photograph of the veteran financier taken about twenty years ago



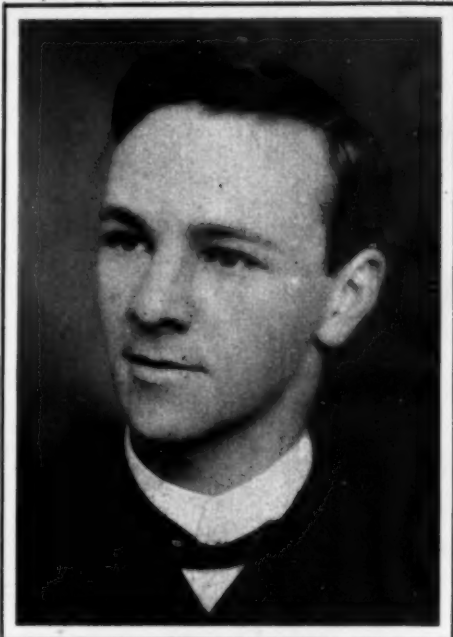


EX-PRESIDENT TAFT

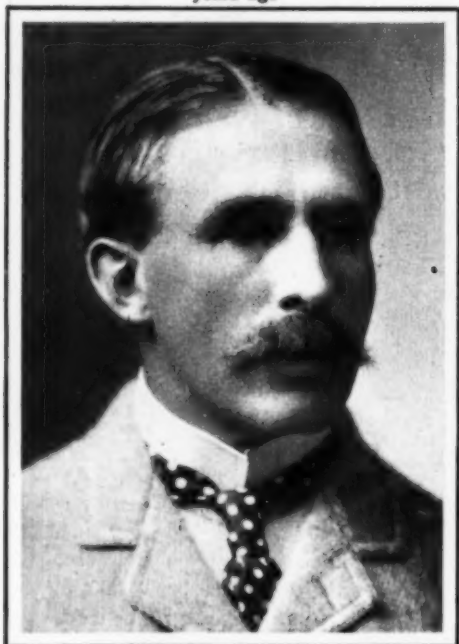
About the time of his admission to the bar in Cincinnati  
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal

**CARDINAL GIBBONS**

As the veteran prelate appeared about twenty years ago

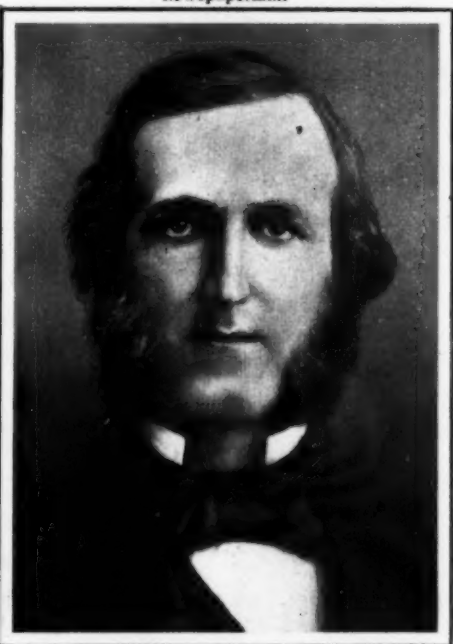
**JOSEPHUS DANIELS**

The present Secretary of the Navy as a young newspaperman

**MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD**

At the time when he won fame as colonel of the Rough Riders

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

**EX-SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**

As Secretary of State of New York, during the Civil War

From a painting by A. Muller-Ury

# EDITORIAL

## Will the Great War Awake an American Literary Genius?

**W**ILL any American emerge from the war turned into a literary genius because of the war itself? There is no individual genius now in this country; at least, none of an age to respond to the spirit of the hour. Nothing that an American has written about the war and its influences will bear the test of comparison with the work that has been done by one Englishman, one Englishwoman, one Frenchman, and perhaps one Austrian.

The field of speculation as to the effect of the war at close hand upon the individual American, as a writer, is broader than the war itself. It might be that some Yankee, entering the conflict without having put on paper a single word beyond the commonplace, would become—perhaps years afterward—a master writer, entirely because his experiences on the battle-field had developed latent imagination and descriptive power. Yet he might not write a line about the shattered cities of France or the agonies of the struggle to save civilization.

Cervantes had acquired the literary form before he saw war. He had been well educated, for his time, and he had written a little verse. He was saturated with the romantic idea that had held Spain until then. He fought at Lepanto, the last act of the old chivalry, and was then still a romanticist—who could help but be, with Don John before him, shining as the final flame of the Crusade spirit? It was not actual war, but rather the aftermath of war, that made Cervantes a genius. It was his captivity in Algiers, and not his wounds at Lepanto, that caused him to write "Don Quixote." He wrote it, not in scorn of war, nor indeed in scorn of the chivalry which saw its last exemplar in John of Austria, but in order to destroy the sugary literature to which Spain was addicted. Without war, without the five years' imprisonment of Cervantes, there would have been no knight of La Mancha.

Guy de Maupassant was twenty years old when he came back from the Franco-Prussian War and began his literary apprenticeship under Flaubert. It would be impossible to declare that without his war experience he could not have written most of the tales upon which his fame rests, and equally impossible to say that the war did not give him almost as much knowledge of human nature as his tutor guided him to; but without the war it is unlikely that we should have had from his pen the terrible, but clear and clean, pictures of war that he left.

Ambrose Bierce, who went to war at the same impressionable age as Cervantes and Maupassant, probably had his whole career shaped by army service. It was not until after the Civil War that he became a journalist. We see in his short stories very little of the influence of journalism, except as to concise form, and very much of the impression which the scenes of battle left upon him. Even if he had borrowed his grimness, his love of the fantastic, direct from literature, he took from war certain things that he never could have found in libraries. Of all his stories none is finer, better fitted to be ranked with the brief masterpieces, than "At Coulter's Notch," that black cameo of war's irony.

The first draft of last year brought into the national army no less than thirty thousand professional men—doctors, lawyers, artists, actors, and journalists. Here are men for the most part acquainted, in greater or less degree, with books. Most of them are familiar with literary form. This, however, in speculating upon the possibility of the emergence of a genius or two, cannot be regarded as an advantage. The literary form is too frequently a curse to its owner. It is likely to tie him not only to the commonplaces of expression, but to the obvious view of that upon which he looks. If Cervantes had been thus bound, we should have had from him—and forgotten—a glorifying biography of Don John, with no *Sancho Panza* in it.

But among the thirty thousand professional Americans, or the hundred thousand who may go to France before the end, there must be hundreds who have the keen intellect, the habit of observation, the insight into men's minds, and the narrative power which, adding one ingredient, will bring to some book centuries of admiration. The one ingredient is the indescribable, imponderable flash of genius. It is the indispensable ingredient, sometimes supplying from its own mysterious self all the materials that may be lacking.

And yet, after all, the genius might turn out to be some Pennsylvania coal-miner who at this moment is sitting on the deck of a transport and wondering what pleasure the men around him find in reading books.

---

## The Difficulties of Restoring Germany's Industries and Foreign Trade

ALL the reports on internal conditions in Germany reflected in the expressions of the leading newspapers and of men formerly active in the nation's commercial affairs show a more intense desire than before displayed during the war for the rehabilitation of the country's shattered industries, the recovery of its lost world trade, and the rebuilding of its shipping interests and merchant marine.

Unquestionably a strong attempt is being made not only to prepare for a vigorous economic war (*wirtschaftskrieg*), but also to prepare the German people for a situation which the government has not before confessed—that even in the event of a military victory there would remain decided advantages in favor of the Allies. Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, formerly secretary for the colonies, rather guardedly declared this when, in a recent address, he said:

Economic war is as important as military war and therefore a war aim of the first importance.

The reason for this is evident. As the triumph of militarism becomes more uncertain with the decreasing strength of each offensive launched and the arrival at the front of fresh American troops, the question of indemnities, which were to have been the great panacea for German financial ills, appears more and more doubtful.

Even the once hopeful Dr. Helfferich, German minister of finance, confessed that, while the nations that dragged Germany into this disastrous war should pay indemnities, the complications regarding their collection were such as "to make them appear difficult of attainment." The best that he could promise was that "we shall do everything possible to secure them." The practical German financiers, who have seen the crumbling of the commercial structure built up with such consummate skill and industry, have come fully



to recognize the discouraging and doubtful economic future that lies ahead of their nation.

The part which German business had in advising the war is not clear. It could, perhaps, be revealed only by men of affairs like Krupp von Bohlen, or Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American steamship line. The theory that the German credit system was overextended through the exploitation of foreign trade, that a crash was impending, and that the German captains of industry welcomed war as a means of attaining large indemnities, seems far-fetched. It is, however, certain that to Germans of large financial interests were offered prizes in territory to be won by the war, that they were attendants upon the conference at Potsdam when war was secretly decided upon, and that time was given them before the actual declaration to dispose of their foreign securities and to put their houses in order.

This does not, however, signify that German commercialism has approved the methods of militarism. The indications are that it has been more or less resentful that the one victory which the nation had definitely won—its penetration of the markets of the world—should be sacrificed for the doubtful success to be achieved by force of arms. Many financial leaders have disavowed the doctrine of frightfulness and the practise of ruthlessness as well as the subversion of their plans for economic conquests to the imperialistic purpose of the corruption and destruction of the political institutions of other countries. The reason was that they understood the temper, or the psychology; of other people better than the arrogant and insolent exponents of the militaristic system.

We thus find that the promoters of the German submarine policy have been constantly called upon to defend their barbarous and inhuman warfare. The military conquerors of a helpless Russia have taken pains to justify their forcible occupation upon the ground that it represents gains to the German commercial policy. Berlin's announcement of a "free and open way to the East" was as much an appeal to German financial interests as it was to Pan-German imperialism.

All this, however, represented small advantages compared with the losses which Germany has been forced to endure. Her ships have been driven from the seas, her great foreign trade has been destroyed, and she is to-day abhorred by most of the civilized world. By piling horror upon horrors she has come to be regarded as the pariah among nations, a people with whom international relations are impossible.

As a result of these conditions the present agitation began. The most distinguished of the gatherings was the industrial council held in Hamburg and attended by members of the Reichstag and leading financiers. It resolved itself into a demonstration for free as against state control of trade. Herr Ballin, whose address was widely published in Germany and generally commented upon, said:

Take care that we shall not be strangled by having a noose placed around our necks. See to it that no more dangerous play is made with carrying on of national economy and world economy by the barrack-square method.

It was a plea that Germany should start anew without the blighting taint of German governmental control or Prussian militarism. The same speaker also said:

It must be the unalterable demand of our peace-negotiators that immediately after the war raw materials and foodstuffs available overseas for export shall be allotted to each country in proportion to its imports of 1913, under equal conditions, and that adequate

safeguards be created for full equality in the world's traffic. That on these points a certain amount of state supervision is required I do not deny; but everything beyond that is evil.

This is a clear expression of the failure of all the acquired territory to supply the industrial needs of Germany. The Russian grab may in the course of time furnish her with grain, oil, and some other materials, but it will not remedy her great deficiency of tropical products; it will not supply the minor food products—rice, spices, cocoa, and coffee, nor complete her industrial scheme by furnishing rubber, cotton, vegetable oils, and hides.

Dr. Helfferich and Admiral von Tirpitz, in previous addresses, had stated Germany's need of raw materials. The latter declared that "we need to have a sea free from Anglo-Saxon tyranny for that purpose," and the former, that it was Germany's part to force other nations to give her these necessities for her industries. Herr Ballin, it will be noted, spoke with more moderation, of "safeguards for full equality in the world's traffic" and of allotments in proportion to previous imports.

There is in all this a recognition that after all force will not solve Germany's commercial problem—a frank acknowledgment, too, of the attitude toward Germany held by the remainder of the civilized world, which will enter as a big factor in the question of the restoration of Germany's trade. The promised reorganization of her foreign service "in respect to economic representations" will not recover her lost ground. Commercial treaties will not induce the world to enter again into relation with her. There remain the nation, the merchant, the individual who have suffered from her coolly calculated doctrine of rapine and murder.

Generations must pass before Germany's crimes against civilization shall be so far forgotten as to admit her to the society of nations.

## Will There Develop an International Cookery?

**N**UMBERS of wise and learned men have worn out their brains constructing languages which were to bridge the barrier of speech between nations and races. Volapük, Langue Bleue, Esperanto, and Ro have appeared in succession with varying vogue. Perhaps it is fair to say that none of them ever took hold with the octopus grasp of a best-seller. We have heard no talk of teaching a world language to the Allied armies. The failure of these artificial tongues to fasten themselves upon the world's daily life has probably been due to the fact that they have been made out of whole cloth instead of developed through natural processes.

It seems to us that the differences in stomachs, or rather the differences in the habits and acquired desires of stomachs, is as much a racial and national barrier as diversity of language. A distinguished Japanese, long resident in America, when asked what he had found most difficult to become accustomed to in this Western republic, replied:

"The food."

The American, set down in an isolated spot in Japan, a spot untouched by Western civilization, and told to adjust himself to the habits of Oriental life, would probably, if questioned in later years, make the same reply as the Japanese gentleman.

Even among Western nations there is a wide difference in food standards. To-day for the first time thousands of American boys are becoming acquainted with French and English cookery. The English and French have been acquir-

ing reciprocal knowledge for four years. There have even been occasions—we take Sergeant Empey's word for it—when there has been an exchange of delicacies with the more human of the enemy's soldiers. What is more natural than that this intermingling should affect the cuisine of much of the world? Can the Englishman ever again be as dependent on his "joint" for gastronomical happiness? Will not the American come home more or less divorced from his breakfast of ham and eggs, and the Frenchman find that he has grown to regard *le five-o'clock* as a precious institution?

An international cuisine which should include the delicious sauces and exquisitely cooked vegetables of the French, the wholesome meats of the English, the pastry and coffee which made one of the enemy nations famous, topped by the fritters and cookies which mother always made, ought to be good enough almost to bring about the brotherhood of man.

---

## Costly Ignorance Concerning the Weather

IN 1916, the Air Board of the British War Office determined that it was necessary to establish in Scotland a school for training airmen in gunnery, and selected a site for the establishment at Loch Doon, in Ayrshire. The expenditures upon the scheme have exceeded half a million pounds, equivalent to nearly two and one-half millions of dollars; and now the undertaking has had to be abandoned because the weather conditions of the locality are utterly unsuitable for the work.

Much severe criticism has naturally been aroused in England and Scotland at the neglect of the responsible authorities to ascertain this beforehand. After the money has been spent, it is somewhat exasperating to the British public to be told that "no flying would be possible at Loch Doon for half the days of the year on account of climatic conditions," and that "on many of the other days the conditions would not be good for instruction, on account of the low clouds." The airdrome at Loch Doon is as worthless as a white elephant for war purposes, and only serves as a lesson of precaution for the future.

The apologists for the Air Board say that the engineers considered only the question of draining a bog on the proposed site and constructing the necessary buildings and tracks on the premises; they paid no attention whatever to meteorological questions.

This does not render the tremendous mistake any more excusable. The suitability of the prevailing weather is an essential element of fitness in locating a school for aviators; and nowhere in the world has meteorology been more carefully and successfully studied than in Scotland. For many years the British government, through the Meteorological Office—like our own government, at first through the Signal Service and now through the Department of Agriculture—has been collecting daily and almost hourly reports concerning the weather in all parts of the country; and no doubt the Air Board could have found out all they know now about the climate of Loch Doon if they had pursued the obvious course of going to the official weather-observers for information.

This unhappy British blunder is a lesson for our own government at Washington, as applicable to the location not only of airdromes, but of any other military establishments. Before a site is finally chosen, find out what sort of weather may be expected there in summer or winter, seed-time or

harvest. The information can be supplied or obtained by the Weather Bureau; and it is well worth while to make the necessary inquiry if you can thereby save a couple of million dollars or more of the people's money.

The calmness with which the announcement of such a loss is received nowadays shows how the war has accustomed us to regard large sums of money with comparative indifference. We talk about millions now as we used to talk about thousands. Still, two and one-half millions of dollars is a good deal to put into a bog in Scotland with nothing to show for it, and we must see to it here in America that we do not go and do likewise.

---

## The Conquest of Tetanus—An Elixir of Life from the Battle-field

**W**HEN this war is over, there will be given to the world an accumulation of wonderful knowledge amassed by the sciences of surgery and medicine. Remarkable accomplishments are already coming to light, showing what may be done even on the stricken fields of battle.

Of late years laymen have evinced much greater interest in medical subjects than formerly. This may be owing in part to the fact that so many articles of a semimedical character, but suited to the understanding of the average reader, have been widely published in periodicals. Now, however, there is a real reason for added interest in some of these matters. Is it not well for us to know something of what is being done to save our sick and wounded men in battle? When those at home have husbands, sons, or brothers fighting over there, it becomes a point not merely of general interest, but of vital personal import, whether a disease or injury to which they are liable to be exposed has been conquered by science or not. It is no longer a vaguely interesting magazine article with which to while away a passing hour, but a vital discovery that may mean life or death to those we love. For that reason it is surely well for people at home to learn something about what the medical profession has done, and is doing, to conquer one of the most dreaded and deadly of all diseases—tetanus, or lockjaw, as it is commonly called.

Probably the average layman has not the slightest idea of the progress which has been made regarding the prevention of this disease during the great war. In considering a bare outline of its characteristics, physicians describe the pain as agonizing, and the suffering caused by the terrible cramps as rendered especially intense because the mind of the patient usually remains clear to the end.

The germ, which was discovered in 1884, is found in the intestinal tracts of animals, particularly the horse, so it may readily be understood why the soil of Belgium and France, where horses and cattle have been in use for so many hundreds of years, is especially saturated with the germs. A soldier wounded in the battle-fields of the western front, his flesh torn by shell, with pieces of muddy clothing carried into the deep wounds, easily becomes infected by this virulent germ—a germ so deadly that in the Civil War the mortality was ninety out of every hundred cases! A United States medical officer says that owing to its prevalence in the present conflict it has been called "the war pestilence," and that at first there were more cases per hundred than in any other war.



Now, by the discovery and efficient use of antitetanus serum, all this has been completely changed. A system is pursued by which the serum is administered to every wounded soldier the instant he gets to a surgeon, and this has proved to be of most marvelous efficacy. In the early part of the war a sufficient amount of serum had not been provided for the enormous numbers of men, so that a large number of cases developed. Then, as the situation became serious, stronger measures were adopted, and in October, 1914, antitetanus serum was used as a prophylactic measure. The quantities of serum sent to France increased from six hundred doses in August, 1914, to one hundred and twenty thousand in December of that year. As early as September 8, 1914, Lord Kitchener, realizing the importance of this discovery, telegraphed as follows to the director of medical services of the expeditionary forces:

Earl Kitchener desires information as to whether antitetanic inoculations are being practised for wounded, and whether, if not carried out in the field units, they are carried out in the communication units. He wishes all to be impressed with this.

Surgeon-General Sir Daniel Bruce writes in the *British Medical Journal* of the results of its use among the wounded in home hospitals, where the number of cases fell from thirty-two per thousand in October, 1914, to two per thousand in November. This wonderful improvement he attributes principally to the prophylactic use of the serum.

Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, one of the most noted surgeons in our own country, says that tetanus has been "practically conquered" by this means. He points out that the reason it cannot be absolutely overcome is because of the impossibility of always administering the serum within the first few hours after injury, which is of the greatest importance. In cases where the soldiers are unable to reach a surgeon quickly, it is, of course, not possible to accomplish this. The progress already made, however, has been little short of marvelous.

It is surely with a sense of deep thankfulness and gratitude that we recognize this great achievement made by the medical profession. It is one of the notable benefits that have at least done something to compensate the world for the frightful losses of the great war. We are enabled now to send our boys across to fight, knowing that their welfare and their security from suffering are greatly enhanced because of the victory which has been won over one of the most terrible diseases connected with warfare.

---

## The Clock-Stealers

**D**URING the recent fighting along the Marne, the Americans from a short distance watched the German soldiers carrying away clocks and other household loot from the town of Château-Thierry. It is said that during the Franco-Prussian war the invaders took home with them nothing but clocks. We have heard it stated that every generation or so the Germans make war on France for the purpose of obtaining reliable timepieces.

Is it not perhaps a favorable omen that the Germans, with all their much-vaunted efficiency, have never been able to construct a clock to equal the product of their neighbors? We know of an American gentleman whose constant support, as well as exasperation, during the present war has been a particularly illogical and unreliable German-made clock. In the darkest

hours for the Allied cause, when the achievements of the enemy seemed to indicate an almost superhuman effectiveness of organization, he has found comfort and hope in the symbolic vulnerability of this atrocious clock—a clock equipped with an elaborate system of strikes and chimes which excel only in their ability to go astray.

The French have always rivaled the Swiss and the Dutch as the makers of fine clocks. We are not to be despised ourselves in that respect, as any good Yankee timepiece can demonstrate. A few weeks ago a humorous weekly published the picture of a Tommy in a first-line trench, whose recently opened parcel from home divulged a new alarm-clock. The recipient remarked:

“Well, now, that there certainly *is* a thoughtful gift!”

We should not have said that there was a crying need for this horological specimen at the front. We do believe, however, that the Allied soldiers can press forward with the conviction that no race which is unable to manufacture a reputable clock is destined to rule the world.

---

## The War and the Study of Geography

ONE of the effects of the great war has been incidentally to reveal in the home and social circle, at the clubs, and in all the various places where men and women congregate, a mortifying ignorance of geography—an ignorance so general as to indicate that our educational systems, public and private, must be seriously defective so far as geographical instruction is concerned. The war has naturally called attention to many foreign places which are unfamiliar, and everybody cannot reasonably be expected to know all of these; but the mistakes we have in mind relate to places that ought to be as familiar as household words.

Take Darmstadt, for example, the capital of the grand duchy of Hesse, in Germany. A number of Americans, captured while fighting in France, have been reported as imprisoned there. A young lady relative of one of these unfortunate fellows, having seen the announcement that he was in the prison-camp at Darmstadt, has written us asking what state of Germany Darmstadt is in. It seems never to have occurred to her to look in an atlas or cyclopedia and find out.

Her inquiry reminds us of what Mr. Dana, the famous editor of the *Sun*, used to say was the most striking difference between young men who came to work on a newspaper. One youthful writer, having struck a snag in spelling or a puzzle in geography would call aloud, disturbing every one in the room, “I say, John! How do you spell ‘ecstasy’?” or, “Where the devil is Popocatepetl?” instead of taking the trouble to get up and go to the bookcase and consult the dictionary or gazetteer, as his needs might require. The men who took the trouble to look things up for themselves, he said, generally did best in the long run.

More remarkable than the Darmstadt case is that of the mature daughter of a distinguished American diplomat, who once seriously asked us whether Long Island was in the State of New York. This lady had lived on the banks of the Hudson most of her life. She might, perhaps, have pleaded in extenuation of her doubt on the subject the strange fact that Fisher’s Island, which is so close to the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound that it ought to belong to Connecticut, is really a part of the New York county of Suffolk.

The territory known as the Dobrudja, between the Danube and the Black Sea, is one of the familiar geographic puzzles provided for us by the war; likewise the Ukraine. How many Americans know where these territories are, or anything definite about them? Even the "Encyclopedia Britannica" in the article on Rumania describes the Dobrudja as having an area of about twenty-nine hundred square miles, while under the title "Dobrudja" itself the area is stated to be six thousand square miles. No wonder the general reader is perplexed.

Perhaps the most notable geographical error in the history of diplomacy is said to have been made by the French statesman Thiers in conversation with Bismarck during the negotiations at the close of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871. Bismarck used to tell with great merriment how Thiers, in the course of the conference, referred to the French city of Rouen as being situated on the left bank of the river Seine. It is really on the right bank, and when Bismarck intimated as much, Thiers retorted:

"You are the conqueror and we are the conquered. It is for you to decide."

Bismarck, says Prince Hohenlohe in his memoirs, then sent for a map and showed Thiers that the thick black line which he had mistaken for the river was really the railway from Paris to Havre.

It seems almost incredible that Thiers, who had devoted so many years to studying and writing French history, and who had held office as minister of the interior, should not have been personally acquainted with one of the most interesting and most historic cities of France; but the story, whether true or false, is one of the few bits of pleasantry in the biography of the apostle of blood and iron.

---

## The Lure of Stamp-Collecting

NOWADAYS, when people's minds turn inevitably toward matters pertaining to the war, it is often a welcome relief, when opportunity permits, to take up some less serious subject as a recreation. Indeed, the many important war activities in which all true Americans are so anxious to have a share may perhaps be more competently carried on if they are lightened by an occasional complete change of thought, obtainable by some absorbing form of diversion.

Those who are interested in philately find this so-called hobby—which has become, however, almost a scientific study—a real source of rest and enjoyment. One need only watch the ardent stamp-collector at work to realize that all else must be at least temporarily put aside if he would successfully pursue this study, with its need of most careful application and attention to minute details. There is, besides, a wealth of information and interest to be derived from it; and since the great war began, so many new stamps emblematic of political and geographical changes have been issued, besides countless numbers of "war" and "charity" stamps, that even to follow them as they appear keeps the collector busy. Some of them are of very beautiful or historic design.

Before the United States entered the war, new issues from several of the belligerents were obtainable. Austria issued a very interesting set, showing on the different denominations the various methods of warfare practised by infantry, artillery, cavalry, and airmen. At present, of course, no stamps

come here from any of the enemy countries, and Italy has now forbidden the importing or exporting of stamps to dealers.

Whether the great need of shipping space may make necessary a general prohibition of their transportation remains to be seen, but this has not yet been done. To speak of shipping space in connection with postage-stamps might seem to most people to be an absurdity; but any stamp-dealer can tell of the enormous number constantly shipped in bulk. When it is realized that there are hundreds of dealers all over the United States, to whom and from whom these great sacks and packages are sent, it can easily be understood why the space they occupy might become a serious consideration in these times.

Few persons aside from philatelists know that King George of England is a very accomplished and enthusiastic stamp-collector. He is quoted as having said of collecting, "It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life." The royal collection is formed solely of stamps of the British Empire, and of such stamps it is one of the greatest in the world. The king was president of the Philatelic Society, London—now the Royal Philatelic Society—for several years before his accession to the throne made it necessary for him to resign, but he remained patron of it, as he is also of the Swedish Philatelic Society and the Sydney Philatelic Club. The king's knowledge of the subject is not only scientific but practical, for he was one of the actual designers of the Canadian issue of 1903, which shows a portrait of King Edward VII in his robes of state.

An interesting fact has recently been reported about the greatest stamp-collection in the world, that of Philippe la Renotiere von Ferrary, an Austrian nobleman who lived in Paris. It seems that this collection was willed to the Berlin Postal Museum by its owner, who died last year in Switzerland, where he also had a home. Every one expected that it would be bequeathed to the city of Paris. Berlin already has the most famous national stamp-collection in the world, and as Ferrary was not known to have any pro-German sympathies in this war, the despatch from Bern says that undoubtedly the will had been drawn before the beginning of the conflict. Surely all patriotic philatelists must hope that the French courts will find reason to set this bequest aside!

A stamp of new and unique interest has just been issued by our own government for the new aerial mail-service between New York and Washington. It has a design of an airplane in blue, with a red border, and its face value is twenty-four cents. Through a misprint a few of the stamps were engraved with the airplane inverted, and a sheet of a hundred of these was recently said to have been bought by Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, for twenty thousand dollars.

It is just such an exceptional error or curiosity as this that adds zest to the fascination of stamp-collecting. The misprinted stamp, to the philatelist, is like the choice first edition to a book-collector, or the mistake or peculiarity that makes a certain copy or edition of a book of priceless value and interest. Hundreds of stamp-collectors will be on the watch for those inverted airplanes now, just as last year, when a few sheets of our common one-cent and two-cent stamps were engraved with an error and were so largely sought after by collectors.

One might give countless such illustrations, but to the initiated they are unnecessary, while to those who have never investigated this delightful hobby it is impossible to convey the fascination and pleasure it holds for the members of its fraternity.



# Who Pays?\*

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "Children of Passion," "A Candle in the Wind," etc.

NANCY BLAIR had come up-town on top of a Fifth Avenue omnibus. She stopped it at East Sixty-Eighth Street and climbed down. There was a little hush as she made her descent. Even the tourists who were doing New York stopped talking long enough to stare after her, while the sailor in the end seat almost lost his nautical balance.

Nancy heeded them not. She stood a moment waiting to cross Fifth Avenue, and a little shaft of sunlight—the last of a summer day—touched her bright hair where it showed against her wide, black hat. She was not tall, but there were slender, lovely lines in her young figure, and a perfection in the simplicity of her dress. In fact, she had personality—a kind of radiance and charm.

Behind her the tall trees in the park lifted high branches, bearing aloft a tender cloud of young green, and there were soft shadows, and long glimpses of sloping lawns and winding driveways, and here and there the span of a bridge, and a purple mist of wistaria. The city, with its clamor and its greed, had dropped below her, and was dim in the distance. Shadowed by its skyscrapers, it had already fallen into a gloaming pierced here and there by the keen, white eye of an arc-light.

The omnibus, with its coronet of parasols, jolted, lurched forward, and lumbered on. Two or three motors sped past, flying the Allied colors. Nancy started to cross, and then stopped abruptly and waited.

A big motor express-van, coming at full speed, slowed down, and the driver leaped to the ground. In a moment he stood in front of her, cap in hand, flushed, smiling, ungainly—a big fellow with blond hair and blue eyes, and with freckles across his short, straight nose.

"Why, Miss Nancy, how are you? And how's the judge?" he asked heartily, his face beaming and eager.

She stood quite still, looking at him, and a little color came into her own face; it deepened up to her small ears, and she shot a quick glance of annoyance at him from under her thick lashes.

"How do you do, David?" she said in a careful voice—a voice that was intended to be perfectly polite, but rather icy. "What are you doing here? I thought you must have volunteered by this time."

He reddened, reddened painfully, up to his close-cropped hair. He suddenly became conscious of his hands and his feet, aware that he was clad in old corduroys and a blue-jean shirt, that Nancy must look down upon him, that—

A hot wave of anger rose in him, and his eyes held hers stubbornly.

"No," he said slowly, "I haven't volunteered—yet. I'm driving this van in from the country because Sim Rosny has joined the engineers. Besides, I'm paid for doing it. I"—he choked a little and achieved a moment of dignity—"I hope you're all well, Miss Nancy?"

"Perfectly." She drew a little triangle in the dust of the street with the tip of her folded parasol. "I think you should," she said irrelevantly.

He stood his ground firmly. He didn't hold himself well, and there was something ungainly about his big, round shoulders, but he had an honest, come-on-if-you-dare air about him that was endearing. It was as honest as the anger that was showing red under his freckled skin.

"You mean you think I'm a slacker?"

She nodded, without looking up.

He choked back a reply. It was evident that he had something to say—a good deal, in fact—but he didn't say it. He stood, instead, admiring her. To him she seemed nearly perfect, even when she wilfully hurt him; but he was thin-skinned, after all, and she stung him—not only her words, but her

manner. Of course she felt immensely superior, David knew that; he was rather too generous to resent it, but he didn't see any reason to rub it in. He took an awkward step backward. After all, that big express-van was a haven of refuge.

"I'm sorry," he said stiffly. "I have reasons, but of course—"

She raised her head at that and shot a withering look at him. She had eyes that might have been any color, but they were full of life, and very clear and deep, with a kind of radiance which seemed just then to David Locke to be rather hard, but was not really so, and which could melt into the loveliest laughter.

"Conscientious objections, perhaps?" she suggested blandly.

He fired up at that.

"I see how you feel, Miss Nancy, and I think I'd better be moving on. Tell the judge I'm coming to see him, please, and— and my compliments to Mrs. Blair."

Nancy was a little ashamed, but she would not give up her point.

"I'm very sorry," she began, "but—"

David, however, was hunched over, ungracefully cranking his engine. He cranked it fiercely, his face red. It was an attitude in which he could ignore Nancy. She took the opportunity, between three invading limousines, to cross over, which brought her to his side of the street just as he straightened up, lifted his cap to her, and climbed to his seat.

But she finished her sentence then—from the sidewalk.

"I really think you should," she called to him.

He could not answer her; he was letting the big machine roar like a goaded elephant. Then started it, his powerful grip on the steering-wheel, but his blue eyes met hers for a moment with a look that haunted. There was simplicity in it, like a child that had been hurt, and yet there was something else—a smoldering power, a kind of strength that she had never seen before. She wondered at it.

"Perhaps," she reflected grimly, "it was just rage!"

She looked after the big van with a smile that was a bit malicious. She had meant to goad David, being a passionate patriot. Then she reddened a little and started eastward, half angry at herself.

She felt that she was superior, and she had taken it for granted that David knew it,

but—did he? Her ears burned. She had a sickening fear that he didn't—and that look in his eyes!

Of course, they had always known David. She believed her father had been a family patron for years. The Lockes were old country neighbors, and really nice people, but they had lost their money. David, fatherless early, had been a kind of protégé of her father's. He had played with her cousin, and had been at school with him; but now, of course, things were different. They were all grown up and there was a chasm—a social one.

Nancy was not democratic. She was like Mrs. Blair, whom she called "mother," without knowing that she wasn't really her mother at all, being the judge's second wife. There were, indeed, a number of things that Nancy did not know; but she was a proud little thing, and she held her head so beautifully that it could have worn a crown with perfect ease and dignity.

David thought so as he ran his motor down Fifth Avenue. His face was set and white and his blue eyes lowered dangerously. At the moment he had a wholly vicious desire to run down and smash anything he saw in khaki. It seemed as if mad annihilation would be the only way to satisfy his absolutely murderous rage. Yet, all the while, he could see before him—like a vision—a slender, girlish figure and a face that remained scornfully averted. He knew perfectly well what she thought of him!

Meanwhile, Nancy had ascended a short flight of brownstone steps in the center of a row of brownstone fronts. The house was very old-fashioned and not at all imposing, but a flagstaff was thrust outward from the upper story and a flag still flapped there, though the sun had set.

Nancy did not care much about their city house, except that, from the steps, she could see the park. It was a rather distant glimpse, but one caught sight of those high trees against the sky, and one glimpsed a shadowed depth of vista. In the spring there had been a blooming fruit-tree there; it had flung its blossoms gaily across the vista and showered the sweet air with rosy petals.

Nancy stood for a moment looking back. The atmosphere had an extra lucidity, and was as clear as golden wine. The world might be a giant cup, full of it, she thought, and aflame at the edges where the sun had set. The fancy pleased her. She smiled, and looked up to discover the frosty gleam

of a solitary star. It was like the point of a sword, beautiful and keen, in the paling sky; but, on either hand and opposite, those inexorable, dull houses grew dingier and more sedate, while a little way off she heard the clamor of speeding motors. She sighed, unlocked the door with her latch-key, and went in.

The hall was dark and rather narrow, with a flight of stairs ascending abruptly on the left, and on the right the folding doors into the old drawing-room. On a table near at hand lay the white and blue envelope of a telegram. It was addressed to Nancy.

She started a little, snatched it up, and opened it, her face almost anxious in its eagerness.

Got a captain's commission to-day. Tell Aunt Susan.  
HAROLD.

Nancy colored with pleasure, and her heart beat a little faster. She knew, of course, why Harold had wired to her. She visioned him erect, good-looking, gay, with the captain's bars on his shoulders, and she felt the lingering touch of his hand on hers. She had a little thrill of pride in him.

She turned, telegram in hand, and went into the drawing-room. A single old-fashioned candelabrum, with glass drops under its shaded lights, was set on a table in the corner, and a big green jar, full of blossoms, stood in the empty fireplace. The rest of the familiar room—the dull-gold frames of its two or three dark paintings, the quaint, high-backed chairs, and the thick old Turkey rug—were so unchanged and unchanging that they gave an air of security, of rooted superiority, the inheritance of generations of good manners and high polish, that scorned any mushroom growth of riches and display.

Beyond it, the judge's library, book-lined and tranquil, was aglow with lamp-light. A big, shaded light, drawn low over the center table, showed a litter of papers and letters and well-worn books of reference. Nancy's quick glance noted the unopened mail on the old blotter, and then she saw her father.

He was sitting motionless in his accustomed seat, his hands clutching the arms of the chair, his head slightly bent forward, and his eyes fixed. He did not see her, and it was evident that he had not even heard her enter. She started forward to speak to him, but something in his attitude, in the

strange expression of his face, rooted her to the spot.

If she had thought of it at the time, she might have said that he looked like a man who had seen a ghost; but she didn't think of it—she only thought that her father must be ill. There was something unusual about him, something gray and set and inexorable. Perhaps this was that fearful thing that people spoke of—so negligently—as a stroke!

A sensation of actual fear held her, and she made no attempt to speak. Nor did the judge become aware of her. His face looked gray and drawn, and showed extraordinary furrows. The lamplight outlined the whole contour of the head, the iron-gray hair that was whitening perceptibly over the ears, the wide, judicial forehead, the cold, light eyes under their thick lashes, the high nose and narrow chin. His expression was not one of anxiety, nor even of profound thought; there was something in it that defied Nancy's analysis and frightened her.

Though he was breathing—rather heavily, with his lips parted—it seemed an interminable moment before he made even a perceptible movement. He stretched out his hand, mechanically lifted a glass of water from the table, and carried it unsteadily to his lips.

As he drained the glass and set it down again, he sank back into his chair and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Incredible!" he muttered audibly. "Incredible!"

His voice broke the spell. Nancy hurried across the room.

"Why, papa!" she cried. "What is it? Are you ill? Are you in trouble?"

He started violently, looked up into his daughter's flushed and anxious face, and seemed to recoil from her for a moment, only to recover himself with marvelous self-control.

"There's nothing the matter—I have a slight headache." He spoke raspingly, as if he wanted to cut off her sympathy. "The court-room was unbearably stuffy and unpleasant. You know"—he smiled suddenly and quite brightly—"I'm very keen for fresh air, and I felt asphyxiated. Where's your mother? I've been home almost an hour, I think, and there's no one about."

Nancy stood looking at him, not at all convinced by what he said. She had never seen him like this before, and she had always had an enormous respect for his judi-

cial pose. She was proud of him. His eyes held hers now, and seemed to say:

"Don't dare to doubt what I've told you! It's your duty to believe in me."

She obeyed the look, and asked no questions, but moved slowly away from him to the opposite side of the table.

"I suppose mama's been detained at the Red Cross meeting. You know she's enormously busy, and I suppose I'll have to learn how to heel socks! Papa, I've just got a telegram from Harold." She passed it across the table. "He's been made a captain."

The judge took the despatch and spread it out carefully in the lamplight. Nancy saw that his fingers were not quite steady, but his face had resumed its normal expression, and was even a little flushed and ruddy.

"That's because of last year at Plattsburg," he remarked, as he read the despatch. "I always favored that experience. Your"—he hesitated an instant, rather oddly—"your mother will be pleased. Her nephew has won his spurs!"

His voice and his manner were so natural that Nancy's spirits rose. She looked over her shoulder into the dining-room, and saw that the table was already laid for dinner and the candles lit.

The dining-room looked homelike and cheerful and familiar, with a gleam of white damask and old silver, a tall glass with some roses in the center, and the ancient wine-cooler by the sideboard. It was all just as usual; her vague feeling of uneasiness slipped away. She put up her hands, pulled the hatpins out of her straw hat, and laid it on the top of the piano. She had a beautiful head, covered with rumpled, bright, ensnaring hair. It rippled and shone and waved, and there were tiny curls on the nape of her white neck.

The judge, following her with his eyes, was again seized and shaken by some extraordinary emotion. To conceal it, he began to open his mail.

"I'll go up-stairs and get ready for dinner at once," said Nancy. "Of course mama will be here in a moment."

He said nothing. He was reading a letter, and he bent his brows, pretending to be intent upon it. Nancy lingered a moment longer; then she remembered David's message.

"Oh, papa, I saw David Locke to-day. He was driving an express-van down Fifth

Avenue, and he stopped it and got down to speak to me." She laughed ruefully. "I'm not proud, but it was a shock. He said—I recollect it now—he told me to say that he was coming to see you."

"David?" The judge laid down his letter, a milder expression coming into his face. "I shall be very glad to see him," he said slowly. "I like him—he's a fine boy."

She flung him a bright, indignant look.

"Why, papa, he's a slacker!" she said. "He's nothing but a slacker!"

She walked stiffly out of the room. The judge watched her go, and listened intently to her light step mounting the stairs. Then he covered his face with his hands and groaned—not aloud, but deeply, inaudibly, like a man in intolerable pain.

## II

It was almost an hour later, when they were all finally gathered at the dinner-table, that Nancy had another glimpse of something new and strange in her father. She thought that the others saw it, too, and that made her nervous. She was so determinedly proud of him and of his achievements that she wanted to fling her defiance at anyone who saw a weakness in him.

The Blairs had an incurable habit of casual dinner-guests; partly because their cook was famous—an old Southern negro who weighed nearly four hundred pounds and made ethereal dishes—and partly because Mrs. Blair was such an admirable hostess and housekeeper that there was always just enough for the unexpected friend. He never felt that he had eaten somebody else's tomato salad, or that his coming had caused a shortage in the fish, even if it really had.

Guests came, therefore, singly and in pairs and in trios, and Nancy had grown up accustomed to society at dinner. Tonight there were only two—Dr. Mardale and Mr. Grampian, the lawyer. Both were old friends, and Mrs. Blair bore the burden of entertaining them quite easily.

She was an ample woman, large and rather stout, with well-preserved good looks and pleasant eyes. She had never played anything but second fiddle to the judge, but she played it so well and aptly that a great many people considered her important and invited her to patronize charities and public institutions. Her name always appeared on the lists of patronesses, and she



usually gave any sum, not more than fifty dollars, that seemed to her to be in proportion to her own dignity. At benefit performances she would sleep quietly in the shadowed corner of a box. She had brought the judge a solid addition to his fortune, she dressed in admirable good taste, and she was very kind to Nancy. If it was not quite all that he could have asked, it was all that the judge expected, and people spoke of them as a peculiarly well-mated couple.

Nancy, looking across the candle-lit table, wondered if anything would ever agitate her mother, and if by any chance she had noticed the change in her husband. She was, at the moment, delicately crumbing bread to camouflage the fact that she had finished the fish course, as the others had, and only Mr. Grampian was still eating. He had a way of talking to the last minute and then grasping his fork and eating furiously while his hostess gracefully dissembled.

The pause in the Grampian eloquence gave Dr. Mardale his looked-for opportunity. He leaned back in his chair and viewed his host critically, the flame of the nearest candle showing his own face clearly—a face, by the way, which had a shrewdness and speculative air that fitted in oddly with its professionally clean-shaven grayness and composure.

"Did you know I was in court to-day?" he asked his host abruptly.

Judge Blair looked up. It seemed to Nancy—tenderly intent upon him—that something closed in his eyes, like the shutter of a kodak, and his face set itself in lines of urbane placidity.

"I didn't see you. Why didn't you come up and sit beside me on the bench?"

"I hadn't time. At least, I thought I hadn't time when I looked in just for a moment. I have an insatiable curiosity. I like to see a full court-room, and the prisoners in the dock. It gives one a bird's-eye view of life. They're usually a queer lot, and all of them have been poaching too much on—on—"

"The tree of knowledge," suggested Mr. Grampian, between mouthfuls. "You remember Adam did."

"I should have said the tree of life," said the doctor, laughing.

"That was altogether forbidden," chimed in Mrs. Blair placidly. "We lost Eden because Eve couldn't be trusted with it, you know."

The judge moved his hands vaguely along

the edge of the table. He was looking at the candle just in front of him, and the light shone in his eyes and made them blink in a short-sighted fashion.

"There's an apothegm somewhere," he said thoughtfully, "about the desire of the heart being the tree of life."

"The desire of the heart?" The doctor looked thoughtful, but the lines about his mouth hardened. "The desire of the heart sometimes means dust and ashes. You should have been in court to-day," he added, turning to Grampian. "Blair, here, was at his best, and the room was crowded. For all the splendid light outside it was dingy in there, and the electric light burned under a poisonous-looking green shade at the clerk's desk. There were a lot of reporters and a wrangling crew of petty lawyers. The judge looked like a frozen image sitting up there and listening. I wondered a good deal what people thought of him. A little later I found out. You see, judge, I was three hours in the prisoners' room, working over that woman."

"What woman?"

Blair's tone was sharp, incisive. He had apparently forgotten the dinner-table and the diners; his eyes were fixed on Mardale.

"The woman you sentenced to the workhouse," replied Mardale.

The judge said nothing. He sat erect and stiff in his chair, and bent his brows heavily; but he waited for the doctor to continue.

"I've forgotten her name," Mardale said. "I heard it, of course, but I've forgotten. I mean the woman who had stolen from Zedlitz."

"There are a good many things that ought to be stolen from Zedlitz," interpolated Grampian, laying down his fork—to Mrs. Blair's relief.

The doctor gave him a sidelong glance, but went on without questioning him.

"I mean the tall woman—the woman who dropped her veil so dramatically when she was sentenced."

"I know whom you mean," the judge replied slowly. "Her name's on the record, of course. You mustn't expect me to remember."

"Oh, papa! How could you sentence a poor woman to the workhouse and not even remember her name?"

The judge turned his head slowly to look at his daughter, and she saw the dark flush that mounted slowly to his hair. It startled

her again. Something must be wrong, he must be ill, she thought.

"Unfortunately I'm a judge, Nancy," he replied slowly, "and I haven't any choice. You should attack lawyers like Mr. Grampian, who either rescue or condemn their clients."

"Miss Nancy, I had nothing to do with the case," protested Grampian in his deep voice. "Like Pilate, the judge is washing his hands."

"On the contrary, it has been my good fortune many times to sentence Barabbas," retorted the judge.

"Tell us about the woman, doctor," interposed Mrs. Blair amiably. "You were saying something about her. What was it?"

The judge gave his wife a quick look across the candles—a look that no one but his daughter intercepted. Nancy was again deeply perplexed by it, by the speechless horror in it.

The doctor settled down to enjoy the last course while he told his story. He had a faculty of talking and eating at the same time, quite easily and cleverly, while Grampian was carnivorous and had to prey upon his food in heavy silence, and the judge ate nothing.

"You see, I happened into court," Mardale explained. "I had a case near by, and I chanced to remember that Blair would be on the bench. The room was crowded—it's very badly ventilated, Blair, and the cigarette-smoke in the corridors curled in little blue spirals at your very doors. I was really going up to the footlights to ask for a seat on the bench, when I caught sight of the lady in the dock. I'm not mocking; that's what she looked—every inch of her. Didn't she?" He appealed to the judge.

Blair lifted his glass of wine to his lips, tasted it, and set it down very deliberately before he answered.

"The light was dim, and she was heavily veiled. Yes," he admitted reluctantly, "she seemed unusual."

"She was. You see, your husband sentenced her to the workhouse, Mrs. Blair," he went on, turning to his hostess. "She threw back her veil and faced the court, white and handsome, a perfect tragedy queen, I thought. I think she said something, too, didn't she?" Again he referred to the judge.

"If she did, I didn't hear it," he replied slowly and coldly.

"I think she did. She's sensational—she might say anything. She passed quite near me on her way out. She was in black, and there was some kind of delicate fragrance about her clothing, one of those unforgettable perfumes some women find. She put her hand up to pull down her veil, and I saw the gleam of a jewel. What was it she stole from Zedlitz?"

"Money or papers—I forget."

The judge had put aside his plate, and made no pretense now of eating anything. The doctor nodded.

"I don't believe she really stole anything. She'd scarcely gone, and I was meditating an attack on you, when one of the bailiffs touched my shoulder. 'Prisoner sick, sir,' he said. 'Can you come this way a moment?' At another time I should have recommended one of the local doctors; but something made me sure it was that woman, and curiosity did the rest. I found she'd fainted."

"Oh, poor thing!" cried Nancy. "Papa, how can you be a judge?"

Her father did not answer. He shook his head, his eyes still on Mardale's face.

"Of course that's the usual thing. I'd rather expected hysterics; but I brought her around in a few minutes. Then she sat up and looked at me, her eyes quite wild. 'Who's that man on the bench?' she asked. That was the respectful way she spoke of you, judge!"

The doctor laughed, and so did Grampian; but Mrs. Blair, sedate and placid and fair, was distinctly displeased.

"These wretched people always blame the judge," she remarked. "That's what I tell Sedgwick."

"So would you, in their place," laughed the doctor, and went on stubbornly, ignoring the danger-signals. "I told her, of course, that it was Sedgwick Blair, one of the ablest judges on the bench. She sat quite still after that, wringing her handkerchief around in her hands until it was all knotted up. Then she broke out: 'I'm not sick—you needn't stay! I suppose you think I'm a queer case. I'm not, I didn't steal.' She drew her breath, threw back her head, and looked—"

The doctor's eye, traveling around the table, lighted suddenly upon Nancy, and he stopped short.

"What did she look like, doctor?" Nancy asked.

She was keenly interested. She had been

watching her father, and she felt quite sure now that there was something wrong. She wondered if she had not better speak to Dr. Mardale after dinner.

"She looked beautiful," he said lamely, "and she said some painful things."

Judge Blair leaned back in his chair and turned an immovable face upon him.

"What things?" he asked coldly.

The doctor smiled a little guiltily. He had plunged into his subject without fully considering its effect, partly because it amused him to study people and see such effects working out upon them.

"She said she hoped you'd suffer for sending her to the workhouse, and"—he paused again, and then added coolly—"and she knew how to make you."

"Hoity-toity, that's a threat!" said Grampian. "It's almost contempt of court."

"A dangerous woman!" Mrs. Blair exclaimed uneasily, looking at her husband. "You don't think she's an anarchist, do you?"

The men all laughed.

"Every unhappy woman is one, my dear," replied the judge. "I hope," he added, turning to Mardale, "that you saw that she was really cared for? It's not necessary to treat these cases severely."

"She sent me packing," replied the doctor. "She has a grievance against all mankind. I thought she must have been under the influence of some drug. What was the charge?"

Judge Blair hesitated; he seemed amazingly reluctant to answer.

"Intoxication and theft," he said at last.

The doctor, who had just finished a final cup of coffee, put it down and commenced to play with his unlit cigar.

"She wasn't intoxicated at all," he said slowly; "nor do I think she had been."

"Probably not," said the judge dryly. "The police are fond of that charge. Zedlitz and his wife appeared against her in the other matter, though."

"Zedlitz is a German," objected Nancy. "Don't you think he may have had some reason to get her jailed, papa?"

Mrs. Blair laughed softly.

"Nancy's head is full of plots and counterplots. She reads the newspapers!"

"Zedlitz was naturalized in 1910," said Grampian gravely, looking across at Nancy with humorous eyes. "I shouldn't be surprised at any plot, Miss Nancy."

"He's entirely loyal." Judge Blair was decided. "I've talked with him a good deal, and I'm satisfied that he came to this country to get rid of the Kaiser. He's said as much many times. He's a clever man, too."

"Too clever to be on the other side," argued the doctor. "We'll have to keep him on ours, Nancy."

Nancy, obeying her mother's signal, rose.

"I don't like him," she said frankly.

"He's like the queen in 'Hamlet'—he protests too much."

Grampian was the only one who agreed with her. He chuckled thickly. He was a short, stout man who enjoyed his dinners and his ease, and even his laughter had a luscious, juicy sound like overripe fruit.

Nancy was still aware of his applauding laughter when she followed her mother into the library. The two women sat down to wait until the talk and the cigars in the dining-room were finished.

Mrs. Blair yawned softly behind her hand, and hunted in the drawer of an adjacent table for her army knitting.

"They have a stocking-knitting-machine at the Red Cross," she said in an undertone, "and Mrs. Sarfax manages a pair of socks a day on it; but there's nothing interesting about those things. They're not individual."

"They'll probably be more comfortable for the soldiers' heels," said Nancy, helping her mother unspool her ball of yarn. "I suppose," she added after a moment, "that they'll send Harold to France soon?"

Mrs. Blair sighed.

"Poor boy! I suppose so. He's so handsome, I hope he won't be disfigured in any way! Nancy, you must give him a comfort kit. I saw the darlinest thing at the Red Cross to-day. It had little straps for the tooth-brush and the toilet-bottles and the razor, all made by hand and lined with the backs of old kid gloves sewed together. Of course, it wasn't the kind you'd give, but it seemed to me so darling and sentimental. A man might almost fancy his sweetheart was there when he saw her gloves. They were perfumed, too. I must say it was a perfectly horrible perfume, something like stale musk, but then perfume is so individual!"

"Mama," said Nancy, quite irrelevantly, "did you notice papa at dinner? He looks ill."

Mrs. Blair lost count and dropped a

stitch. It was necessary to pick it up before she could answer.

"There, I knew I had to purl two! He isn't, my dear, I happen to know he isn't. He was perfectly amiable about some bills and accounts this morning, and you know how he is when he's sick. Besides, I noticed his fine color at dinner. How impossible that talk was about that woman! Dr. Mardale has such strange notions. He's a socialist, or something not quite normal, I can't remember what; but it doesn't matter. I could see that your father was very angry. He was wiggling his thumbs—he always does that when he's displeased. He has such a fine sense of the fitness of things."

"Do you mean with his thumbs?" said Nancy wickedly. "I'm not so sure it was all Dr. Mardale," she added.

She bent over her own work. She was thinking of her father in the chair by this very library-table, and of the look on his face; but she said no more about it. They were interrupted, indeed, by the entrance of the men. Dr. Mardale had to go, and the party broke up early, Grampian accompanying the doctor.

The judge went to the door with them and stood watching them as they descended the short steps to the sidewalk. Some one had forgotten to lower the flag at sunset, and it still flapped lazily overhead, a shaft of light from the corner catching its vivid stripes and flinging it like a fiery symbol across the night. The judge flung a "Good night" after his friends, turned slowly—with a certain heaviness—and went in.

Meanwhile the doctor and the lawyer tramped steadily up the street toward Fifth Avenue. The leafage in the park before them had grown more shadowy now, and the delicate green was as elusive as a spirit; but long shafts of light shot through it, and distant buildings lifted their white pillars and gleaming window-panes. The air was very soft. Far off, indistinguishable and multitudinous, the voices of the great city blended and murmured into the distance.

"Blair was a bit touchy to-night," remarked Grampian, pulling at one of the judge's best cigars. "Seemed to take an interest in that workhouse case, though. What made you stop so short about the woman?"

"You mean about the thief?"

Grampian nodded, still smoking.

Mardale thought a moment.

"I stopped because I'd discovered what I had seen in her. It was a likeness that had puzzled me, and—well, you know those things give you a jolt sometimes. They're casual, of course, but they're uncanny."

"You're a little vague. You mean she looked like some one you knew?"

"Yes."

They had come to the corner of the street. The doctor stopped in the act of crossing, and spoke with evident reluctance.

"It was a chance, of course, and it's only about the eyes, but I saw it as I looked up—the strongest, the most extraordinary likeness to Nancy Blair!"

### III

WHILE the Blairs were still at dinner, David Locke drove his big motor-van along Fifth Avenue on its return trip. As he neared East Sixty-Eighth Street, he slowed down. He had half a mind to keep his word and go in to see the judge, but he thought better of it. If he went there now, he would be sure to see Nancy, and, burning with fierce resentment, he didn't want to see Nancy. He felt a distinct desire never to see her again. The mere thought of her standing there—he knew the exact spot, by the way—with her chin in the air, looking down upon him, filled him with such indignation that he increased his speed. The big van jolted and bumped and swayed up Fifth Avenue, happily out of the zone of traffic policemen.

On his right imposing stone fronts looked down upon him; on his left the shadowy depths of the park called him and beckoned with alluring pathways and swinging boughs and the sweet, subtle perfume of unseen blossomings. Here and there a great white arc-light flashed like a wicked, predatory eye in the depths of the gloaming, or he saw the limpid gleam of water and heard the rustle of leaves.

David was, at heart, a rustic, and the solitude and shadow and hidden depth of the park appealed to him, in contrast to the long avenue with its ostentatious wealth and its inexorable secretiveness. House after house loomed solid, portentous, determinedly rich, and so impenetrable!

David looked at them curiously. Who was born there, lived, laughed, and loved there? Who sickened and died there? There must be an answer, of course, but he would never know it.



One house had a long, striped awning out, and in front of it was a crowd of limousines. A wedding, of course! David craned his neck, trying to catch a glimpse of the bride.

Then something made him think of Nancy again. Some day there would be a striped awning out on East Sixty-Eighth Street, and Nancy Blair would be married. Nothing was more probable, and nothing concerned him less; yet the vision of it nearly caused a catastrophe, for David barely escaped annihilating a belated oil-wagon. He was aware of a curious sinking in the region of his heart. He drove faster.

As a panacea for heartache, driving a heavy express-van has its merits. It requires energy and concentration of mind, and David gave it both.

Presently he was speeding through the Bronx. He concerned himself only with the road now. It was fairly good, but his steering-gear was balking. Something was wrong, and he did not want to stop there and overhaul the machine. He rather liked his difficulties, for they gave him no time to think of Nancy. With a cranky steering-gear, and night deepening, he could be entirely loveless—and even hateless, which is perhaps harder.

But David was an expert driver, and he drove the big van merrily on. He got a glimpse of Pelham Bay, the lights shining down on blue water, and here and there houses that seemed to twinkle in the night. Then he struck the main road again, and drove fast and hard. Nothing hindered now, and he put the big van up at last, climbed down, a little stiff from his long ride, and looked at his watch.

It was a quarter to ten; he had made the distance in less than two hours.

"Not bad for that old ark!" he grunted, half smiling.

For the first time since his meeting with Nancy, he began to feel like himself. He was tramping down the dark country road, and the night air felt cool and sweet on his hot face. He had felt heated and dusty and fagged, but now he began to measure up again to the full height of his purpose.

"Slacker!" How he hated the word, and of course she had called him that!

He began to pass more houses now, and directly in front of him was a large frame building. A street-lamp, one of the few that began to appear at more and more frequent intervals, shone full on the sign

over the door—"Aloysius Chubb, Groceries and Provisions."

The show-windows were darkened for the night, but the rooms over the shop were lighted. A cheery glow shone behind the thin white curtains that fluttered at the open windows, and, as David drew nearer, he heard gusts of laughter overhead. Pap Chubb had a guest.

David went to the side door, opened it, and slowly ascended the narrow stairs to the second story. They were neatly carpeted, and a kerosene lamp, set in a bracket, lit the way up. There was a pleasant odor of beefsteak, fried potatoes, and onions. David perceived, too, that indefinable but inviting fragrance of newly-baked white bread. He was very hungry, and for the moment it was vastly more inviting than the subtle perfume of the blossoms in Central Park.

The door was open at the head of the stairs, and he stood there looking into the room, a little dashed by the sight of the familiar sweet-potato color of new khaki even here. It was Peter Layman back from camp! Of course, he might have known it. That was the reason for this belated extra meal—the fatted calf for Peter.

It was a cozy room, with a big table in the center set for supper, and lamplight and good cheer everywhere. Pap Chubb, gray-headed and rosy in his shirt-sleeves, sat at the head of the table. Peter, in khaki, was the guest of honor, and Mrs. Chubb, plump and marvelously unwrinkled, waited on them, wreathed in smiles. She was in the very act of filling Peter's plate with French-fried potatoes—golden-brown and crisp, the way she fried them. They made David hungrier than ever.

"Hello, Peter!" he said, walking in.

No one had heard him come, and they were all a little startled.

"What's the matter, David? I thought you were goin' to spend the night up to Judge Blair's," observed Pap Chubb, his eyes twinkling.

David ignored him.

"I'm hungrier than a bear, Aunt Martha," he said, dropping into the nearest chair.

Mrs. Chubb was no relation, but she had known David since he was knee-high, and she liked him to call her aunt.

"Bless your heart!" she exclaimed, hastily filling his plate. "You haven't been going hungry in New York, David?"

"Where was the Waldorf-Astoria?" asked Pap sarcastically; "an' the Biltmore? The very idea of comin' out here to eat mother's fried potatoes an' onions!"

But David busied himself cutting slices of beefsteak.

"How did you get off so soon again, Peter?" he asked the young soldier across the table.

Peter Layman smiled with conscious superiority.

"Oh, they let us fellows off a good deal," he replied airily. "You see we're the first volunteers. I've got to go back to-morrow morning, though."

David looked at him wistfully.

"You look very fit, Peter," he remarked, picking up his fork and beginning to eat in an absent-minded way.

"Believe me, I am!" said Peter. "Been doin' gun-practise every day, bayonet-practise, trench-digging. I tell you I was sore all over at first, but now"—he stretched out his arm to show his muscle—"look at that! Guess I can hit the Kaiser!"

"He's gained twenty-five pounds," said Mrs. Chubb, replenishing the hero's plate. "An' do look, David, how his hair stands up on top! I declare it's grown an inch!"

"It's fright," said Pap. "Nothin' else! You keep at it, Peter, an' study hard. You'll get over it an' be a general yet!"

"Believe me, it doesn't take any learnin' to get on in the army," Peter rejoined. "Our old man—the colonel, I mean—he's got a secretary. The secretary writes an' reads for him, an' he don't have to know anything. It's just graft that gets 'em in, that's what it is. Look at Harold McVeagh—they've just made him a captain!"

"Have they really?" Mrs. Chubb paused on her way to the kitchen. "How that 'll please Mrs. Blair! He's her sister's only son."

"Seen him in uniform yet, Davy?" asked Mr. Chubb, leaning back in his chair and rubbing his chin. "He was down here a while ago, strutting up an' down Main Street, with a wrist-watch as big as an egg an' a brand-new uniform. He looked a peach! Hang a green feather tail to him, an' old man Hennessy's peacock wouldn't have nothin' on him!"

David, thinking at the moment of Nancy, winced.

"He's a mean shrimp," said Peter with feeling. "When he was only first lieutenant,

he got Sim Rosny into trouble for nothin'. Gee, you ought to have seen Sim doin' kitchen police, peeling onions an' cryin'! He vowed he'd make Harold do it himself."

"I wish he had!" said David.

Then he reddened. He had caught Mrs. Chubb's eye, and it had been too sympathetic.

"I'd like Harold a deal better," she said gravely, "if he wasn't such a snob, an' if he didn't flirt so with married women."

Both young men looked up interestedly, and Pap Chubb chuckled.

"It ain't ma he's been flirtin' with," he explained. "It's Lucile Surette. She's come back, Peter, an' opened the old Surette house. My eye, you ought to see her! She came into the shop to buy a ham. I declare to goodness, I thought it was a fourteen-year-old kid. She's got her skirts up about near where her knees ought to be, an' she had on the prettiest stockings—gray, I reckon, but kind o' pinky where you could see through—"

"Aloysius!" said his wife severely.

Pap shook with silent laughter.

"She's real stylish, ma, that's all. She had a velvet dress on, boys, a big hat, an' a terrible big fur collar. You couldn't see her nose scarcely. Says I to her: 'Ain't you 'fraid of catchin' cold out here?' She looked kind o' surprised. 'Why, no,' says she, 'these furs are very warm.' 'But the ground's all ice,' says I, 'an' the cold ain't hittin' your furs.'"

"Aloysius," said Mrs. Chubb, "if I'd been that woman I'd never speak to you again! She just dresses fashionable, boys, an' Pap can't get on with these new ideas."

"She's a beauty," said David. "I always thought so. Now her hair is lovely—golden and curly—and she's got a beautiful color. I wonder why she married that German fellow!"

"Who?" asked Peter. "I haven't heard."

"Zedlitz." David leaned back in his chair, frowning a little. "They say he's loyal, of course. He's an American citizen, and he hangs out the flag and does a lot of shouting. Lucile married him last fall, it seems, out in California. You remember Zedlitz, Peter? He used to be intimate with Judge Blair."

Peter nodded, his mouth full.

"I think he's all right," said Mrs. Chubb. "He seems very kind. He told

me himself that the real German people hated the Kaiser. You shouldn't hurt people's feelings by distrustin' them."

Pap grunted.

"Maybe we shouldn't," he admitted thoughtfully; "but Zedlitz always reminds me of Miss Lumsden's cat. Miss Lumsden had an old tom-cat. It was spring-time, an' accordin' to her notions that cat was actin' terrible queer. She come to consult me about it. 'Mr. Chubb,' says she, 'Tam'—that was the cat's name—'Tam's nose is cold, but his eyes are cloudy, an' he growls when I pick him up.' It's like that with Zedlitz. He ain't exactly pro-German, you know. His nose is cold, but, by golly, I bet you he'd growl if you picked him up!"

"I'm sorry Lucile married him," said David decidedly. "I remember when she and I went to high school together, and she was always kind to me."

Pap grinned as he rose from his chair.

"Don't you trust her, David; she only wanted her books toted. She's rich, an' all the folks up to Tower Hill, even the Blairs, look down on us. She married Zedlitz because he had money. It's my belief that girl would have married the devil if he'd had gold tips on his horns!"

As he spoke, Pap walked slowly out of the long window that opened upon an upper porch. The night was very still and soft, and far off he could see a shimmer in it—a depth and motion, where the long, wavelike horizon met the Sound and folded it in mist.

"David," he called, "you let Peter do kitchen police an' help ma to-night. Come out here an' smoke with me—it's kinder lonesome."

David, aware that Mrs. Chubb was absorbed in her young soldier nephew, followed Pap's advice. He thrust back his chair, and, pulling himself up, tried for a moment to straighten his big shoulders to the soldierly angle that Peter had attained. Then he took his old pipe off the mantel, filled it, and went out.

Pap Chubb was sitting with his chair tilted back, and his eyes fixed on distance. It was so dim out there that David located the old man by the red tip of his cigar. He pulled up a chair, too, smoking silently. Behind them they could hear the pleasant clatter of dishes, and Peter's voice reciting various episodes of the training-camp. There was a confident thrill of pride in it, for Peter was very proud of himself.

"You ought to hear the boys singing 'America,' Aunt Martha," they heard him say as he rattled the dishes. "It's far an' away the finest thing ever. It goes through a fellow—I tell you it's making 'em all Americans. We just sing ourselves hoarse!"

Pap Chubb gave his chair a hitch.

"David," he said in a low voice, "do you hear that?"

It was very dark, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Yes, I hear it," David answered, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"I think you're kind o' up against it," said Pap. "You'd better give it up, Davy, an' join now. It ain't any manner of use stickin' it out to pay up that last bit to the judge. They'll draft you before you get it done."

David sighed.

"It's this way, Mr. Chubb," he said slowly. "I can't feel that Judge Blair buried my mother and paid off my father's last debts, and I haven't paid back. I wouldn't be a free man feeling that!" He breathed hard—he was thinking of Nancy. "It chokes me! If I stick to my job now, I'll be able to pay the judge off soon. Then I can go."

"You'll be drafted," said Pap.

There was a longish pause. Far off they heard the rush and roar of an express-train. The flash of its electric discharge illumined the sky, wavered after it like the tail of a comet, and finally went out.

"I can't help it," said David at last. "If I volunteer now—and the Lord knows I want to—I'll never get enough together to pay up, and I might be killed and leave it behind me. As I feel now, I don't think I'd lie easy in my grave. I'd walk!"

Pap ruminated.

"S'pose I pay it, Davy? You wouldn't need to prance about on account of me."

"No, no! You've been like a father to me, Mr. Chubb. I feel like a son here, not a lodger; but I must shoulder my own burdens. It's only—"

David paused. Pap picked up his cigar and tried to revive it.

"Yes?" he said interrogatively.

David threw back his head.

"It's only that I'm tired of being classed as a coward and a slacker," he said. "Sometimes you can't kill the person who calls you that!"

Mr. Chubb suddenly chuckled.

"Bet you a dollar I know who's doin' it!" he said.

But David set his teeth hard on his pipe and declined to answer. Out in the darkness before him he seemed to vision a face, young, pretty, charming, with scorn in the lovely eyes and on the proud young lips.

Pap suddenly laid his hand on David's knee.

"See here," he said bluntly, "you let me take over the house. You wanted to keep it because it was your mother's. All right"—his tone was business now—"but I want it. I'm kind o' set on it. Now s'pose you sell me that house, mortgage an' all. It's worth—let me see, business is bad—it's worth six thousand dollars. The mortgage is four. Good! I'll take it, an' you can pay the judge off with the two thousand over."

David felt the old man's eyes on him. His heart rose with a bound; to get free, to volunteer and let Nancy know it! Yet—

"Mr. Chubb, honest Indian, do you want that house?"

Pap leaned back in his chair and drew a circle in the air with his cigar.

"David," he said, "I want it like smoke!"

David stared hard at him, and saw only the spark of his cigar, but the young man's heart went out to him in gratitude. He knew what the old man intended to do—to hold the little old house that David loved for his mother's sake, to let David pay off the judge and answer the country's call. It was Pap's way of serving the flag and doing his bit. Pap was great!

David choked a little in the dark and held out his hand.

"You're awfully good, Mr. Chubb!" he began, and then found that he could not go on—he could only wring Pap's hand.

#### IV

WHILE Pap Chubb and David sat on the little upper porch and smoked in determined silence, a small motor-car sped down the hill, swung around their corner, and took the beach road. Behind its flaring headlights the figure at the wheel showed but dimly in the darkness, but it was slender, and there was an outline of a woman's hat and floating veil.

The driver was skilful. She avoided bad corners, swept along on smooth runs, and cleverly turned aside for unexpected obstacles; but she drove fast. The darkness

caressed her like a lover; she felt the warm wind on her cheek, and a dewy sweetness floated in it. She could see tall shadows of trees marching past her as she sped along. The way ran through a lane, and there were silver birches on either hand, their slender white stems shining through the night like a long row of bayonets. There were darkened slopes where the high-shouldered hill rose from the swampy ground down by the inlet.

She kept her eyes fixed on the road, which appeared before her headlights, passed under her, and disappeared as rapidly as a ribbon unwinding from a reel.

Ahead of her there were but few houses, and those were large, with imposing grounds and broad driveways. Here and there she saw lights gleam behind low-growing trees. Once or twice another car passed hers, going more sedately in the opposite direction; but in the main she had the road to herself and the night.

The night was so sweet and soft and enfolding that she loved it. It touched a chord in her with subtle sympathy. Once she stopped the machine, almost involuntarily, and listened. The engine ceased throbbing under her feet as she waited, and the stillness about her dripped down upon her, impenetrable and soft. She loved it! She sat listening, her eyes on the distant lights that twinkled and beckoned in the velvet darkness of the clustering trees.

At first there was no sound, and then she heard the piping of frogs in the hollow. The thin little pipings, reedy and shrill and hurrying, threaded the night like fairy whistles. There was a stirring, a soft, elusive murmuring, as if the leaves and the buds and the tender new grass were breathing and gossiping together.

She listened, her gloved hands on the wheel and her eyes brooding. In the dim light from her lamps she looked almost pensive. For a moment, perhaps, something touched her heart—something vague and disquieting—old memories, forgotten ties, the inalienable claims of youth and love and happiness. She was not happy now.

Suddenly she switched on the power again, entered between high gate-posts. The road dropped through a grove of cedars and then swept around a curve to the house—an old house, low and rather broad, with a regiment of chimneys and an air of having shut itself in tight, refusing companionship.



There was a light at the door, and its glow reached her as she jumped down and walked slowly up the steps, her short skirt showing high-laced boots and silk stockings. She had on a long, loose motor-coat and a close hat and veil; but as she passed the silent servant at the door she took them off and flung them on a near-by settle.

"Where's your master?" she asked the man sharply.

He saluted, military fashion.

"In the library, Mrs. Zedlitz."

Lucile stood a moment, pushing her fair hair back from her forehead and thinking, while the man—a German who posed as a Swiss—watched her curiously.

She was beautiful. The pose of her head and shoulders, her full, white chin and throat, and the long lines of her figure, were nearly perfect. She had the complexion of a baby, light, curling hair, and eyes that were full of mystery and magic.

But she was not thinking of herself; she was thinking of something more intimate and important. She had been married only a short time, and she did not like her husband. She had too clear and direct a mind to doubt it; she knew it. But, after a moment, when the thought had pounced upon her and almost strangled her, she moved slowly across the hall and opened the library door.

Her father had built the house. By birth a German-Swiss, though long a naturalized American, he had given the room a distinctly foreign aspect. It was not unlike a Swiss chalet in its heavy wood carvings and high wainscotings, and the little bisque Alpine figures that stood in niches; but there were book-shelves and easy chairs that were quite modern and American, while a large reading-lamp hung over the center-table.

Beyond the table, and immediately in front of the open window, sat her husband and another man whom she did not know. They both rose as she entered, and Zedlitz stood in an easy attitude beside his chair as he presented his guest to his wife.

"This is Hannan, my dear," he said in a lowered voice. "Captain Hannan of the imperial navy."

Lucile acknowledged the introduction casually, holding out a careless hand.

"I'm sorry I didn't get back in time for dinner," she said; "but I see you have wine and cigars. I hope the dinner was all right, Franz?"

"Excellent," he assured her, resuming

his seat and his cigar, while Captain Hannan waited for Mrs. Zedlitz. "You'd better sit down and have a glass of wine with us."

"I'm going to have a cup of coffee instead," she replied, giving an order to the maid who had appeared at her summons. "I'm intolerably tired. I waited in New York to hear about that case for you."

Zedlitz, a large, fair man with an expression of candor that did him credit, vouchsafed an explanation to his visitor.

"We had to bring a charge against a housekeeper, and she was in court to-day. What did she get, Lucile?"

Lucile, who had busied herself with the tray that the servant had brought in and set on a low table in the corner, did not reply until she had carefully lit the two tall candles on it.

"Judge Blair sent her to the workhouse, poor thing."

"Poor thing!" mocked Zedlitz. "A very dangerous person, I assure you," he said, turning to his guest. "It was necessary to dispose of her after I caught her over my mail."

Captain Hannan assented absently, his eyes on Lucile.

She poured out a cup of coffee very deliberately and gracefully, showing her white hands and slender wrists.

"You'd better try some coffee with me," she said, turning to Hannan with a cheery smile. "I don't dare to offer you anything so English as tea."

He laughed, taking the cup from her graceful hand, but feeling a vague suspicion that she was laughing at him. Her eyes mocked under their white lids.

"Hannan leaves us to-night," said Zedlitz, turning to his wife, but refusing coffee. "He's going to Mexico."

She looked up quickly.

"How interesting! Isn't the border a little"—she laughed softly—"well, a little difficult just now?"

"I'm not going that way," said Hannan significantly.

"Oh!" said Lucile.

She regarded him, waiting for an explanation, and he reddened. He had a long, rather narrow head and heavy German features. Lucile, fancying that he might be the captain of a submarine, observed him curiously and coolly.

"We think it best not to discuss these matters too openly," said Zedlitz, frowning.

Lucile lifted her brows comically.

"The ears of the enemy are everywhere, as the French say," she admitted; "but ears here are a little thick and unsuspicious," she added, laughing.

"A stupid people!" said Captain Hannan scornfully. "A stupid and besotted people!"

Lucile shot a quick, sidelong look at him, and, setting down her empty cup, reached for a cigarette. He handed her the box with ceremonious military etiquette. She lit the cigarette at the candle, shading it with her hand, and the flare of the flame showed her face, lovely, piquant, and a little malicious—a face that challenged and tantalized.

"A country of infinite possibilities, captain," she said sweetly, "and of unlimited resources!"

He frowned heavily.

"We know that," he retorted bluntly; "but—it's unprepared."

"Yes," assented Zedlitz, "there you have it. Utter unreadiness and very little suspicion, these stupid Yankees! You'd be amazed at the things they've told me, because I'm a naturalized citizen!"

He laughed, leaning back in his chair and pulling at his big cigar, very proud of himself and his achievements. Opposite, framed in candle-light, the slender, fair-haired creature, with her mystic face and her entrancing eyes and lips, watched him, not proud of him, with a little malice in her look.

"Zedlitz thinks the Americans are all stupid," she said to Captain Hannan, "because they trust him. Yet he has to trust me, you know, and I was born here! There isn't any reason in the world why I shouldn't be just as dangerous, in my way, to your people, as he is, in his, to ours."

Captain Hannan looked up, alarmed. To him the vision opposite was distinctly dangerous—dangerous and alluring. Several times in his life he had had a bad experience with women. He didn't trust them. Zedlitz saw it.

"Don't be foolish, Lucile!" he said sharply and authoritatively.

She threw back her head, looking at him through the candle-light with exquisite insolence, her cigarette between her fingers.

"Only fancy," she mocked, "what would happen if I went out upon the highway and told these excessively stupid and trustful people all I know!"

"But, my dear madam!"

Captain Hannan was sitting up stiff and straight in his chair. He wondered at Zedlitz. Had the man forgotten how to discipline a wife?

Lucile laughed. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and, walking to the nearest window, tossed her cigarette out and watched the spark as it fell, gleaming like a glowworm in the darkness. Her hand rested lightly on the sill, her slender figure outlined against the night. She heard her husband's angry apology for her to Hannan, and she turned and looked over her shoulder at them.

"Don't be frightened," she said wickedly, her eyes laughing. "I sha'n't do anything desperate—I'm not German enough, you know. But I wanted you both to feel how far you had gone. You see I've got you in the hollow of my hands!" She was laughing now, coming toward them with her hands held out like a cup, as if she had something hidden between the palms. "Conspirators!" she mocked.

Zedlitz, who had been restraining himself with difficulty, burst out in anger.

"Lucile, this is childish! Captain Hannan doesn't understand you. We have business to discuss. Perhaps, as you say, we've trusted you too much. You'd better leave us alone together."

She stopped in front of him, the color blazing angrily in her face and her eyes sparkling, inscrutable, malicious.

"Captain Hannan will certainly understand you," she retorted in a low voice. "How very German!" She turned and favored the uncomfortable visitor with an elaborate curtsy. "I bid you both good evening, gentlemen!" she said, and laughed.

Zedlitz rose heavily from his chair and held the door open.

"I think you're overtired to-night," he said significantly, his sullen eyes on her as she passed him.

"I am," she replied with sudden gentleness, holding out her hand. "How sweet of you to think of it!"

He was not so much surprised as he was disarmed. He could not quite ignore the conciliatory hand, and Hannan saw with amazement that this flouted husband had so far lost his Teutonic balance as to accept the olive-branch. He even held the hand a moment, for he had fallen under the spell of those eyes.

"She has the wildest, the most uncertain and whimsical ways," he told Hannan,

after the door closed behind her; "but she's all right—I'm the master of my house!"

In the uncertain light of the dim old room Zedlitz luckily missed the look in the other man's eyes. Never would he tolerate such a wife, Hannan thought, with a comforting recollection of the plump little *frau* in Silesia who always agreed with everything he said.

Meanwhile Lucile had gone up-stairs. She had a maid who usually waited upon her with the meekest submissiveness, always willing to efface herself in those not infrequent moments when the whirlwind of Lucile's temper broke its bounds; but to-night her mistress spared her. She sent the girl away with her high boots, with orders to clean them and go to bed.

Then Lucile shut her door, threw on a flowing kimono of delicate blue stuff, and let down her hair. As she did so, she stood for a moment and viewed herself critically in the long mirror, taking in every detail, even her small, naked feet in their low Turkish slippers. Her slender fingers were covered with rings, and the jewels flashed in the candle-light. Around her bare white throat she wore a tiny gold chain like a thread. On the end of it was a small key that she usually hid. It was the key of a box where she kept her own private letters and papers—the things that she was determined should escape even German efficiency.

She lifted it now in her fingers, and looked at it thoughtfully, smiling a little. Then she glanced back at the vision—the small, piquant face, the enchanting eyes, the magnificent mass of fair hair.

A moment later she put out all the lights save one—a small candle on a low desk in the corner. This she shaded carefully from the open window, and, sitting down before it, she began to write, her soft hair falling around her face and hiding it in a cloud which the candle-light touched with gold. She wrote:

DEAR HAROLD:

Why haven't you come to see me? Don't they give you any leave? It is lovely here now by the sea, and we have boats and a tennis-court. I shall be very angry if you altogether forget me. I—

She stopped, suspending her pen to listen. She had heard the side door of the house open and close. She blew out her candle and rose softly to her feet.

From where she stood she could look out of the window and see the far horizon, dark

and clear and starry. Below it, in that vast, dark space, she knew the water lay. The wind was rising, and it blew her hair against her cheek. Her ears were keen, and she heard footsteps and voices—those of her husband and his guest.

She moved softly across the room, and, leaning on the window-sill with both hands, looked down toward the beach. Presently she saw a light twinkle near their boat-house, and heard a scraping sound as a boat was dragged out. She smiled, not pleasantly, scarcely breathing, so strained were her ears.

The light went out, and the darkness down there was impenetrable; but presently she heard, far off, the dip of oars.

## V

It was Saturday, and court was not in session, yet Judge Blair had been away all day. It had been his custom to spend Saturday afternoons at home, and sometimes he gave them up to Nancy.

More than once they had ridden out together. The early summer in the park was at its loveliest; they both loved the winding ways, shadowed and sweet, the glimpses here and there of lovely blossoms, and then, suddenly, a turn in the road and a long vista of the city streets, the confusion of indistinguishable sounds, strange shadows and high lights, a sense of being lookers-on at something tragic and swift and predatory, under its guise of rushing work and gay inconsequence.

There had been no ride this Saturday. Nancy had waited rather anxiously, for she had not forgotten the moment when she had seen her father in an attitude of despair, oblivious of her, of his surroundings, almost of life itself, in his preoccupation. She could not forget it, for she saw a change in him, subtle at first and indescribable, but growing.

It seemed to her as if a shadow had fallen on him, that he was turning grayer, was more and more wrapped up in himself. Even his eyes had changed; they seemed to avoid his daughter's. He sat at his meals looking down, or was absorbed in a book or paper, or stared into space.

Then, again, quite suddenly, she would find him looking at her with the strangest expression, something almost like fear and dislike in his look. It gave her a new sensation. She felt as if she had discovered a stranger, or as if his old familiar self had

slipped away, and some new, strange creature had clothed itself in his flesh and was looking out through his changed eyes.

The strangest thing, Nancy thought, was her mother's blindness to all this, for Mrs. Blair did not seem to see it at all. She was a very busy woman, of course—busy with Red Cross work and a multitude of charities. In the house she knitted constantly—so constantly that sometimes the click of her needles got on Nancy's nerves.

"She's so good and solid and unnervy," the girl thought, looking at the large and placid outlines. "She never has a headache or leaves things all messed up and unfinished! I wonder why it is I'm so unlike her! Perhaps it's that—perhaps papa has just discovered it, and that's why he looks at me in such an unnatural way. But, then," she reflected, "I never could have been like her. I'm too small and big-eyed and—and jumpy-up!"

Then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and could not be quite blind to the light grace of her figure and the charm of her young, lovely head. It reassured her. She couldn't be the matter! It must be something in his own mind that troubled her father, or something outside of it altogether.

She had waited about for him all the afternoon, hoping that he might take her riding; but he had not come by five o'clock, and she went out for a little while alone.

There was a great deal of subdued bustle in the city, a kind of inflated excitement. America—in the war at last—was proud of herself, but not quite steady on her feet. Flags were flying everywhere, long ribbons of bunting floating across the fronts of buildings, and the court of honor on Fifth Avenue was still gorgeous with the colors and the arms of France. She could hear, a long way off, the sound of bugles, and she glimpsed a body of khaki-clad troops drilling in the park.

A little thrill of excitement ran through her, and she held her head high. It was her country, and she loved it! If she were only a man, she thought, she would be fighting for it, too.

That made her think of Harold's telegram, and she blushed. He was coming, perhaps he was already here! A boy was peddling violets on the street-corner, and she stopped and bought a bunch, fastening them at her belt. As she did so, she saw her father ahead of her, going home, and

she ran after him. She was rosy and eager and fresh, with the fragrance of violets about her, when she caught up with him and thrust her hand through his arm.

"Why, I've chased you nearly a block, papa," she panted. "I'm sure that policeman there thought I'd stolen my flowers!"

She almost felt that he was not glad to see her. His expression was haggard and a little grim.

"Where were you?" he asked absently. "I didn't see you. Where have you been to-day—riding?"

She laughed.

"I couldn't in these togs, could I? Why, papa, you haven't even looked at me!"

He did then, and she had never seen his eyes so clouded and troubled; but he had pulled himself together and was walking briskly now.

"I'm sorry it's too late for us to go," he said perfunctorily. "I meant to come home early, it's such fine weather; but I got caught at the club and stayed there. There's nothing for it now, I suppose, but to go in to dinner."

The judge's tone was unnatural, and Nancy felt it.

"It's just as if he dripped cold water on me, and it was dropping down my back. It makes me terribly chilly!" she thought.

"We might make dinner late, mightn't we?" she said. "It's such a perfect afternoon! Do you notice that sunshine on the slope, and the shadow under that bridge—our bridge, you know? Let's go anyway, papa!"

He shook his head, piloting her across the street.

"It won't do. You see, Harold is here, and he's coming up to dinner."

"Really?" She was pleased. "How do you know? Have you seen him?"

He smiled faintly.

"No, but his aunt telephoned me. He's with her down at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club."

"Oh, I see! Mama's happy, then—she does love Harold!"

They had reached their own door now, and as she spoke of her mother he turned again and looked at her. He was very pale, and there was something in his eyes that seemed to elude her, to retreat suddenly when she met them. He made no answer to her last remark, but fumbled in his pocket, brought out his key, and opened the front door.



Nancy followed him into the hall and stood watching him. She was keenly aware of his pallor, of the drawn look about his mouth.

"Papa," she cried suddenly, "you look ill! What is it? What's the matter?"

He straightened himself up as if he had been shot, and flung his shoulders back.

"I've never been better in my life, child," he assured her. "I may look a little tired. I—I've had a trying case in court."

She looked at him keenly.

"I've seen you before with trying cases in court, papa!" was all she said.

He laughed; she could not see the tremendous effort he was making to keep himself in hand.

"Don't worry your head about me, my dear," he replied. "It's later than it looks—the days are so long. You'd better run up-stairs and dress for dinner."

She did not remember that he had ever sent her up-stairs to make her toilet before; but she saw that he would never admit that he felt ill. She recalled Mrs. Blair's assurance that he wasn't, because he really wasn't cross yet.

Nancy felt hurt. She turned toward the stairs, and then her eye caught an envelope on the hall table. It was a letter addressed to Judge Blair. She picked it up.

"Here's something for you, papa."

He had started toward the library, but at her words he turned, took the envelope, and opened it, while Nancy stood there, one foot on the stairs, looking back at him. It seemed quite a longish letter, and he put on his glasses and moved toward the light, which shone through the glass panes of the front door, to read it.

His profile was turned toward his daughter, but she saw again that stricken look that had first aroused her in the library. There was something in this letter that cut deep. Indeed, his face changed so violently that he knew it. He read hastily, crushed the letter in his hand, and thrust it into his pocket. Then he looked over his eye-glasses at his daughter, with something stern, judicial, almost forbidding in his face.

"I thought you'd gone up-stairs," he said sharply.

Nancy started, her hand tightening on the banisters. It was exactly as if he thought she had been spying on him! It made her quiver all over in a kind of panic.

"Papa!" she cried in a hurt voice.

He understood then.

"Oh, go up-stairs and dress!" he exclaimed impatiently, starting for his library. "I'm not ill. I don't have to be observed like a hurt sparrow!"

She tried to laugh, but she could not. She ran up-stairs instead, in a strange tumult of feeling. She knew that something was wrong, and that he would not tell it. She tried to put it aside and think of Harold's coming, and of how glad she was; but, curiously enough, the only thing she thought of, while she was dressing hastily, was David Locke's tall, awkward figure standing in front of her on Fifth Avenue, his face reddening at her challenge.

She hurried, her fingers shaking a little, and put on a dainty evening dress, a soft, clinging thing of pale blue with a touch here and there of deep-olive velvet on the shoulder-knots and sash. She even clasped a jewel in her fair, soft hair, and tried to look her best—her very best—for Harold. She was proud of him. He had answered the first call, and now—she wondered how he would look in his new uniform!

He looked very handsome. A young fellow, tall and rather slender, with a girlish complexion and fine, dark eyes. He had, too, the new military bearing, and he did show off his shoulder-straps!

He came in like a fresh breeze and wafted all the trouble and dullness out of the house. He was so gay, so glad to be with them, so eager with all he had to tell them, that Nancy let her anxieties go. She forgot about her father's preoccupation and gave herself up to being very happy and very charming.

The judge, too, was quite like himself, and he and Harold had much to say. Harold was going—going very soon, he hoped—to France. Mrs. Blair was anxious about that, but the judge took it up and spoke of the war in all its bearings so clearly and concisely that he brought it before them. They seemed to feel anew the awful need of it, the great, high sacrifice that must be made to win the world a lasting peace.

"France," he said in his deep voice, "how magnificently she has stood! If I were young like you, Harold, I'd be there now. I envy you, my boy!"

He spoke with such passion that they all turned and looked at him. They had finished dinner and were sitting together in the library. The judge sat in his big chair, his hand stretched out across the table, playing with an unlit cigar.

"We shall go as soon as we can, judge," said Harold, reddening a little. "I've been looking for orders any day. That's the one thing we want—to get to the front."

"I hope you won't go quite yet," said Mrs. Blair anxiously. "I haven't finished your sweater or your helmet. There's been a perfect rush to get off some things for the Red Cross. I wish you'd sit still now and let me fit on that helmet. I'm almost afraid it's too small around the neck."

The judge groaned.

"Susan," he said, "let the boy alone! Can't you see they want to talk and have a good time? And you're knitting them all up. By Jove, when the doctors begin on our poor fellows, it 'll take 'em weeks to pick the worsted out of them!"

"Oh, Sedgwick!" His wife looked pained and shocked. "How can you?"

He twisted his face into an odd smile, his eyes hard.

"I envy you, Harold!" he repeated.

Harold stared a little at the vehemence of the judge's tone, but he was standing by the mantel, looking the picture of a soldier, and he felt it—he felt that they all might envy him.

Nancy, looking from one to the other, rose suddenly and went into the drawing-room. In a moment they heard music. She had opened the piano and was playing softly one of the new airs. It had a minor key, tender and sweet, and the judge sat listening to it, ignoring the other two.

While Mrs. Blair picked up a stitch, however, Harold slipped out of the room. Standing in the hall, he could see Nancy at the piano. There was a light above it, which cast a soft radiance on her fair head, showed her drooping profile, her lovely shoulders under the thin blue drapery, and her white wrists, as she played. Intent on the keys, she did not hear him come into the hall. She never turned her head, and he could watch her unobserved.

Behind her the old room was rather dim, save for the dull gold frames of the paintings and the glow of the andirons. She had put her bunch of violets in a slender glass on the table by the door—the table where the old candelabrum stood. Long afterward Harold recalled their fragrance, at a moment when the thought of them might have saved him from folly.

She played on, her fingers lingering on the keys. After a moment or two he came in quietly and stood there beside her.

Without turning her head, she seemed to be aware of him; but she did not look up.

When she finished the piece, her hands fell softly into her lap. They were practically alone. They could hear the murmur of voices in the library, but the words were blurred. Mrs. Blair was talking incessantly to the judge.

"Nancy," said Harold in a low voice, "why didn't you answer my telegram?"

She smiled, running her fingers lightly and noiselessly over the ivory keys.

"Was there any answer, Harold? I couldn't, I was so pleased and—proud!"

As she spoke she looked up at him, smiling. In the soft light she was really lovely. He gazed down at her fair and delicate face, the mystery of her eyes, and her parted lips, shadowed and sweet. He leaned toward her, his own face flushed like hers and his eyes shining. The light played on him, too, showing the gold bars on his khaki-clad shoulders and the glittering device on his collar. He looked immaculately the soldier.

"Nancy," he said, "do you remember when we used to play at being soldiers on the beach at home? I can see you now with a stick for a sword, trying to march with us."

She laughed.

"Yes, I remember, and the band! We killed so many Indians in those days."

"It was David Locke who killed the chief." He laughed at the thought. "David was so enormous. Don't you remember the battle?"

She did. She remembered David very well, too, but she did not say that.

"I wish we had only sham fighting now," she said softly. "It will be fearful to think of when—when you're there!"

She had not meant to say that, to put such emotion into it, but something—the still room and the sight of him in his uniform, the new, strange look of the soldier in him, and the thought of that far, dim line in France, of the high sacrifice, brought tears to her eyes. She turned her head quickly and looked away.

"Nancy!" he whispered softly.

She did not reply, and he put his hand over hers on the keys. Between them they made a soft little discord, and she laughed nervously.

"I'm thinking of joining the Red Cross," she said, steadying her voice. "You know I can drive a motor, and I might do something. When—" She stopped, and then

finished, looking at him bravely: "When I see you all doing so much, ready to give so much, even your lives, I must do something, too! I can't be a slacker."

They were very young, and it seemed quite wonderful and moving! He looked flushed and boyish; he was aware that she had let him hold her hand.

"Then you'd be there, too! But no"—his face sobered—"it might be dangerous. I couldn't be happy if you were in danger. I'd rather—Nancy, I may go to France any day!"

He broke off suddenly, his eyes on her. She paled a little, but steadied herself.

"It's right; we—we can't say anything, Harold!"

She held out her hands involuntarily, and he caught them in his.

Again they were deeply and inexplicably moved. The thrill of the hour, the thought of parting, of the great and terrible things before their young souls, swept them together, and they forgot the rest of the world.

"Nancy darling," he breathed softly, "I love you!"

## VI

It was not until the following afternoon that Judge Blair found himself alone in the house. It was Sunday, and Mrs. Blair had gone to afternoon service, probably because she wanted Harold and Nancy to feel that they might have the day to themselves. Harold must return to camp in the morning, and it was only fair, she thought, that they should have all the happiness they could. She had suggested an afternoon on horseback.

She had tried to make the judge seem as glad as she was at the engagement. Rather strangely, she thought, he did not. He had even looked a little shocked and grave when the two young people came in, hand in hand, to ask his blessing. He had rallied, of course, and been kind, but he had said something about it being hardly the time to think of marrying or giving in marriage. In fact, he had been so strange that she had hurried the young pair off, and said some appropriate and seasonable things to him.

"You shouldn't spoil their happiness," she argued, "just because we all feel so solemnly about this awful war. It's not right—they're so young and so much in love."

"Are they?" asked the judge dryly.

"Of course they are! I"—she smiled—"I've always wanted it, Sedgwick. I love Nancy."

He made no audible reply, but leaned back—he was at his writing-table—and moved his hands slowly along the arms of his chair. He was thinking deeply—too deeply to notice that his wife was irritated by his silence. He was only aware of a feeling of relief when she finally bustled out.

He knew that Harold and Nancy had already gone. He had seen his daughter's trim figure in her riding-coat, knee-breeches, and neat leather leggings, looking so boyish and yet so charming, as she crossed the avenue beside Harold, in his very new khaki with his newer shoulder-straps. The judge had smiled a little grimly, wondering what his mother would have said to her granddaughter riding cross-saddle. Then another thought, deeper and more poignant, made him wince.

He had turned sharply from the window and thrown himself into his chair, only to hear his wife's panegyric on love and happiness. He was glad when he heard the door close behind her, and then the rumble and jar of the limousine as it started, carrying her off to church.

She was a thoroughly good woman, and he respected her goodness. Indeed, he had married her for it; but there were moments when she wore on his nerves. She was a very neutral person, slow and obstinate and honest. She was so honest that she never attempted to conceal their occasional incompatibility, even when a little glossing over might have saved the situation. She stood on her honesty, her undeniable and great virtues, and seemed to say:

"This is what you wanted; you got it, now don't ask for anything else!"

He hadn't. He had been glad enough of the security of his own hearthstone, of his wife's estimable position; but sometimes he smiled grimly and a little bitterly. He wondered if Abraham hadn't been rather bored with Sarah. The patriarch apparently had, considering his record, but Sarah had been victorious.

The judge was sure that Susan would be victorious in any given crisis that he could think of. She would win out on her own secure and buttressed consciousness of an almost superhuman goodness. He knew well enough that she thought in her secret

heart that he ought to be only too thankful—after all that had gone before—that he had got her! And he was, for it had meant a great deal to Nancy. He wasn't quite so sure that it had meant a great deal to him; but, on the whole, he had held for a long time that he didn't matter.

It was an unspeakable relief to be left alone that Sunday afternoon. For days he had been under a severe strain and had tried to hide it. Nancy had let him know that he hadn't hidden it; but he had made the effort, and the effort had cost as much as success.

He looked about the room now, aware of familiar objects, even of his wife's knitting-bag—a khaki-colored thing with a big red cross on it—and of the long rows of books on the shelves. It was rather a dim room in the daytime, for his house was in the center of the long block, and the window of his library was in the well between the houses. Now a small green-shaded lamp burned over his desk, and there was a ring of radiance in the place, lapped up by the shadows at the edges.

Above a bookcase, the one opposite, was a large pen-and-ink sketch of the cathedral of Rheims. It had been made by some young student of the Beaux Arts, now fighting for France, and the judge had bought it at a sale to aid the French wounded. Nancy had insisted on a frame, a suitable and simple setting for it, and she had hung it there.

As he looked at it now, he remembered the storm of her indignation against the destroyers of such beauty. That was before America went in, and Nancy had been blazing with girlish wrath. He remembered her, too, as she had turned from the picture, flushed and eager, standing there like a young avenging angel, and then the sweetness of her voice declaiming Rostand's sonnet in her beautiful French.

He had been moved by all these things himself. He had been, he still was, prominent in all movements for national defense, and he had felt a wistful longing when he saw other men proud of their sons who were going to the front. He had no son, and he felt it to be almost a disgrace. Then, in saner moments, he realized that there was, deep down in him, a kind of thankfulness that nothing so cruel and so horrible as war could rob him of Nancy.

This brought him back with a shock to the horror that he felt for those other

fathers and mothers in France and Belgium and Serbia, who would so much rather have seen their daughters dead than to have seen them the victims of a savage and ferocious enemy. He had felt all these things, felt the terrific sweep of the catastrophe that was carrying the world before it; but now, quite suddenly, it had all grown dim and distant, because his own smaller world had collapsed.

His personal affairs, his private miseries, were, after all, as personal as ever. He could not fuse them into the great war and lose sight of them. He was too old to go away and seek immunity from them by immolating himself upon the battle-field. He could only sink into his library chair like an old man, recall the different and delicate moves of the game, and try to push his pawns into a secure position. He had been playing chess with life for so many years that he ought to be able to do it again, though it was irksome, it was intolerably irksome.

He rose from his seat and began to pace the floor, deep in thought. He was looking back a long way into his life. He had always been an ambitious man, and he had attained only a measurable success. He had been a good lawyer, but not an eminent one; he was a respected judge, but not a great one. He had been honest, he stood well in public esteem; he had a great deal to lose, if he hadn't a great deal to gain at his time of life.

He had felt secure and confident of himself that morning—a few days before—when he went down to the old court-house. It was a routine day; he had no great case on hand, no great anxieties to bear. He remembered the court-room, the green-shaded lamp on the clerk's desk, the dull faces in the jury-box, the man who always sat with his mouth open, and the prosecuting attorney—he had never liked that man! There had been a yellowish light from the windows, a suggestion that somewhere outside and very far above them there might be sunlight. The room was incredibly dingy, and there was an echo every time a footstep crossed the marble floor of the corridor beyond those swinging doors.

Then he recalled the prisoner in the dock. He had looked at her carelessly, noting only the pose of her figure and her heavy veil. He could still recall the instant when she lifted it and they were face to face.



The thought was intolerable. By some trick of fate he could not think of her as she was then; he could only recall her as she had looked at Nancy's age. Then came a long interval—and this horror. It was incredible!

He paced to and fro in the narrow room, stopping now and then to look at the clock. He expected a caller. If the visitor didn't come while they were all out, it would make it harder to manage; but time was passing and he did not come.

Blair was growing nervous. He had tried to smoke, but he could not, and now he tossed his cigar into the empty fireplace. Once or twice he went into the drawing-room and looked out of the bay window. From it he could catch a long glimpse of sunshiny avenue and the green background of the park.

Still no sign! He went back, flung himself into his chair, and waited.

At last the bell rang, and he started to his feet. He was standing, a strange look on his face, when the servant opened the library door for Grampian.

They shook hands, and the judge showed unusual anxiety about a suitable chair for his guest.

"Believe I'm late," said Grampian, sitting down and refusing a cigar. "I have a cold," he explained, producing a box of cough-lozenges from his pocket. "Ever try these, Blair? I couldn't live without 'em. They seem to just hit that confounded tickling in your throat."

The judge shook his head.

"You got my note?" he asked with an effort.

"Yes," replied Grampian slowly, disposing of his lozenge. "I wasn't quite sure what you wanted."

Blair began to close and uncloset his hands, as if he were gripping something invisible, but tough, and driving his nails into it. It was a habit of his when he was suffering from great mental perturbation. It affected Grampian unpleasantly. The lawyer was not nervous, and he did not like nerves.

"I want you to undertake a mission for me, if you will," the judge began, not looking at his visitor, but at the table in front of him. "It is something entirely confidential."

At the word, Grampian cocked an interrogative eyebrow.

"Yes?" he said laconically.

The judge edged his chair a little nearer to the table, picked up a curious agate paper-weight with an intaglio of a great French general on it, and began to move it around.

"Do you remember what Mardale said at dinner the other night?" he asked hoarsely.

"What about?"

"About that case in court—the woman, I mean."

Blair spoke with an effort, and a slow streak of red crept up on his sallow cheeks. Grampian woke up; he surmised something, and he remembered quite well now what the doctor had said.

"You mean the woman you sent to the workhouse? Yes, yes, of course! Well, what of it, judge?"

The judge put down the paper-weight and leaned back in his chair.

"I don't know whether you're aware that I've been married twice?"

Grampian was not aware of that, but he remembered now that the Blairs came from California. Divorced, of course, he thought, and smiled inwardly; but he said aloud:

"No, I didn't."

The judge leaned farther back in his chair. He seemed to be trying to disappear into it; but his hands gripped the arms so tightly that the knuckles whitened.

"I have been," he admitted reluctantly. "My first wife was young and handsome, and—well, we didn't get on. After about two years she ran away with another man. I got a divorce—no difficult matter in California, you know. I thought, of course, he would marry her; I was in hopes he would, but he didn't. As it turned out, he didn't want to marry her when he could. You know how these rascals behave! I don't know much more than that. I never heard from her except about one matter, and I never inquired. She had gone out of my life. You"—he lifted his eyes slowly to the other man's face—"you understand how I felt?"

Grampian nodded, selecting another lozenge to allay the tickling in his throat.

"It's gone on in that way," the judge continued. "Once or twice I've heard from her—I mean my first wife. It's been, in a way, like something submerged under a troubled stream coming to the surface at intervals to breathe. It's—it's been bad, always bad! I've dreaded it."

He stopped abruptly, fingering his desk

again, his face set and hard in the strong light from the little lamp.

"Such things are always bad," remarked the lawyer; "but, of course, she's forfeited all claims, and you've no need to let it worry you."

The judge gave him a strange, sidelong look.

"It's come to the surface again," he said in his hardest voice. "It came up in court—Mardale's case, you know."

Grampian started. He saw the light now.

"Not that woman?"

The judge bowed his head.

"Yes, that woman."

"Good Lord!" said Grampian.

Blair drew a long, hard breath, stretching out both hands and laying them clasped on his desk in an attitude of dejection.

"I—I didn't know her at first. I sentenced her to the workhouse. Then—she lifted her veil and looked at me. It was too late!"

There was a pause. Again the judge resorted to his paper-weight, his expression ghastly. He looked as he had looked when Nancy surprised him on the afternoon of that fatal day.

Grampian muttered something about sympathy. "Hard luck, judge," and so on; but it seemed as if there was nothing to say. He was, in fact, nearly inarticulate, for, in his amazement, he had swallowed almost a whole lozenge.

"You understand me?" the judge went on thickly. "It was really my wife. I had already sentenced her—I had given her sixty days. It seems incredible how powerless you are in the grip of the law. I was caught in my own sentence. The case had been such a clear one, so much a routine case, that it hadn't lasted an hour. I had never even closely looked at the prisoner. When I did"—he stopped, and then went on with an effort—"I can't tell you, Grampian, how I felt. It—it recalled her as I used to know her—I remembered! It's incredible! She wasn't like that. She had

such a look in her face—the look of a woman who has been through hell!"

Grampian had a paroxysm of coughing. In the circumstances he found it more of a relief than the lozenge had been.

"You can't blame yourself, judge," he spluttered at last, wiping his eyes.

Blair shook his head.

"I should have known. I might have arranged. Zedlitz is reasonable. I don't—I can't believe the charge of larceny. The case might have been dropped from the calendar. As it is—Grampian, I want your help, that's why I sent for you. I've had a letter from her; some one must have mailed it for her. She's very excitable, and she means to deal me a blow. She holds me to blame for this. It's—well, it's like her to do that. She was always headstrong, wild, unreasonable. She vows she'll retaliate. She has an idea that I sent her to the workhouse on purpose; and she's got a weapon, she's threatening me."

"Blackmail?" said Grampian harshly. "Don't let her pull that off, judge! We can stop that."

"She's not that kind. It's not money. Heaven knows, I wish it were! It's something else. She's just found out the truth. I've been deceiving her to—to shield some one else. When she ran away she left a little baby behind her. I let her think it died; but she knows better now, and she thinks she has a right to claim the child. She says in her letter that she's more than paid for all she ever did, and she can't give up everything to me. She forgets her desertion, and that this—this disgrace will be ruinous. Can't she see it; can't she see that others would have to pay, her child most of all? She's a disgraced woman!"

Grampian leaned forward in his chair, looking at him curiously.

"I never knew you had but one child, judge, and that's Miss Nancy."

Judge Blair winced, his face flushing suddenly and deeply.

"I haven't," he replied reluctantly. "She's Nancy's mother."

*(To be continued in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

### THE GREAT MIRACLE

FROM the first cry of birth to death's slow bell  
Life is one long, continuous miracle;  
And the true man is every day reborn,  
Knowing a fresh creation in each morn.

Harry Kemp

# Submarine Photography

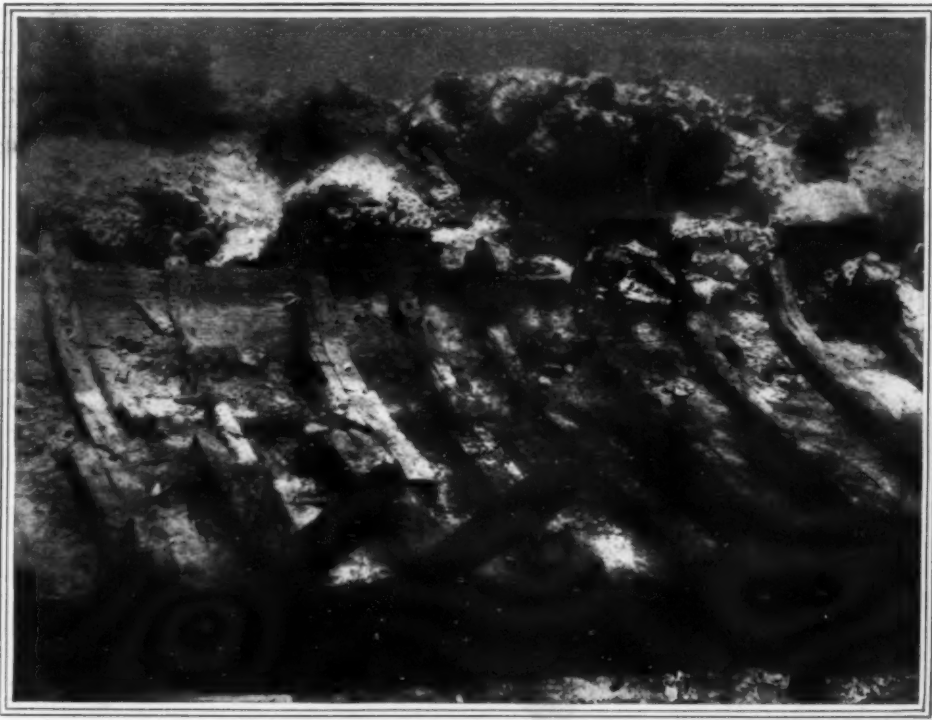
HOW THE CAMERA WAS FIRST OPERATED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA AND A  
NEW THRILL ADDED TO THE WORLD OF MOTION-PICTURES

By Homer Croy

**A** STORM is raging off Cape Horn. The ship leaps and fills and dips and strains until the side seams start. With each burst of fury the water rolls in until the vessel begins to log. Shore is unattainable. The men at the pumps work hard, but the ship grows heavier.

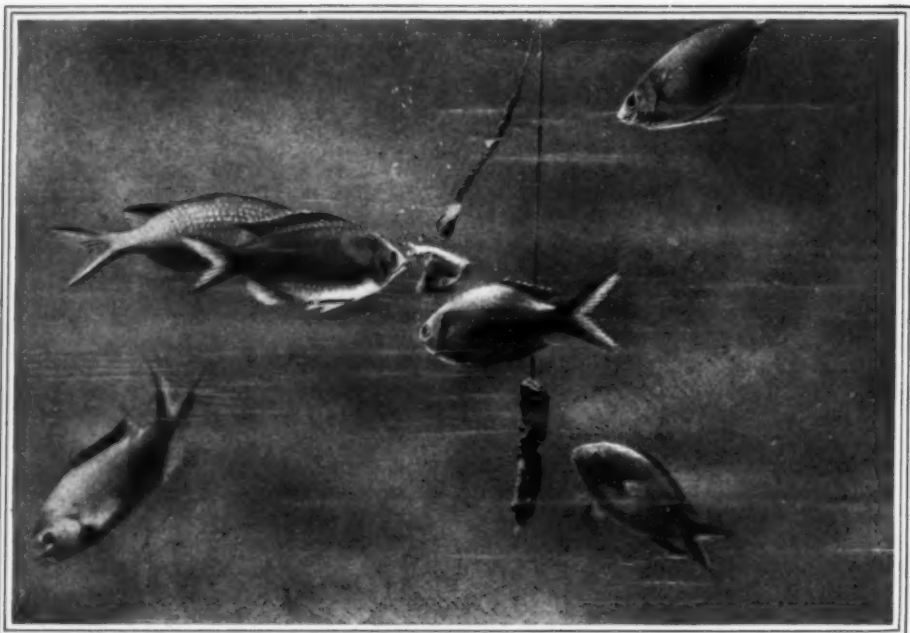
Then a lad, fresh from the ship-building yards of Glasgow, hanging on the taffrail and watching the water wash, has an idea. He takes his idea to the captain, and the order is given.

A sleeve is made out of waterproof canvas, with hoops to keep it open—a sleeve large enough to accommodate a man. Over the pounding side of the vessel it is lowered, and the adventurous youth—Charles Williamson—bids the boys good-by with a wave of his hand. Down the flapping wet sack he goes, to where a glass lookout in the sleeve evidences parted seams. He fits his hands into gloves, and with the engine-waste begins to calk up the openings. The sleeve is drawn close by means of a rope



"THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN WAS NEW STUFF"—AMONG ITS PICTURESQUE PROPERTIES BEING  
FRAGMENTS OF OLD WRECKS

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Submarine Film Corporation, New York*



ONE OF THE FIRST SUBAQUEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING FISH CIRCLING ABOUT LINES DROPPED FROM A BOAT ABOVE

that has been swept under the vessel. Bracing his legs to the side of the ship, he flattens his face against the lookout and drives home the cotton that was to save the ship.

That was a good many years ago. We pass to a certain sultry Saturday in the summer of 1914.

As the afternoon drew toward evening, through the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, there went a young man with a camera over his shoulder, for the *Virginian-Pilot* must have its Sunday pictures. On returning from photographing "Our New Fountain as It Looked Saturday Afternoon," the photographer will lay aside his graflex for his pen, and on the following Sunday the paper may carry "A Life Study of Henry Jones, the Prominent Ship-Chandler," for the young man—Ernest Williamson—carried on dual activities in his association with the daily organ of opinion. In other words, he was both cartoonist and photographer, with a leaning toward dreams.

As he was passing down the street, he stopped a moment to dream about the slanting shadows falling across the chasms, filling the evening with haze, and wrapping the world in glory. Norfolk seemed like Atlantis, with the shadows taking the place

of the glinting waves as they washed over the sunken cities of the lost continent. Immediately the young man's soul yearned to photograph the scene. His imagination, fired by the Greek myths, and by Ignatius Donnelly's description of the continent sent to the bottom by an earthquake, wanted to photograph a city of the sea when he should have been thinking up another picture for "A New Use for Automobile Trucks."

Thus ever do youthful imaginations break their chains, and from such flights new worlds are born, for from this vesper fancy motion-pictures of the bottom of the ocean sprang and had their being. Atlantis has not yet been photographed, but perhaps that will be achieved later.

"Why can't pictures be taken of the bottom of the ocean? Why can't I get down there in my father's submarine tube and take them?" he thought, watching the light work another wonder.

Ernest found his brother George, discussed the idea with him and went to their father, who in his adventurous youth had saved the storm-tossed ship off Cape Horn by calking its seams with engine-waste. The Scottish veteran, now a captain, retired from the sea, and devoting his time to



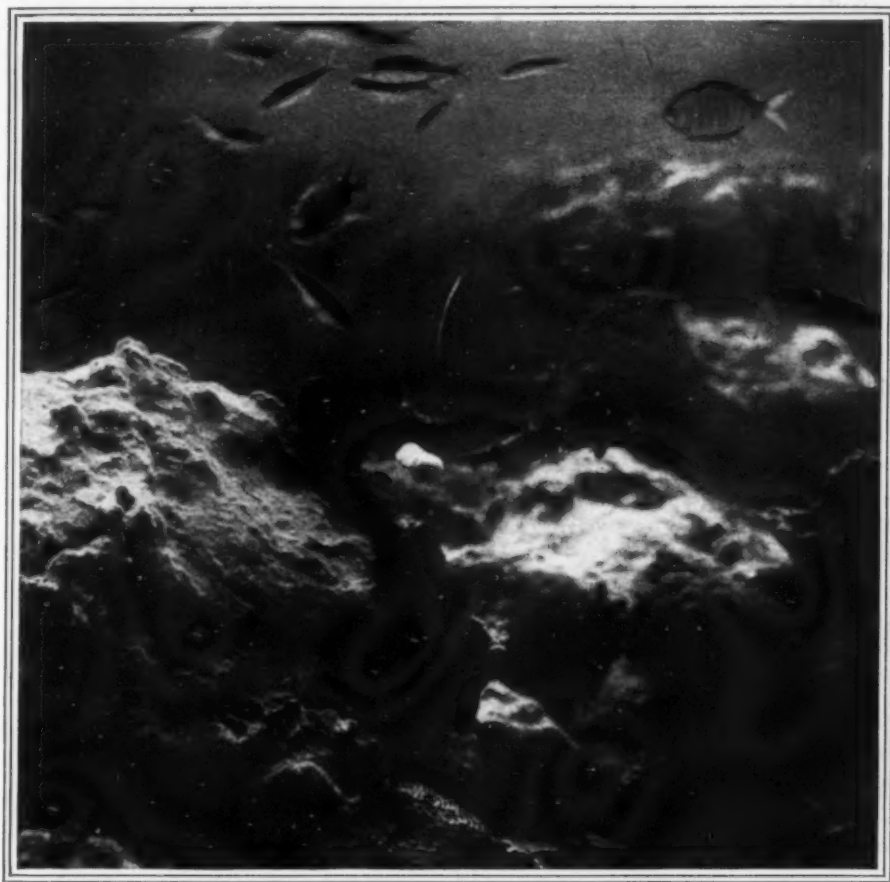
the development of his submersible tube, smiled indulgently. Dreams were all right, but Atlantis was a long way off—especially in hot weather. Of course, he would let his sons have the tube, if they wanted to spend their time that way.

To the captain's barge, the Ada, in Hampton Roads, the boys went, and down

grassy sea-bottom, but his experienced eye told him that the light was not sufficient for a snap-shot. Artificial illumination must be provided.

#### THE FIRST SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH

Up to the surface he went, and in a few days he was back in his position in the



"ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHTS, THE FISH CAME—FISH ROUND AND FAT AND SQUARE AND STRIPED AND TORPID AND TIMID"

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Submarine Film Corporation, New York*

the tube climbed Ernest with his camera. He had been down there before many times, and had seen the fish swimming past. The camera was to record these subaqueous scenes, if possible.

Now he is in the operating-chamber at the base of the tube, thirty-five feet below the surface. The chamber was designed for salvage work, with flexible arms reaching out, and glass ports set in its sides. Ernest could see the fish feeding on the

operating-chamber, with his camera focused on the fish, while George superintended the lowering of an improvised group of electric lights sufficiently powerful to insure photographic exposure.

Attracted by the strange visitant, fish swarmed around the light, never before having experienced such a sensation. Pressing his camera against the glass port, Ernest touched the spring, and the first picture ever made on the ocean's bottom

was recorded, showing the astonished denizens of the depths swimming past the opening with their bulging and unbelieving eyes fixed on the electric globes.

On the following Sunday the newspaper came out with a spread devoted to the efforts of its staff-photographer, who had taken the first pictures in the history of the world at the bottom of the ocean. It was pointed out that further work by the gifted gentleman might be seen each week

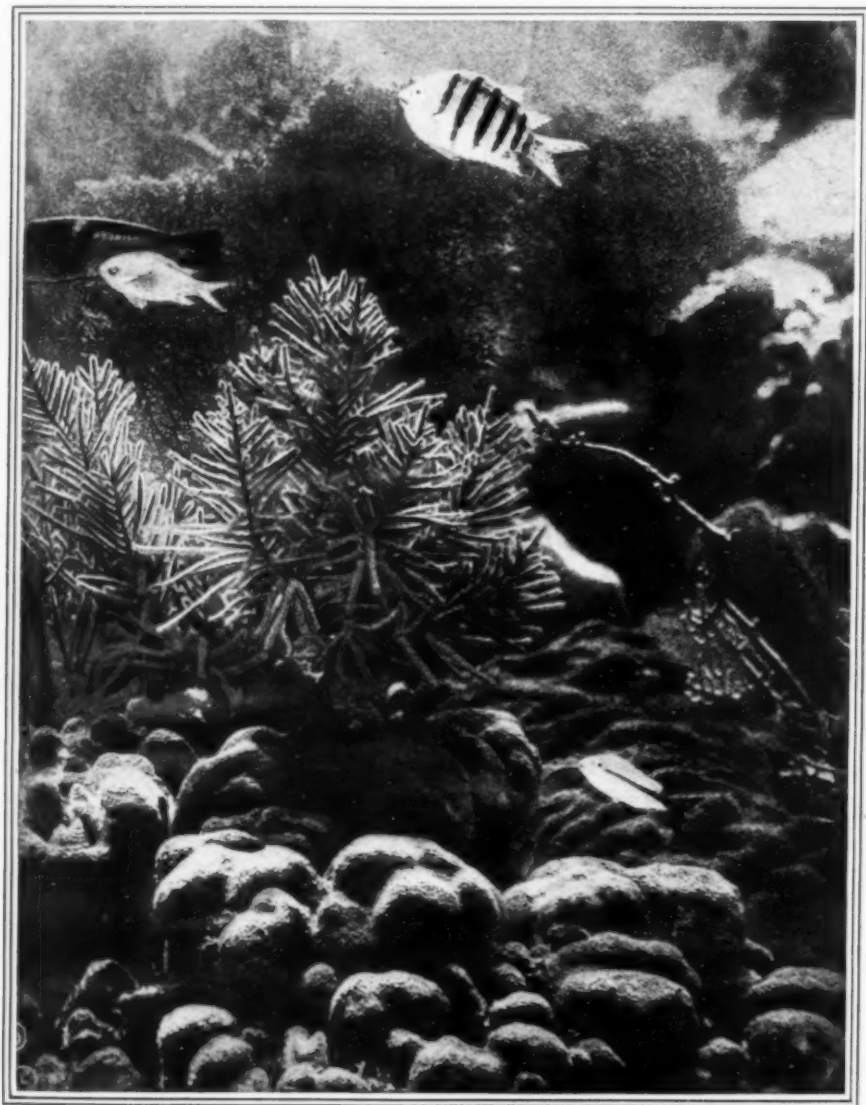
in the pictorial pages, and in closing the public was reminded that this paper stood for first and best in everything.

#### A NEW THRILL FOR THE MOTION-PICTURES

In his own dark room he developed the negative, and in so doing asked himself:

"If snap-shots can be taken under water why not motion-pictures?"

An immediate and affirmative answer suffused him with a glow of exultation;



A PICTURE OF THE OCEAN FLOOR IN THE SUBTROPICAL WATERS OF THE BAHAMAS

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Submarine Film Corporation, New York*

but as the days went by he found that there was many an obstacle between the conception of an idea and its execution. Money had to be raised, and money, as is tolerably well known, does not grow on every bush. In time, however, the financial problem was solved.

The next question was as to the method to be employed in taking the motion-pictures. Only one thing was certain—the young experimenter could not crawl down a tube, have his brother hang a few lights overboard, and call it a day. By such a method he could take a picture a foot or two away, but in an ocean the size of the Atlantic that was too insignificant an area. It would give no scope for dramatic possibilities.

Whereupon Ernest gave himself over for a period to intensive thinking, and after a time he evolved the idea of a remodeled tug, not only equipped with an adequate submersible tube, but also hung with a battery of electric lights. He enlarged the lower end of his father's salvage tube into a chamber commodious enough for five passengers, and from France he imported a glass disk five feet across, ground and smoothed with the palm of the hand in order that the refraction might be perfect. This he set into a projection funnel attached to the chamber.

The tube, far different from the first idea of the canvas sleeve, was now equipped with flexible metal walls which opened and closed in the manner of a Japanese lantern. It weighed tons, and was raised and lowered by means of chain-hoists. With this tube great depths could be reached. On the inside rings of the construction one could climb as down a ladder, with the rings for rungs—the camera following after.

From the front end of the remodeled tug a great battery of Cooper Hewitt lights was arranged for lowering into the sea, and all was readiness. All was readiness, except that the Williamsons did not have a photographer. At that point I joined them.

When we took the Ada out into Hampton Roads and lowered the lights, you could see about as far as you could in a clothes-closet. Too much Virginia soil had come down the Potomac for anything more than a silhouette to show on the film. The boss came down, pressed his nose against the French disk, and went into a long executive session with the man with the money.

Then we moved—moved to the Bahamas—to Nassau harbor.

#### AMONG THE CORALS AND SPONGES

Brilliant and clear was the water, with enough surface illumination to expose ten feet under water without turning on the lights; clear, cool water with fine white sand under it that made pennies stand out like stove-lids. We knew then that we had made our location. Alongside it Hampton Roads water was like trying to look down a vinegar-barrel.

Rigging up our barge, we lowered the tube and turned on the lights. It was like walking into the White House on New Year's Day. Climbing down the tube, I put my face against the glass, and could see a hundred and fifty feet. Ten feet at Hampton Roads would have seemed like track's end.

Bringing up some native boys, George tossed pennies overboard, and the boys went after them with their legs working like scissors. Waiting till the boys got in the angle of the lens, I turned the crank. In our own dark room we developed the test, and the figures were as clear as if they had been taken on a stage. We could hardly sleep. The mysteries of the ocean were before us!

But native divers, sponge-diggers, and clam-hunters were not enough. To be a success the picture must show more than that. It must show more than people in and out of the water. It must show the bottom of the ocean.

Out in a glass-bottomed boat used by the spongers we went, looking for a place that would meet our demands in the way of marine life. We found it, with whips and corals and flags and sponges as big as folding-beds, with fish and polyps and turtles and lizards.

Having moved our outfit to this inviting spot, we lowered the tube, and down it I went to prepare my camera. Attracted by the lights, the fish came—fish round and fat and square and striped and torpid and timid, and one carrying a flag like a man running ahead of a train—till I felt creepy. Looking up, I could see the waves breaking up the sun's rays like prisms, dropping shimmers of silver, while around me the coral whips were bending in the undertow like grass in a wind. Up would come a fish with a mouth like a steel trap, and away would dart the purple and gold ones,

while his unblinking eyes waited for me to make the first offensive.

But marine gardens alone will not make a picture. You soon learn that in the picture business. Even if the public is seeing the wonders of the ocean's depths for the first time, queer fish and strange growths will not line them up on the sidewalk. It takes human interest to form a line.

The north pole will make a good single-reeler, but the man kissing his sweetheart good-by and fighting his way over icebergs, trading fish-hooks for fat, doctoring sick dogs, and pulling penguins out of the snow, will go seven reels without padding. The pole itself isn't worth looking at for more than two minutes. Put the right sort of people in it, and you can book it as a feature.

#### STAGING A SUBMARINE DRAMA

The bottom of the ocean was new stuff, and Broadway would cry for more, but we must shoot it full of human interest—sweethearts, intercepted letters, obstinate fathers, villains in long-tailed coats, and a girl who looked well in close-ups.

Pirate's treasure! That was our first idea. Out in our glass-bottomed sponge-boat again we went, and at last we found the ribs of an old blockade-runner, long under the effacing touch of the currents of the sea. So covered with slime and growths were they that long ago romance had fled. Up we took them and to the shining white sands we carried them, depositing near by the needed treasure-chest. And so the long-lost treasure-trove was discovered where the photographic light was best, while the audience gasped and wondered. But something was still missing—something big and human, something of struggle and accomplishment, of tribulation and triumph.

Then we thought of it. A shark fight in the ocean's depth—a thin steel blade against a long, revolting body—monster against man!

In the tropical waters sharks were plentiful, with native divers willing and ready to strip to their clouts and face them in their element for a day's wage. So we made ready to show the first authentic pictures of unconquerable man's last grim fight with the wolf of the waters. But get-



A FILM DRAMA STAGED ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA, THE ACTORS BEING DIVERS COSTUMED IN A NEW KIND OF TUBELESS DIVING-SUIT



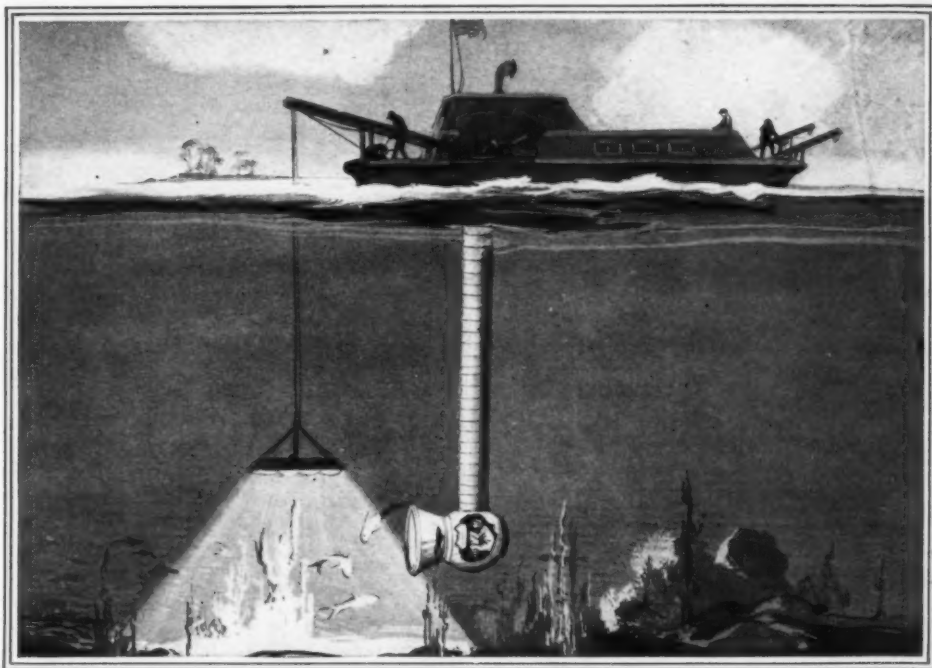


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE METHOD OF MAKING SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHS, WITH THE OPERATOR AND HIS CAMERA IN A CHAMBER AT THE BOTTOM OF A COLLAPSIBLE STEEL TUBE

ting a shark—that was different, especially within camera range.

Sharks are hunted with a dead horse, and out to get a horse I was sent. We had thought that all we need do to secure a horse meeting all comatose requirements was to announce that we were in the market, to bemean the offering, and finally to make an unenthusiastic selection. We found that our inquiries had little result, save to send skyrocketing the price of horses approaching the age-limit. Horses owned by native farmers, and hardly able to advance one leg in front of the other, suddenly became spirited creatures just blossoming into full powers of maturity. Spavins that would keep a horse from stepping in a keg were, according to the enthusiastic stories of their owners, mere skin abrasions that would be gone with the passing of the week.

Three weeks it took to meet the requirements of the local S. P. C. A., the laws of the island, and the regulations of the British government, and to satisfy the territorial veterinarian that the animal would be better off after he had passed into our hands. At last, however, we got our horse. Leading the creature, as best he

could hobble, to a quiet spot, we put him out of his misery. We ripened him the required number of days before we attached a chain and with him in tow started for Watling Island, where Columbus's eyes were first gladdened by the sight of a new and strange land.

#### A WEST INDIAN SHARK-FIGHTER

Out to a spot favored by sand and sunshine we took him, and with Buller, the best shark-fighter in the West Indies, we lowered the animal in front of the photographic bell and made ready for the big thrill of the picture. Buller, stripped to his skin, stood at the rail, smeared in porpoise-oil, the long, thin blade of his knife glistening in his teeth, waiting for the signal, when he would leap overboard and, in the angle of the lens, despatch the terror of the deep. He had to approach his enemy from beneath, for a grayback can strike only belly up, and then he must send his blade home, taking care to keep free from the thrashing of the infuriated tail.

Quickly, the tube! And down the rings I ran, expecting the sharks to be upon us; but there was no rush, no calling down the tube to make ready. Half an hour I stood



"UNCONQUERABLE MAN'S GRIM FIGHT WITH THE WOLF OF THE WATERS"—A NEW THRILL FOR THE MOTION-PICTURES

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Submarine Film Corporation, New York*

tensely at the crank, and then I heard George's voice:

"There's one coming. Get ready!"

I waited; but there was no rush, no furious thrashing of tail and crunch of jaw on unyielding bone.

Again George's voice:

"It's gone away again, but Buller says it will come back."

It did, and with it came its mate, while again I waited at the crank. But there was no quick call, no lashing of the water. Calmly the two swam away, soon to return with two others, these to be joined by four more.

Hour after hour I waited at the crank, while on top Buller, with the thin blade between his teeth, stood poised for his leap. But no move for the bait did the sharks make. With my face to the glass I could see them in the distance—long, gray,

silent forms, heads in, moving their tails against the undertow.

Turning my eyes upward, I could see the horse firm in the grip of the chain, tail floating in the force of the current, carefully anchored out of camera range. But there was no rush; not even with the stealing on of night. With the fading of the camera light we lifted our tube and towed our bait back to the seclusion of a cove, to return on the following day and find that the company of sharks had grown in numbers.

But still no rush—no quick slip into the water and a cut upward into the long, pale belly—with night sending us ashore. On the third morning we returned, with the sharks waiting. Heads in, like gunboats in a harbor, they lay, their small, calculating eyes never leaving the bait.

At eleven o'clock it happened.

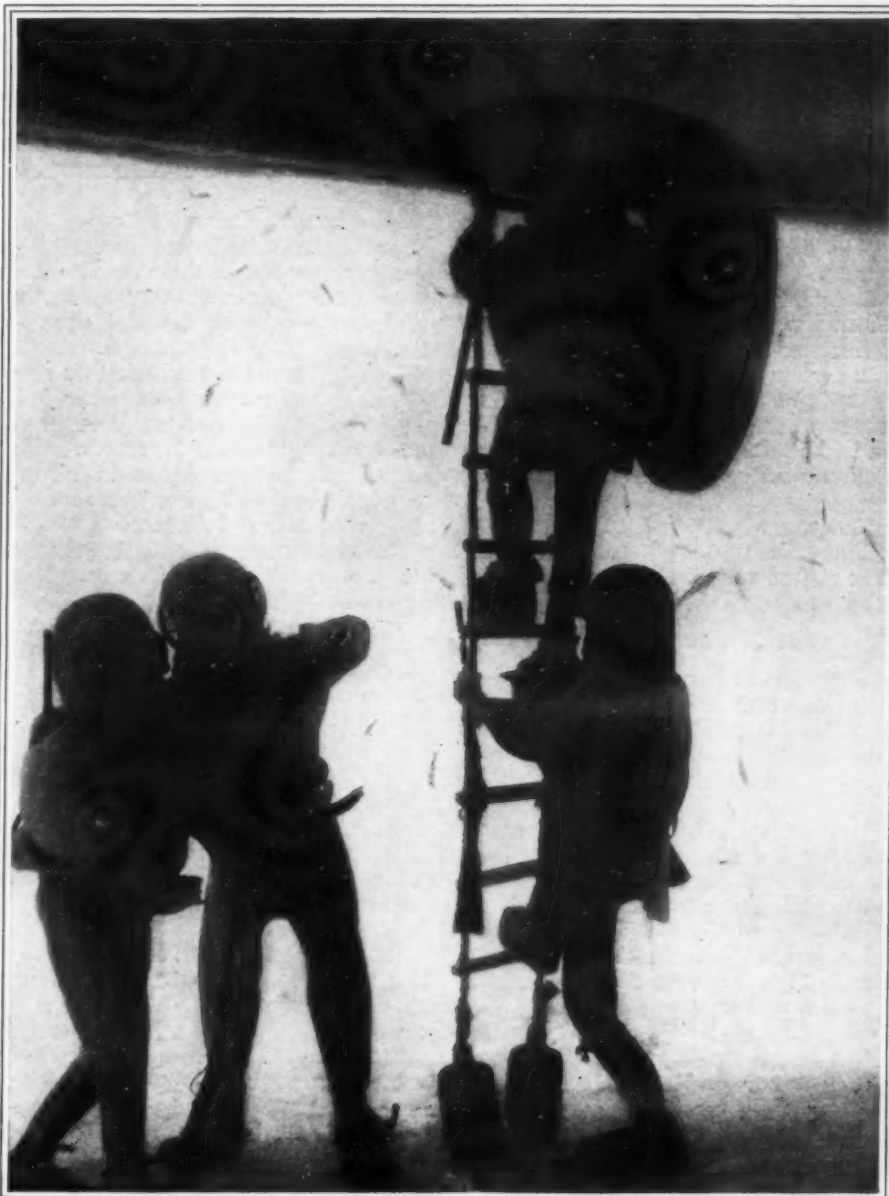
"They're coming, they're coming!" cried George joyously, and an impact shook the boat as the first gray creature attained its goal.

Quick, flashing tails, the white of bellies turned to strike. Overboard went Buller, in a sleek, shining arc, into the thrashing nest, waiting for a gaunt, ravenous figure

to pass the photographic bell. Then his knife flashed out and a red line ran along the shark's pale belly. Furiously the tail lashed out while the creature turned to strike, but the black, shining body had shot upward.

"Did you get it?" cried George.

I had to tell the truth. After all these



DIVERS GOING UP A ROPE LADDER TO THEIR BOAT AFTER ACTING IN A SUBMARINE FILM DRAMA

*Published by courtesy of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company*

weeks of preparation, after all these days of waiting, the picture was out of the angle of the camera. No wider than a wedge of pie, the instrument had not recorded the fight.

The big thrill of the picture was lost. It would not get over with the marine gardens alone. Broadway would not be interested in it.

Up the rope ladder came Buller, wiping the blood from his arms and blowing the water from his mustache, while Ernest stood looking over at the ebbing of his hopes.

"I know the angle. I'm going myself," he said, and began climbing out of his clothes.

Quickly oil was spread over him, and, gripping the knife between his teeth, he slipped into the water and went straight for the flashing mass.

From my photographic chamber I could see him, in strange contrast to Buller's black, maneuvering for position. Then his legs began to work spasmodically, and into range came one of the seven, with a grisly hulk in its mouth. A flash, and it began to lash furiously, with red soon obscuring the water.

"Did you get it?" called George.

"Everything!"

The picture was saved. I knew that, and went up to help swab Ernest off.

#### JULES VERNE'S ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN

So the picture was made and put out as the authentic record of a submarine expedition, with a lecturer in evening clothes to tell all about it. It went, and, having tasted of success, we wanted to make another. Marine gardens had been used up; shark-fighting was no longer new; sponges and corals were old. A drama must come first. Casting about for a strong story with undersea possibilities, we remembered Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and a boat we built in replica of the original Nautilus.

The studio scenes were made in Fort Lee, while the submarine part was left to our party's care and discrimination. The picture would show the members of *Captain Nemo's* party putting on their diving-suits and going down through a trap-door in the hold of the ship. The next flash would show them walking on the floor of the ocean, the audience never suspecting

that several weeks in time and several thousand miles in distance separated the two scenes. They would start down in New Jersey and come up in the West Indies, the explanation being that actors were employed for the studio scenes and our trained divers for the undersea parts.

As our plans were maturing, we heard of a new British diving-suit which allowed freedom of movement. With the idea of giving Broadway something new, an order was rushed through for six of the tubeless diving-suits, our management feeling certain that the habitués of the Great White Way would gasp at being able to see people walking on the bottom of the ocean without let or hindrance.

Speedily the order was filled, but on the arrival of the suits it was discovered that there was no one on this side who understood their operation. Oxygen was supplied by a cylinder the size of a fire-extinguisher carried on the diver's back, and was conveyed to his helmet by a tube. The carbon dioxide was released in bubble form at will of the operator. Lead shoes permitted the divers to remain on the bottom, and, without the limiting air-tubes, they had the approximate freedom of persons in the accepted element.

Cabling revealed the fact that there was but one man in southern waters who understood diving in the new suits. He was rushed to Nassau to demonstrate the suits. This he did—his demonstration requiring the services of two physicians to bring him to. Whereupon Ernest, the minute-man of the expedition, put a suit about him and went down himself, establishing how it should be done.

But with the presentation of the picture we found that Broadway did not respond to the submarine thrills as we had expected it to. Too simple and too easy it looked, seeing people coming and going among the coral-reefs.

On the opening night a young man sitting behind me—one of the type that has an exclusive grasp of the world's knowledge and that does not hesitate to use it to the fascination of female admirers—was voluble in telling the young lady at his side how the picture was taken. It was a fake—all taken in a glass tank, between two compartments filled with water, so that the people in the picture weren't even wet. Even when I turned to tell him that the only fake was one much nearer than Nassau





"PIRATE'S TREASURE! THAT WAS OUR FIRST IDEA"—A NEW MOTION-PICTURE THRILL STAGED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

harbor, he expanded at length, in a carefully calculated carrying tone, as to the gullibility of people in general in this world of fake and pretense. I couldn't help remembering the months and the money spent, and the men who had risked their lives to get pictures of truth and power—now to be done away with to establish a critic's intellectuality.

But from this presentation we learned a lesson. The picture looked too simple.

Broadway wanted to see its accustomed air-lines, with spectacular rising bubbles; and so for the next picture we made we put in connecting tubes and instructed the divers to go strong on bubbles. Broadway didn't want anything new; it merely wanted it more spectacular. Aside we laid the superior suits and put in the bubbly ones to which Broadway was accustomed.

Wrecks and treasures and skeletons and funerals under the sea we gave them, but

still we felt that another thrill was needed. We looked around to see what test of skill and courage we could introduce.

#### THE QUEST FOR ANOTHER THRILL

The public must feel that there is cause for the thrill. The day of the Diving Diabolo of the circus is over. A man may lie down in front of a train and remain steadfast to his purpose until the engine is upon him before he rolls aside, but such a thrill no longer brings acclaim from an audience daily inured to spectacles. There must be some seeming cause for the man to risk his life. If the safety of a child is at stake, the audience is quick to respond; but if the man merely goes out and does it for money, and as a part of his daily routine, then the audience is chary of its approbation.

Thrills in a circus tent or on a studio platform are easy to conceive, but underwater thrills are few and far between, by reason of the limited number of feats that can be performed on the ocean's bottom. A diver could get caught in a wreck, could by mistake cut off his own air-supply, could step into a cavern of the sea; but we wanted more than that. We wanted a thrill which not only came upon him without his seeking, but one which gave him a fighting chance for life. The character should be upon a mission of good intent when beset by some submarine terror. Quick and vivid should be the struggle, with final victory for the hero.

Then we thought of it. One of the men should have a fight with an octopus! That would be new and thrilling. The character should be going to the rescue of another—on some deed with which the audience sympathized—and then out of the depths should come the great octopus, rolling forward his engulfing tentacles.

The thrill answered every requirement, and until midnight we sat on the open hotel veranda talking of it. We went to elated beds with the applause of Broadway ringing in our ears.

The next morning we went to Buller, who knew the ways of all things under the water, and we rejoiced anew when he assured us that he could locate an octopus in an hour's time. The scenario was opened and the scene put in, with a computing of how many feet we should give it, and how "stills" could be arranged for the posters. A wonderful picture it

would make, with the puny strength of the lone diver pitted against the bulk of the dreaded denizen of the deep. Before he should be crushed to death by the huge tentacles of the sea giant, the picture should be stopped, to let the divers outside the camera-lines rush in with spears and axes and despatch the creature.

Buller was instructed to find an octopus and to observe its habits, so that with the coming of the time for the scene there would be no delay; for with a cast and rented properties even a day's delay is an item to be considered.

"I have him, and I tell you he's a mean-looker," enthused Buller, while we one and all rejoiced.

"Is there white sand around those rocks?" the electrician asked.

At Buller's response we looked at one another significantly. The octopus scene would be the feature of the picture! Never before had an octopus been exhibited on Broadway.

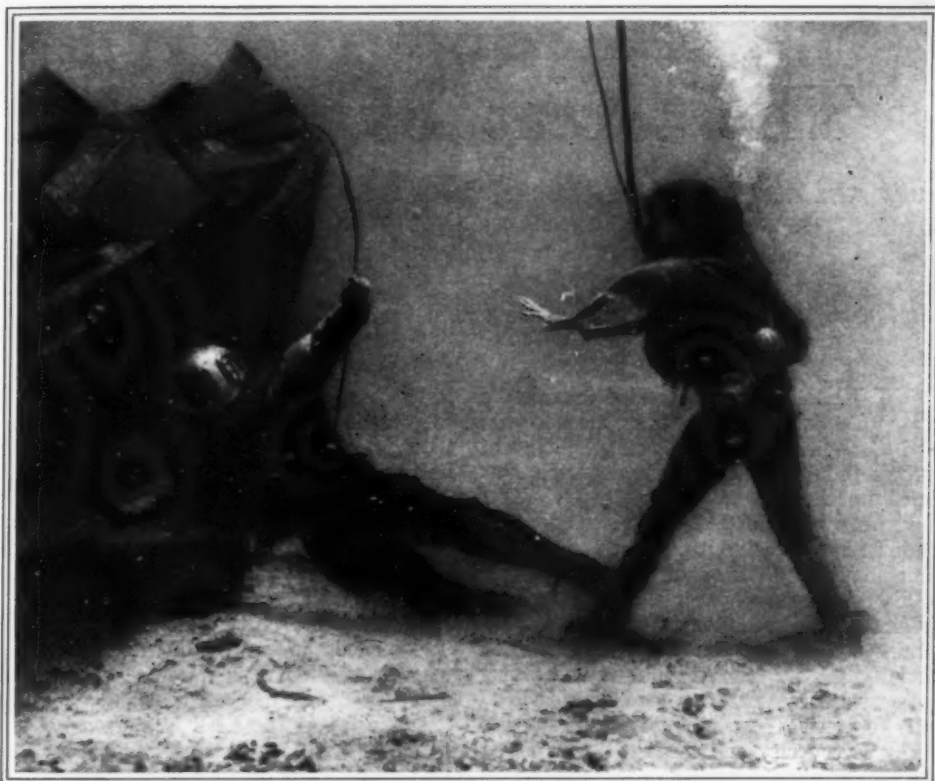
Eagerly we awaited the appointed day. We debated whether or not we would ask the governor of the islands and his wife to be among the honored guests at the first filming of an octopus in his native element in a hand-to-hand struggle with man, the superior. But finally, without the governor, we prepared our camera and sailed out to the rocks where Buller's choice unknowingly awaited its fate.

"Great Heavens, is this it?" exclaimed Ernest, as he peered into a small cavity in the ragged rocks.

Then, as we shaded our eyes with our hands, we knew the cause of the wail. The octopus was scarcely four feet across—a plaything. Instead of being a monster with giant tentacles, as we had been led to believe, it was not much bigger than a sponge in a drug-store window. Ludicrous the struggle would be when the hero could pick up the enemy under his arm and walk off with it!

Back we came, Ernest sitting on the air-box, his head in his hands. Our spirits sank to zero. The big scene was gone. It was a picture of one thrill.

Ernest, however, sat up late that night measuring, hammering, pounding; and a few days later the picture was made, with the giant octopus gathering the diver into its remorseless grip. Back to New York we brought the picture, eagerly, expectantly. In the cutting-room we joined it, weigh-



AN EPISODE FROM "A DEEP-SEA TRAGEDY," A FILM DRAMA WITH SCENES PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

*Published by courtesy of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company*

ing scene against scene, and in the projecting-room we ran it before our little group of midnight workers, jubilant over each scene until we came to the octopus.

There it was, the huge octopus, and out it threw its tentacles, while the diver fought in its uncertain embrace. We looked at each other anxiously. Over in the corner George coughed; but no one

made comment while the scene clicked on to a finish.

Thus the film was given to the theaters, and a big success it made, with head-lines in the newspapers and the public calling for more. We had brought Broadway a thrill. It had criticised our diving-suits because they looked faky, but the octopus—oh, the octopus was the whole show!

#### THE NATURE-WORSHIPER

THESE are the things from which I may not swerve—

The lovely leaven of beauty, and the law  
That shapes the rainbow's evanescent curve  
And moves the soul to something kin to awe.

These are the things for which I still am fain

After the day with its discordant jars—  
The tender touch of twilight's lilac rain,  
And the bright marching of the midnight stars!

*Clinton Scollard*

# The Great Sky Clock

HOW THE GOVERNMENT MAKES SURE THAT ITS STANDARD TIME IS CORRECT—  
THE INFALLIBLE CHRONOMETER WHOSE WORKS ARE THE EARTH  
AND WHOSE DIAL IS THE STARRY SKY

By Addie Inge Bretsen

WHEN America decided to make its watches and clocks help to win the war by saving daylight, most people thought that we had put over a new trick on the sun, and that our timepieces had been compelled, for the first time, to indulge in the pleasant pastime of telling us fibs about the hour of the day.

By no means has this been the case. When the railroads began running through trains across the continent, it was soon found that sun time didn't work. Going west, watches were constantly losing, and coming east they were constantly gaining. Every city one came to had its own particular time, and a transcontinental time-table was a nightmare of conflicting standards.

So it was decided to lay off the country in four great time-belts with Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time respectively governing them. All places in each of the belts were to have the same time. Passing westward out of one belt into another, you set your watch back an hour, and coming eastward you set it forward an hour.

The Eastern time-belt embraces all territory east of Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and Atlanta. The Central belt includes the territory lying between these cities and a line passing through Bismarck, North Dakota; and El Paso, Texas. The Mountain belt lies between these cities and a line running somewhat irregularly north and south through Spokane, Washington; Ogden, Utah; Mohave, California; Phoenix, Arizona; and El Paso, Texas. West of this latter line is the Pacific belt.

Going west through Pittsburgh, the traveler turns his watch back an hour, and he puts it back another hour when he passes through Bismarck, North Dakota. But neither before nor after setting it back does

it tell him the true time. As a matter of fact it was about half an hour ahead of time when he turned it back, and it will be about half an hour too fast after he resets it.

This is true because the standard time of a given belt is not the sun time of the cities on either edge of it, but rather that of a line which approximately cuts the belt in half. A watch carrying standard time is with real time only when it is half-way across each time-belt. On this account no traveler ever sets his watch with the sun, and no city where the time changes is the possessor of sun time. There are only four meridians in the United States where watches and clocks have been permitted to tell the truth since standard time went into effect in 1883. They are the four meridians that mark the centers of the four time-belts.

From this it will be seen that, after all, we have done no new thing, but have only made our clocks and watches tell us a little bigger yarn than they told us before; and the white lies they tell us not only are harmless, but are positive aids in cutting down the coal shortage.

There are, however, two clocks that stick to the truth, and will continue to do so, war or no war. They are the great standard clocks at Washington and Mare Island. They are so delicate that it would ruin their accuracy to "monkey" much with them. In order to give you a picture of the part they play in the nation's affairs, I want to tell you how correct time is established.

## HOW UNCLE SAM GETS CORRECT TIME

You go down-town, pass a jeweler's window, and set your watch by some big clock on the wall; or you walk into the railway-station and compare it with the clock in the ticket-office. But how do they get the right time?



In a word, Uncle Sam does it for them. He has a big clock down in Washington that is much more accurate than the jeweler's clock, as the jeweler's clock is more exact than your watch. But even that wonderful timekeeper must be set every now and then, and every clear day Uncle Sam looks to see whether it is running right or not; for there is another clock, not made with human hands, which is infinitely more accurate than anything man could build.

And, believe me, it is some clock! The earth is the works, a big telescope supplies the hands, and the stars are the figures on the dial.

It is a clock that never needs to be wound. Long ages ago the Creator swung it in the heavens and wound up the mainspring with omnipotent touch; and from then to now it has kept perfect time, never losing and never gaining throughout all the eons it has been running. It weighs so many billions of tons that if you and every other man, woman, and child in the whole world were to start counting them, and you all counted one hundred per minute for twenty-four hours a day, you would have to count for more than seventy thousand years before the last ton could be counted.

Yet so gently does this vast clock run that, although it carries you with it, you are unable to perceive the slightest evidence of its motion. It spins around on its axis, like an orange on a knitting-needle, so fast that you are riding around at the rate of a thousand miles an hour

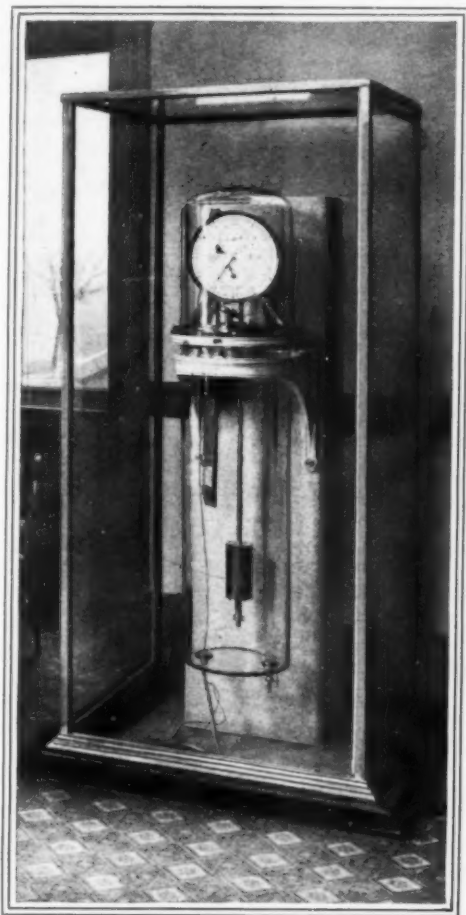
and don't know that you are moving at all. That is like going from New York to Chicago in one hour, instead of the twenty hours that the fastest express train takes to make the run. And yet it moves with so much force that it would take a million Niagaras a million years to equal the power it possesses in a single second.

Nor does it ever gain or lose. Dr. Robert S. Woodward, the eminent scientist who is president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, tells us that in two thousand years every day has been of exactly the same length—or so nearly so that no scientist has ever been able to sense the difference.

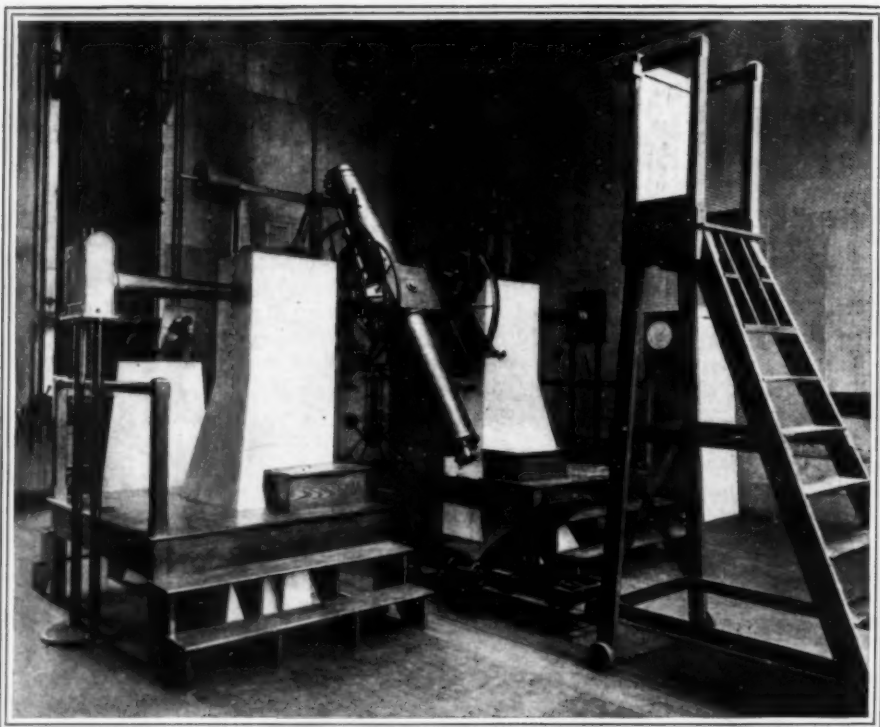
Let us now go out to the Naval Observatory and see the men there read the time by this wonderful clock.

We are met by a thoughtful, dignified gentleman who knows the stars in the heavens as you know the blocks on your street. He takes you out to the transit house, a building occupied by a big instrument that looks like a cross between a telescope and a cannon. It is in reality a big telescope, which is mounted on two great, solid, granite piers embedded deep in the earth so that it will swing upward from the horizon to the top of the heavens on a pivot, just as you might take a gun and aim it at any point from the skyline to the zenith.

In its rotation on its axis the earth makes the stars appear to rise in the east and set in the west. Through long years of observation astronomers know



A DUPLICATE OF THE MASTER CLOCK THAT IS KEPT SEALED UP IN THE CLOCK VAULT OF THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY



THE TRANSIT INSTRUMENT AT THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, FOR READING THE TIME BY THE STARS, IN ORDER TO INSURE THE PERFECT ACCURACY OF THE GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD CLOCK

exactly at what time any given star crosses the meridian of the observatory, or a north and south line drawn through it. They know exactly at what time the star is at any position between the horizon and the zenith.

Therefore the observer selects a certain star and trains his instrument to the point where the star should be at the instant of observation. Just as a man aims a gun, he aims his telescope, except that he has to do it with large wheels instead of from his shoulder. The star he is aiming at is untold millions of miles away, and of course he has to aim very carefully, or he would not hit it. Indeed, he must aim with a care that surpasses the imagination of the ordinary reader.

#### READING THE TIME BY A STAR

When he has the instrument exactly adjusted, he puts his eye to the eyepiece and waits. Presently there comes down across the field of vision the star he is waiting to shoot. When it is cut in two by the tiny spider-web in the eyepiece, he turns a very

delicate screw, which keeps the spider thread cutting the star in two all the time he is making the observation. By turning the screw of the eyepiece he simply makes his telescope point at the same spot in the heavens, while the earth turns on around and would naturally bring a new spot into sight.

This eyepiece is connected with what is called a chronograph, a very delicate clock, which has a pen and paper attachment that writes down the seconds as they pass. Comparing this chronograph record with the tables of star time he has at hand, the observer knows exactly how far from correct the time recorded by the chronograph is.

I said that he had to take very careful aim with his telescope. He must be absolutely sure every time he makes an observation that it is as near to plumb as it possibly can be. In order to determine this he swings the barrel of the instrument into an exactly vertical position. He then has an artificial horizon of quicksilver, which he sets on the floor underneath the barrel. Climbing to the top of the building he looks

down into the eyepiece, and if the shadow of the spider thread which appears in the artificial horizon exactly coincides with the thread itself in the eyepiece, he knows that his instrument is plumb in the one direction. In order to get it exactly right in the other direction he has a tiny brass bolt in a stone pier many rods away, at which he aims with great care.

The telescope has very finely polished bearings, which are placed like the axles of an old-fashioned cannon. Its entire weight cannot rest upon these, because, if it did, even with the finest oil known for axle-grease, the friction would ruin the accuracy with which the instrument could be aimed. So it is mounted in slings, which support the bulk of its thousands of pounds of weight, allowing only enough to rest upon the bearings to give the instrument the proper steadiness.

The aiming is not done by sights, but with a wheel called a meridian circle. This is a circle of silvered steel marked all around with degrees and minutes of circular measure, just as a rule is divided into inches and fractions of inches; but these markings are made with a very special degree of care. The work is done by a machine which must be left in a room entirely by itself while it is operating lest its accuracy should be disturbed.

The steel circle must be ruled so that there cannot be an error of more than a small fraction of a second of circular measure. If you want to know how big a second of circular measure is imagine a penny five miles away and standing on edge, with a line drawn from its top to your eye, and another line from your eye to the bottom of the little coin. The tiny, almost unappreciable, angle between the two lines represents what is meant by a second of circular measure.

Not only must the observer aim his instrument with great care, but in the calculations based on his observation he has to make many allowances for conditions to which we pay no attention whatever in every-day life. For instance, slight variations in temperature affect the accuracy of the observation, and he must know exactly what these variations are and allow for them. Also the changes in air-pressure due to dry or damp atmosphere must be considered and allowed for. Finally, when he has completed his calculations, he knows exactly what time it was when the star that

he was observing crossed the imaginary line which passes from pole to pole through the point on which his instrument stands.

In order to make absolutely sure that his work is correct, he reads the time not merely by one star but by a number of them, sometimes as many as five, which he calls his clock stars. He then averages all the observations so as to equalize any slight differences, and compares the average with the time shown by the chronograph. He also compares it with a big master clock which is kept in a vault, mounted on granite piers, and carefully maintained under uniform temperature and air-pressure.

This latter clock is a wonderful mechanism. It sometimes runs as much as a week without varying the twelve-hundredth part of a second. The temperature of the vault in which it is housed is kept constant by a little stove with an automatic attachment to open and shut the damper. This little attachment is called a thermostat. If you try to tell the temperature of a room you probably will not be able to guess it within ten degrees, almost certainly not within five degrees; but the thermostat can recognize changes as small as the two-hundredth part of a degree. When the air gets too warm in the vault it shuts the damper, and when too cool it opens it up again.

The stove itself is a little electric light bulb about as big as the end of your finger. The thermostat is always on the job turning the light on and off, so that the temperature of the chamber practically never varies at all. The clock in the vault is so carefully kept because there are times when the weather is cloudy, and the observers cannot "shoot" their stars and fix the time by astronomical methods.

In the clock-room of the Naval Observatory there are two other clocks which are kept constantly with the standard timepiece. It is from these that wireless messages go out every hour, setting the clocks of railroads and business places all over the country. All of the clocks east of the Rocky Mountains are set by the observations made at the Washington Naval Observatory; those beyond the Rockies are set by observations similarly made at Mare Island, California.

With our clocks we keep a record of the movement of the earth around its axis and divide the time that it takes to make a complete trip around the axis into hours, min-

utes, and seconds; but with the calendar we keep a record of an entirely different movement of the globe.

#### THE EARTH'S ANNUAL JOURNEY

If you roll a basketball around a race-track you will see that it turns round and round on its axis as it rolls forward around the track. So the earth, while turning on its axis, has a track, so to speak, around which it runs once a year. It was swung by the Creator in the heavens ninety-three million miles away from the sun.

Take a ball, attach it to one end of a string, hold the other end of the string, and swing it around. The ball moves in a circle, always wanting to fly off in a straight line, but always held to the circle by the string. The force of gravity is the string between the earth and the sun; and the earth has to go on, year in and year out, flying around the sun, always wanting to run off in a straight line, but always held to its curve, and therefore kept going in a circle.

It is quite a large circle that it makes. The string of gravity which holds it to the sun is ninety-three million miles long, and therefore the circumference of the circle must measure approximately five hundred and eighty million miles. If every man, woman, and child in the United States walked five miles, the total distance they traveled would not be as great as the distance the earth has to travel every year.

Day after day, year after year, it has to keep going at a pace of more than eighteen miles a second. If it stopped to rest for even the fraction of an instant its stoppage would probably mean the instant end of all life that lives upon its surface.

You are traveling around the sun at a speed that would take you from New York to Chicago in less than a minute. If the earth did not travel around the sun in just this way we should have no summer and no winter. If it did not keep its exact pace all the time our calendar would be an absolute failure.

We stand in awe and reverence as we contemplate the majesty of this wondrous earth-clock. Even the storms that sweep its surface conquer the pride of our spirit and teach us our helplessness. The great earthquake that levels cities and crumples the earth's crust over vast areas fills our hearts with dread. The terrific volcanic explosions that tear off the heads of mountains and bury millions of acres under lava

and ash make those who live through them feel like worms of the dust.

And yet through all, and in spite of all, the old earth moves on, as unhindered as is the mightiest ship that ever sailed the sea by the tiniest diatom that inhabits the water in her path.

But if the mechanism of the great earth-clock appals us by the immensity of its proportions, the silence of its operations, and the vastness of its power, we find, when we seek to grasp the significance of the stars which form the figures on its dial, that our imagination is staggered.

#### THE WONDERS OF THE STARRY SKY

It is abundantly proved by evidence that no trained mind can reject that the sun is more than a million million times as large as the earth—in figures, about 1,300,000,000,000 times. Would you bring that down to terms that you can appreciate? Then put a single grain of wheat in one pile and three bushels in another, and you will have visualized how insignificant is our earth, with all its vastness and power, as compared with the sun around which it flies.

The sun is the nearest star, and because of its proximity it appears larger than the others; but in reality it is small in comparison with some of the stars which constitute the figures on the dial of the earth-clock. Most of these are so far away that with the most profoundly precise instruments yet devised they defy measurement of either their distance or their size.

For instance, there is Canopus, one of our brightest friends in the southern heavens. Dr. Simon Newcomb says it is at least ten thousand times as big as the sun. That means that if you were to represent the earth by a buckshot you would have to make Canopus a great ball thirty-five feet in diameter.

And although you may think of the ninety-three million miles that separate the earth and the sun as quite a journey, it is small indeed as compared with the distance of Sirius, the dog-star. If you could travel as swiftly as light travels, so as to reach the sun in eight and one-half minutes, you would require fifteen years to go from the earth to the dog-star.

Another good friend that we often look at is the north star. As it shines down upon us in such a kindly way we little realize what a vast and wonderful world it is, or how far away. It is so distant that



if you could walk from the earth to the sun in eight and one-half minutes, it would take you forty-five years to reach this guiding star of the nations.

In 1901, studying the constellation Perseus, astronomers saw a new world suddenly come into view. It grew so bright that it outdazzled almost every other star in the heavens. Then it began to lose its radiance, and finally ceased to shine.

What actually happened was this: Away back in the days of Oliver Cromwell there was an explosion which shattered a world of almost unbelievable proportions. Light, the wireless telegraph of space, started to

earth with a message telling of the catastrophe. Year in and year out, century in and century out, that message hurtled on through space at a gait that would carry it around the earth in one-seventh of a second, and yet it did not arrive here until 1901, so far did it have to come.

Think of it—light, traveling as far in a second as an express-train could travel in six months, took two hundred and fifty years to come from Perseus to the earth with its message of the great explosion! And yet some of the figures on the dial of the earth-clock are vastly farther away than that.

## The Game and the Rules

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Author of "Brockett's Brain-Storm," "The Two Men He Killed," etc.

**E**UGENICS—that's a fine name for a Pullman car, but take it from me, kid, it's nothing profitable to sit up nights trying to dope out. Studying this—now—eugenics thing is like playing spiffletoots. You never played spiffletoots, did you? I know you didn't. There ain't no such game. That's why playin' it is like studyin' eugenics: it can't be did!

Eugenics—now—that ain't a science; it's a wish. Some guy that's hopped himself with knowledge till he's worked up a habit that nothin' weaker than a needleful of hitherto unknown facts will ease off, sees a pigeon-toed Swede garbage-gatherer dodging rice on the church steps in the company of a snub-nosed Irish-Italian-American pancake-passer, an' he wishes he knew what they were going to have in their home—but he don't!

He knows that the blood of them old—now—Viking things runs in the veins of the Swede, an' he knows that the little lady graduate from the waffle palace, bein' what she is, is some like Robert Emmet an' Garibaldi an' Theodore Roosevelt. He knows them things, but he don't know why she passed up Tony Sorbello, that owned two bootblack-stands of his own, an' Jimmy Gilhooley, who was doin' well on the force an' in right with the big guy in his district, to sign on with the slue-footed Swede who

thinks like a turtle runs an' believes hauling smells is a real job. He don't know why she done what she did. He don't know whether she an' the Swede are goin' to have the logical successor to Abraham Lincoln or a fight. He don't know, an', havin' the habit he has, he goes home to dope it out.

He starts figurin' that if you mix beans an' corn you get succotash, an' works up from that.

"If so, why not? And if not, why so?" he writes, an' when he's all done it's an article on eugenics an' people study it. But the guy that writes it is all wrong. His writin' of it proves he's wrong. He's tryin' to give a reason for this love thing, an' there ain't no reason.

Do you get a young guy sittin' at his desk an' sayin' to himself:

"I'm gettin' thirty-five per now, so I'm goin' to fall in love. Who'll I pick? I like the movies an' Bessie don't, so she won't do. Helen is strong for music an' I hate any kind of a noise, so I'll cross her off the list. Winnie an' me like the same things, but we've both got brown eyes, so somebody else 'll have to furnish her grounds for divorce. Elsie has blue eyes an' we agree, but she's left-handed, an' if we had a son he might take after her an' grow up to be a southpaw pitcher; so

nix on Elsie! Aha, here's Louise! My eyes are brown an' hers are gray. That's the proper dope. She's tall an' I'm short. Right again! She's a home body an' thrifty. Good! Thirty-five per is no sum to split with a gadabout or a spendthrift. I hate the sight of her, but she seems to fill the bill, so I must be in love with her, an' gosh, how I dread it!"

I say, do you get some young guy pullin' that stuff? Not much! The guy that's due for a love jag, he says to himself somethin' like this:

"It's a lucky thing for me I'm not foolish about some dame. Thirty-five per don't buy me the chance to look the landlord an' the tailor in the face the same month, an' if I had a wife to ante for, I'd have to grow a beard or move. This dope about two playin' one stack o' chips as long as one sounds to me like an ad that the post-office inspectors ought to look into. I'm a bachelor, an' I'm happy, an' I'm goin' to stay both. Mary's a fine little pal, an' my bank-roll will stand the strain of takin' her out once a week for a good little time. That satisfies me. Let six other guys deliver the other six nights. It don't make me jealous because she's nothin' to me but a good little pal, an' it spreads the strain. Fine chance I'd have if I was married to some little wampum waster like her an' had to kick in with the price of seven dinners per week, as well as breakfasts an' luncheons an' shirt-waists an'—an' things like that. I'm a sensible guy, I am!"

That's what he says to himself, an' then he goes up to Mary's an' grabs hold of her like as if she was a straw an' he was a guy that couldn't swim, goin' down for the third time.

"I love you!" he says to her. "I can't bear to have you battin' aroun' with these other guys. I'm gettin' thirty-five per, an' two can live as cheap as one. Marry me quick!"

He says that to her, or something like it. Maybe she marries him an' maybe she don't. Then again maybe they get a divorce an' live happy ever afterward, or they stick it out an' take a chance on gettin' a suitable reward at their golden wedding. I don't know any more about it than the guy that writes this—now—eugenics thing. I make my guess an' he makes his.

You know this love game ain't somethin' like poker or roulette. No! There's rules

to them pastimes. You can figure percentage on 'em an' get some wild idea o' the answer; but there ain't no percentage to this game where you draw a girl instead of a piece of pasteboard. An ace o' hearts is an ace o' hearts, but a blue-eyed wife is a thing o' joy sometimes an' sometimes she ain't. You can't figure no percentage on a game where the cards change spots after the draw, can you? Huh?

You draw a nice little queen to fill a happy home, an' after you've bet your stack to win the flat an' the furniture, you take another peek at your queen, an' she ain't. She was when you picked her off the deck, but she ain't so no more; an' the hand you're bettin' on is all the same as a rosy heart flush with a black bruise o' clubs right in the middle of it.

Am I right? I'm as right as a swim in July! I helped a guy play one of these—now—eugenic systems once, an' I know.

## II

I WAS a chauffeur once. Once is enough. I had a car o' my own while I was cleanin' up on that mail-order game out in Chicago. When the Federal gossips got tellin' the judge naughty stories about me an' the things I done with Uncle Sam's nice post-offices, my lawyer cleared me. Yeh! He cleared me o' the scandal an' my bank-roll an' my business an' my car an' all my faith in humanity.

I had a friend in Boston that was doin' well in the automobile business, so I skipped East an' told him how I was fixed—broke, an' nothin' in sight an' all—an' then I didn't even have him. All he'd give me was advice an' a reference as a chauffeur to a guy up in New Hampshire that had bought a car of him.

So I went up to New Hampshire an' drove a car where this Edgar Burchett wanted to go. It wasn't bad. He was too tired to bawl anybody out. He was the tiredest guy! It makes me yawn to think of him. He was long an' his bones were big, but there wasn't enough meat on 'em to keep 'em decently hid from sight. He'd 'a' made the world's greatest detective. Why, on a dark day, he could disappear at ten paces by just turnin' sideways to you. So thin that you could see through him? Hush, man! He was so thin you needed good eyes to see him to see through. He had to take a deep breath to cast a shadow.

They was only two things that made the trouble o' livin' seem worth while to him. One of 'em was these queer marks that them—now—Egyptian people used to make on rocks an' things, away back when Moses was a young man with a bright future. The other was Miss Emily Thurlby, who lived in a house down the road a piece from where Burchett lived, an' read books. I think he must 'a' liked them old Egyptian tattoo-marks an' Miss Thurlby for the same reason—that bein' that he didn't know anything about 'em.

I never could get the sense of anybody's tryin' to find out what them marks on some old rocks meant; but then I couldn't see no sense in any man's tryin' to find out what Miss Thurlby meant. She was one o' them sad, sickly fluffs that's proud o' bein' weak in the knees an' glad to be sad about what she's proud of. You get me? If she went for a week without bein' tortured by a sick headache, she was miserable because she didn't have no recent example to prove to people how pestered an' full o' pain an' sorrow she really was. She had a nervous breakdown once a year, an' she took most of her fun in life from either havin' it or gettin' rid of it. She was just a graphophone o' trouble, an' she had to have a doctor an' a trained nurse every so often to tend to windin' her up.

She was always layin' in the hammock readin' books written by somebody that had felt as bad, or near as bad, as she did; an' o' course that cheered her up a lot an' made her nice company. She was always readin' one by some Dutchman, a fellow by the name of—now—Shophauser, I think it was—an' tellin' people what he said. It's a cinch he never said nothin' pleasant. I bet he'd 'a' been a nice, breezy bird to go fishin' with!

Anyhow, Burchett was in love with her, an' he was out o' luck 'cause she'd just got started readin' this—now—eugenics thing an' studyin' how people ought to pick their pardners for the weddin'-march same as a chemist picks out which poison goes with which. She'd learned how this love thing wasn't somethin' to get all flustered up with, like an Iowa farmer with his first French bill o' fare in his fist, but a cold-blooded, unpleasant, an' non-intoxicatin' experience like doin' a sum in arithmetic. It was just a case o' findin' out what number you was an' then pickin' out the number that was supposed to go with you

an' addin' yourself to it. Just like that! An' she don't figure that Burchett is the number that goes with her.

In fact, the number she wants to be seen on the blackboard with seems kind o' scarce. There's a guy by the name o' Ben Kent makin' a play for her; an' if Burchett wasn't what she wanted, Kent ought to 'a' been. If Burchett was yes, Kent was no. This Kent, he had lots o' energy an' nice muscles, an' the only marks he cared anything about was the ball scores. He took cold baths for fun, an' run before breakfast when there was nobody after him; but he didn't seem to make as much of a hit with Miss Thurlby as Burchett did.

Burchett, he had a girl friend by the name o' Jennie Anderson, that ought to 'a' been just the dish for that guy Kent. She was one o' these free-gaited ladies with real feet an' hands, who'd rather swim than be taught. But no! Kent was all for this Thurlby kitten, an' he don't know that Miss Anderson's among them present.

This Miss Anderson an' Burchett, they'd made their first hit with each other buildin' mud pies together. They'd got into the habit o' tellin' each other their family secrets before either of 'em found out about Santa Claus.

I was takin' Burchett home from Miss Thurlby's one afternoon in the car along with Miss Anderson, when I get an earful o' this eugenic noise. Bo, if chauffeurs only told all they heard, what a scandal there'd be! People will sit in a car an' mention their right names out loud, thinkin' no more of the chauffeur than they do of the carbureter.

"She says she likes me, but that I don't measure up to her standards," I hear Burchett complain to Miss Anderson. "She says that she, with her super-refinement of nature and extreme delicacy of fiber, must needs mate with a strongly primitive man. She read that in a book! Learning a husband seems a bit queer to me. Anyhow, her present ideal seems to be a refined prize-fighter. Apparently her chief objection to me is that I can't run a mile without puffing. Why should I be able to run?" he asks. "If I was the champion runner of the world, my bull pup could still beat me at any distance. Why waste time learning to do something that any dog can do better?"

"Well," Miss Anderson says, "if she wants a strong, primitive man, with a pair

of frisky heels, why doesn't she take Ben Kent? He fills the bill. Why he should want her I can't imagine, but he very evidently does!"

Her voice didn't sound natural, an' Burchett got the same idea o' the reason why from where he sat as I did from the driver's seat.

"Why, Jennie!" he says. "You're not in love with Kent, are you?"

She started a laugh that swapped itself for a cry on the way up from her heart, an' then she got mad.

"Yes, darn you, I am!" she says. "He doesn't know it, thank Heaven! It wouldn't make any difference if he did. I'm just a great big, healthy lummo of a girl, and he only cares for these limp, swishy women with a taste for sorrow and deep thoughts, like Emily Thurlby. Oh, I wish I was thin, and couldn't eat much, and had consumption and a taste for sad poetry and slow music!"

"Why, Jennie!" Burchett says, some like a judge speakin' o' thirty days. "You mustn't speak so of Emily. You misjudge her," he says. "She is the loveliest, sweetest woman in all the world. I am surprised," he says, "that you should speak slightly of her. You have no cause to be jealous of Emily," he says. "She told me she didn't care for Kent. She says that she admires his great physical vitality and the air of dominance that he derives from it, but that is all. Why, she regards him just as he really is—a magnificently healthy, stupid, vainglorious animal with no more mental charm or real culture than a prize bull."

"How dare you?" Miss Anderson says, as if the wrong man had kissed her. "How dare you speak of him like that? Mr. Kent is a big, brave gentleman!"

"He's big," Burchett owned up, as if he hated to admit even that much; "but no gentleman brags about his strength the way Ben Kent does. He may be brave, but I've never had any proof of it other than his own bald insinuations to that effect. I think he's a big braggart!"

"Stop the car!" Miss Anderson yells; an' when I done so she hopped out. "I won't ride another foot with you," she says to Burchett. "I'll never speak to you again. A booky old caricature of a man like you are is not fit to live in the same world with Ben Kent," she says. "Drive on and leave me!" she says.

Burchett couldn't square himself no more than if he'd been a circle; an' after he found it out I drove on, leavin' Miss Anderson behind, doin' road-work.

### III

AFTER a bit we come up with a mean-lookin' big man on a big farm-wagon, that was blockin' the road. The big jay was restin' his horses, an' when I spoke to him about turnin' out some to leave us pass, he told me all about my family tree, an' what bad fruit hung on it.

I listen to him for a while, an' then I says to Burchett, bein' a chauffeur, as I was then—I says:

"Beg pardon, sir, can I lick him?"

Burchett took a peek at the big farmer, an' then sized me up.

"You don't look as if you could," he says; "but you can try if you care to."

So I jumped out on the road, an' the big farmer met me with a roar o' rage. He was an awful loud noise comin' at me, but it only took me about five minutes to clip him down to a gnat's whisper.

Of course, I hadn't done any fightin' for a good many years, an' I never got anywhere near the championship, even when I was in the ring; but the only reason I didn't was because I never could make myself do what I knew ought to be done in trainin'. I knew enough, an' had enough, to cop the big thing for myself; but I never could behave long enough to get into the real class. At that, you know, it was me put Kid Casey in shape to jar the welter-weight title loose from Denver Wallace.

I didn't need championship class to alter that big, muscle-bound farmer. I made him over in a hurry; an' when he suited me, I made him beg Burchett's pardon an' mine, an' take his wagon out o' the road, an' hold his hat in his hand while we went by.

"Marvelous!" Burchett says. "I wouldn't have believed it possible! Why, that man is twice your size!"

"Nothin' to him but size," I says.

"But he looked strong," he says.

"Oh," I says, "he's strong enough, I suppose. If I'd stood real still an' let him take hold o' me wherever he wanted to grab, he might 'a' broke somethin'. But shucks!" I says. "He never had no trainin'."

An' then I tell him somethin' about the fightin' I'd done, an' the men I'd trained.



"Do you think you could do anything with me?" he asks me.

"Do anything?" I says, not gettin' him.

"Train me into the general resemblance of a human being," he explains.

"I could," I tell him. "You've got the bones of a big, husky man; but you'd never stand the gaff."

"You don't know how much I want to be made over," he says. "How long would it take you, with your training methods, to put me into good physical condition?"

"About a year," I says.

"The year's yours," he says. "For twelve months I'll do whatever you tell me to do, whenever you tell me to do it." He didn't say anything more for a minute, an' then he leans over the seat an' he says: "You've seen Mr. Kent, haven't you?"

"Sure!" I says.

"Tell me," he goes on, "do you think you can fix me up so that I can whale the daylights out of that big blowhard?"

Trainin' a guy to win a wife—that's a new one, ain't it? An' how Burchett did train! We went to Glacier National Park first, an' camped there for what was left o' the summer an' fall, an' then went to southern California for the winter.

The work come awful hard on him at first, but he was game! He near died every day for the first two months. Then he began to come to life a little, an' by the time we hiked for California for the winter he was roundin' into real shape. Durin' the winter there I had him do a lot o' swimmin' an' sailin', an' the way he put on flesh in that sea air was somethin' to make an undertaker learn a new trade! Then, in the spring, I took him into the mountains in British Columbia to put the final touches on him.

He was ready for 'em. What a man he grew up to be all of a sudden! He weighed two hundred an' ten when we went to the mountains that spring, an' it was all healthy, live beef. An' the last three months put the varnish on him. How I did work him toward the last! Fifteen miles every day o' what would 'a' been road work, if they'd been any roads where we was campin'—which they wasn't. Ten stiff rounds with me—an' I carried him along at the fastest pace I could travel, too. A good stiff session with the medicine-ball; some wood-choppin', an' odd chores around camp; an' the rest o' the time filled in trout-fishin'.

He never looked a book in the eye the whole time, an' maybe you think he wasn't happy, strong, an' healthy! If you think he wasn't happy, you think right. He was the most miserable healthy guy I ever had to do with; an' the huskier he got, the worse he felt about it. His idea of a good time was a book he couldn't understand, an' nothin' to do but try. He stuck to the game because he wanted to be able to go back to this Miss Thurlby an' say:

"Look me over. I'm as primitive as a ring-tailed monkey and strong enough to eat sauerkraut for breakfast. Will I do?"

An' he wanted to be able to lick Ben Kent. He was particular about that. Bein' able to lick Ben Kent was his idea of bein' fit to marry Miss Thurlby. Them two ideas seemed to be all mixed up in his mind.

#### IV

THE year was up in July, an' back we went to New Hampshire; him to court, an' me to be a chauffeur again. The first day we was back I got the car out to drive him over to Miss Thurlby's to make his hit; an' while we're buzzin' along the road toward her place, who do we come up with but Miss Anderson! We meet her almost at the same spot where she'd hopped out o' the car a year before. It was just as if she'd been stickin' around in that spot, waitin' for Burchett to come back an' make up with her.

But, bo, she'd sure changed while she was waitin'. Buh-lieve me! She looked all run down an' learned. She'd lost weight somethin' frightful, an' she seemed kind o' sick an' studious. She wore a pair o' those tortoise-shell spectacles; an' when we come up with her, she was walkin' like somebody followin' a hearse or goin' to work or somethin', an' she was readin' out of a book.

"Why, Edgar Burchett!" she says. "Is it you?"

"Yes," he says. "I'm me, but you're not you, are you?"

"Yes, I am," she says, climbin' into the car, an' lookin' him over. "Why, Edgar! What have you done to yourself?"

"I've made myself," he says. "But you! Have you been ill, Jennie?"

They look at each other for a minute, an' then they both laugh.

"We've both of us made ourselves over to suit, haven't we?" she says. "I haven't had a square meal for so long that real food

seems like something wonderful that I must have dreamed of in the dim, dead past. I've read poetry till I think in rime, and I've played at being weak and sensitive for so long that I'm beginning to be."

"And Kent?" Burchett says.

"I wish you better luck than I've had so far," she says. "Things are much the same as when you left."

"It's a shame!" Burchett says. "The idea of your deforming yourself for such a lout!"

"I'm not going to quarrel with you again for calling him names," she says, laughin'. "I'm too glad to see you again. So you don't like the change in me?"

"I do not," he says. "You were such a fine, sane, wholesome, sensible, healthy girl. It's a shame to see you aping the manner of—of—of—being different," he winds up, kind o' lame an' red in the face.

"We don't seem to make much of a hit with each other in our new personalities," she comes back at him. "It makes me want to cry to look at you. You were so fine and gentle and scholarly. Now you look like a well-dressed truck-driver on a holiday."

"I don't like my new self any better than you do," he says. "Is Kent—or—that is—is Miss Thurlby—does she—"

"She appears to like him less than ever," Miss Anderson says. "She's actually rude to him. I must say he has the virtue of persistency."

"The empty-headed cad!" Burchett says.

Miss Anderson only laughs. She don't seem so keen on standin' up for this guy Kent as she had been a year before.

When we got to the Thurlby house, there was Miss Emily an' Kent out on the lawn. When Miss Emily seen Burchett, she let out a yell.

"Edgar Burchett!" she says. "What has happened to you?"

"I've been making a man of myself," he says.

Ber. Kent give a loud laugh. He shouldn't 'a' done it. Burchett had had the matter o' lickin' Kent on his mind for a year, an' when a man studies over a grouch for that long, it's awful easy to get him into action.

"It's funny, isn't it?" Burchett says, an' fetched Kent a crack on the jaw that sent him teeterin' back on his heels. "I thought I'd manage to get you alone some time, but I find that I can't wait!"

He waded into him. Kent certainly surprised me. I didn't think he'd fight very much, but I certainly thought he'd do a little something. He didn't. He took three or four good jolts in the face before he could get his wits together, an' then he just laid down an' yelled for help.

There was quite a lot o' yellin' goin' on. I was yellin' advice to Burchett, an' Burchett was yellin' at Kent, tellin' him somethin' of what he'd been thinkin' of him for a year, an' the two girls was yellin' because girls always do when there's any kind of a muss.

Then, when Kent laid down an' began to holler for help, Miss Thurlby come to life an' give it to him. She run at Burchett an' hammered at him with her little fists all doubled up.

"You brute, you!" she says. "How dare you? You big brute! I always knew you were evil at heart," she says. "Don't you dare touch my Bennie!" she says. "You big brute, you!"

An' then she dropped down alongside o' Kent an' begun kissin' him an' makin' a fuss over him.

"Oh, my poor, dear darling!" she says. "Did the great big man hurt him? Did he? Well there, there now! My dear one! My pretty heart! Oh, speak to me!" she says.

He done so, an' when she found out he wasn't goin' to die on her hands, she up an' ordered us off the place. We went, an' we ain't no more than got out on the road when Burchett an' Jennie Anderson, in the back o' the car, they just kind o' melt into each other's arms an' begin kissin' an' callin' each other nice names an' talkin' about love an' all. I gather from what I hear from the front seat that they'd loved each other all the time, but had just found it out, an' that they're real pleased there ain't been no mistake made.

"But you must be your sane, wholesome, happy self again, my darling," Burchett says.

"Yes," she says. "I want a porter-house steak smothered in onions, quick!" she says. "And you," she says. "You won't keep up this rough athletic life any longer, will you?"

"I'll never run another block as long as I live," he says. "I promise you that, my darling!"

Well? Can you write rules to a game that's played like that, bo? I ask you!



MARION DAVIES, OF THE MOVIES, WHOSE LATEST PICTURE IS "THE BURDEN OF PROOF"

*From a photograph by Campbell, New York*

# THE STAGE

WHAT MAY BE SEEN IN THE NEW THEATRICAL SEASON ON BROADWAY

By Matthew White, Jr.

THERE is reason enough to limit my usual forecast for the theatrical year to New York's main street. The increased scale of railroad fares that went into effect in June will practically wipe the one-night stands from the histrionic map, leaving them to the mercies, tender or otherwise, of the pictures. Printing this bit of prophecy in the September issue, instead of a month earlier, as has been our usual custom, does not guarantee that it is any more infallible because of coming closer to the opening nights. Indeed, managers' plans are so notoriously subject to change that

the New York Times, in mid-June, threatened to keep careful note of all announced productions in order to expose them to the "pitiless light" of comparison with those actually performed.

I am writing at the peak of the dull period following the opening of the Ziegfeld Follies and the early August resumption of activities. Two years ago this latter ceremony was held at the Cort, and last year at the Bijou, in each instance taking the form of farce. This time my Gotham readers may already have had a chance to sit in at the first play of 1918-1919 at the Hudson.



LAURA HAMILTON, WHO IS DAISY MEADE IN THE  
CLEVER MUSICAL PLAY, "THE RAINBOW  
GIRL," MADE OUT OF A COMEDY BY  
JEROME K. JEROME

"Friendly Enemies" was written by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman, and war, not farce, is its classification. Instead of an absence of stars—the usual status of the season's inaugural offering—there will be two. So noted are the two men forming this team that last season, during the Chicago run of the piece, it was arranged that they should alternate each week in the precedence of their respective names in the

advertising matter. Lest I should be accused of invidious distinction in my listing of the two, I will fall back on alphabetical order and tell you that they are Sam Bernard and Louis Mann.

Great was the amazement in dramatic circles when A. H. Woods first proclaimed, in or about last February, that he had prevailed upon these two dialect comedians to appear together, and bets were freely laid that the association would not endure beyond the first few rehearsals. Can you imagine Maude Adams and Mrs. Fiske co-starring? Or Arnold Daly and Henry Miller? Conceive, then, of the gratification of Mr. Woods when Bernard and Mann continued to lie down as the lion and the lamb, and piled up receipts at his theater in the Lake City. No wonder that in New York he picked the Hudson rather than the smaller Eltinge or Republic.

War will likewise be the topic in both these other theaters. The Eltinge is reserved for "My Boy," containing only two people, each of whom, however, will assume two parts. The two players, who will be stars in a very unique sense, are Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull, and the piece, written by Berte Thomas, was done in London last winter under the outspoken title "Out of Hell." The Republic is to be occupied by yet another star, Marjorie Rambeau, in "Where Poppies Bloom," a play adapted from the French by Roi Cooper Megrue—from whom we had nothing last year.

Woods's fourth war piece has to do with the Liberty Loan, and bears the significant title "Come Across." Max Radin wrote it, and Robert McWade will be its chief figure.

Of the Woods non-war offerings, the authors of the phenomenally successful "Business Before Pleasure"—Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman—have prepared for the portrayer of *Potash* a brand-new piece to be ready by 1919. The seriousness of an August allegory, "The Pearl of Great Price," by Robert McLaughlin, author of "The Eternal Magdalene," may be considered, if you will, as an offset to the froth that will doubtless abound in "Dolly of the Follies," a farce by Hilliard Booth. In this latter John Mason is to be sandwiched between Hazel Dawn and Walter Jones. Concerning Mason's relative position in the cast expectation will certainly be agog.

Fannie Brice, out of the real "Follies," will be reserved for another Glass and



Goodman product, a comedy to be called "Why Worry?" And indeed why should the seeker after light entertainment worry when assured that besides Miss Brice the piece will offer such vaudeville head-liners

list—"Roads of Destiny," by Channing Pollock, after an O. Henry story, starring Florence Reed. From all the foregoing one would conclude that this year Mr. Woods is inclined to pin his faith to stars, possi-



KATHERINE MACDONALD, LEADING WOMAN WITH W. S. HART IN HIS NEW PICTURE, "THE VENGEANCE OF JEFFERSON GAWNE"

as the Avon Comedy Four and George Sidney? For many years Sidney was known on the road as *Busy Izzy*, and he breezed into Manhattan favor along with Doug Fairbanks in "The Show Shop."

One more candidate completes the Woods

bly led to take this position by the falling off in the receipts for "Eyes of Youth" during Miss Rambeau's absence from the cast last spring owing to a skating accident.

As a matter of fact, stars sprinkle the announcements thickly this summer, after



BILLIE BURKE, TO STAR IN A NEW COMEDY BY AVERY HOPWOOD, "THE LITTLE CLOWN"

*From her latest photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York*

a period of partial eclipse. Cyril Maude is headed for the Empire in another attempt to land a second "Grumpy." This time he will make his effort with a comedy by Haddon Chambers, played with more or less success in London. It is called "The Saving Grace," and a happy augury is the announcement that he will have Laura Hope Crews for his leading woman.

In titles, at least, Billie Burke's next venture will sound a far cry from her last unlucky one with "The Guardian Angel,"

for the comedy with which Avery Hopwood has sought to fit her is called "The Little Clown." But Miss Burke herself may have had a sentimental reason for naming the piece thus—her father, it may be recalled, having been a clown with a circus. After her charming work last spring with Henry Miller in the Dumas costume piece, "A Marriage of Convenience," there will be general curiosity to see her in what cannot but challenge her versatility to the utmost. Meanwhile the industry of this captivating

artist is amazing, for she is devoting the summer to more work in the pictures.

Speaking of Mr. Miller, his dainty New York theater will be reopened by Ruth Chatterton, who has never known a failure, in a new play by Willard Mack. I trust that personally I may enjoy it more than either "Daddy Long-Legs" or "Come Out of the Kitchen," her two previous vehicles—to which, I freely admit, the general public took amazingly.

Belasco has at last found a play for Frances Starr, who did not rest last season, but was very busy with war work. As I write, she has just gone to her summer home at Lake George for a brief vacation before starting rehearsals in the new play, the name of which Mr. Belasco is not yet prepared to announce. Among the manuscripts that came into the Belasco offices from an absolutely unknown source was "Daddies," by John L. Hobble, a comedy for which Mr. Belasco has secured Jeanne Eagels, last year leading woman with Arliss in "Hamilton."

Miss Eagels is to play the part of a Belgian girl of seventeen, one of the foundlings adopted by an association of bachelors who thus attempt to protect themselves from the designs of women. Bruce McRae, just



LAURA HOPE CREWS, LEADING WOMAN WITH CYRIL MAUDE IN HIS NEW PLAY, "THE SAVING GRACE"

*From her latest photograph by Sareny, New York*



FRANCES STARR, FOR WHOM MR. BELASCO HAS PROCURED A NEW PLAY OF AN UNUSUAL SORT,  
TITLE OF WHICH WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER

*From her latest photograph*



from "Come Out of the Kitchen," will bring his sterling abilities to the chief masculine rôle, while the most inveterate woman-hater of all the bachelors falls to John W. Cope, who made his first Belasco ten-strike as far back as the days of "The Golden West." According to comments in Washington, where the play was tried out in June, an extraordinary hit may be looked for from a child actress of six—one Lorna Volare, who carried the audience by storm as a tiny refugee from France.

Miss Starr will have the Belasco, while "Daddies" may go to the Lyceum, following "Tiger Rose," which is still running there. "Polly with a Past" will travel to the Far West, then to Chicago and Boston. Warfield, far from having retired, as one summer rumor had it, is all booked up in "The Music Master," although it is just possible that a revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm" may be substituted, or else a new play by Max Marcin, "The Flag Goes By," involving a jump of fifty years between the first and second acts, so that Warfield may be in both the Civil War and the present world-wide conflict.

Still soaring among the stars, Mrs. Fiske is considering a play by Martin Brown, whom you may recall as a dancer in the days when Melville Ellis was alive and connected with the Winter Garden. Brown has given his feet a rest and gone to his other extremity for matter with which to entertain the public, for not only has he written "Penny" for Mrs. Fiske, but he has turned out "A Very Good Young Man," a comedy with which Arthur Hopkins plans to reopen his Plymouth Theater, with Wallace Eddinger in the lead.

Otis Skinner—who, in spite of the gibes of the New York critics, got two very excellent seasons out of "Mister Antonio"—will probably be seen in "Humpty Dumpty." This is not a revival of the old pantomime with which George L. Fox set New York wild in the sixties, but a piece by that prolific English playwright, Horace Annesley Vachell, which H. B. Irving did some time since in London, where it lasted for only ten performances. The theme would appear to be somewhat similar to that of "A Tailor-Made Man," with a reverse finish.

According to present plans, just about the time when this magazine appears, the curtain will go up at the Astor on the first Broadway appearance of two stars whose

names and faces have been big favorites with screen patrons from one end of the land to the other. They are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in the flesh, presenting "Keep Her Smiling," by John Hunter Booth, who dramatized "The Masquerader," and who this time found his inspiration in a series of short stories by Edgar Franklin about a husband trying to keep up with his wife's extravagances. Boston has already laughed heartily over "Keep Her Smiling."

A happy announcement joins William Faversham with Maxine Elliott in the management of the theater named after the latter, where we may look for revivals of worth-while pieces and also new offerings, if any promising ones suitable to the two stars materialize. It is difficult enough to fit a single player with a vehicle; and when it comes to suiting two, neither of them in the heyday of youth, the task would appear almost insurmountable.

Play-tailoring to a star is being simplified in the case of William Collier, for whom Aaron Hoffman has written "Nothing but Lies." When it is recalled that Mr. Collier has just finished two very prosperous seasons in "Nothing but the Truth," one may understand how, in a certain sense, Mr. Hoffman's task has been made easy for him, although we are assured that the two plays are along entirely different lines.

Weber and Fields have got together again, and may open one of the two new theaters that the Shuberts expect to have with "Back Again," a hotchpotch show said to have been warmed over from "Pick of Pickle," which served Kolb and Dill on the Pacific Coast. The thing was tried in Philadelphia last spring without setting the Delaware on fire.

If the memory of my readers runs back half a dozen years, they may recall that the two famous dialect comedians came together once before after several seasons of separation. On that occasion the Shuberts had built what is now known as the Forty-Fourth Street Theater especially for them; they had a piece modeled on the old burlesques that brought fame and fortune to the two partners in their old Twenty-Ninth Street days; and the stars were supported by the other stars—Marie Dressler, Frank Daniels, Nora Bayes, and Jack Norworth—but all to no avail.

The enthusiasm of the public seemed to expend itself in the royal welcome of that first November night, for the show lasted

only six weeks. Thus it behooves Joe and Lew to look well to their spring-board before they leap together the second time.

Two new stars to be added to the theatrical firmament are John Barrymore and Will Rogers. The former has signed up with Arthur Hopkins, but the nature of his vehicle has not as yet leaked out. Mr. Ziegfeld, however, plans to have a piece written around Rogers's own career, showing how an Oklahoma cow-puncher became

in a comparatively brief period a high-salaried performer in a Broadway show. For the present Rogers continues to be about half the thing in the 1918 Follies, of which I shall have more to say anon.

Meanwhile I have to tell you that a star absent from the boards all last season because she could not find a play may shortly return under the auspices of a firm that has also been taking a vacation from work. The star is Rose Stahl, and the managers are



HAZEL DAWN, TO APPEAR IN THE NAME-PART OF A NEW WOODS PRODUCTION,  
"DOLLY OF THE FOLLIES"

*From a photograph—Copyrighted by Ira L. Hill, New York*



DOROTHY KLEWER, TO APPEAR IN ONE OF THE NEW SHUBERT SHOWS

*From a photograph by Campbell, New York*

Wagenhals & Kemper, who were said to have given up producing some half-dozen years ago because they had made enough money. Miss Stahl, too, is well off financially, and owns a pleasant home not far from New York, almost English in its exterior appointments. She calls it "Outdoors," and has put in some very happy days there atoning for the siege of one-night stands she endured winter before last

while playing "Our Mrs. McChesney" on tour.

As to Wagenhals & Kemper, they laid the foundations of their pile with "Paid in Full," a dark horse in stage offerings if ever there was one, both author and actors being quite unknown to Broadway. The firm made another ten-strike with "Seven Days," the farce by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart. What they have

in contemplation now is "Pack Up Your Troubles," by George C. Hazelton, who wrote "Mistress Nell" for Henrietta Crossman. Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, of "Over the Top" fame, is to appear in it.

Another contemplated return to management is that of Winthrop Ames, whose Little Theater remained closed throughout last season. He has been at the front in France, arranging entertainments for the troops, and while there secured the American rights to Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird," known in the original as "Les Fiançailles" (The Betrothal). The new piece has to do with the romance of *Tyltyl*, who will be recalled as the boy hero of "The Blue Bird," which was brought out by Mr. Ames during his second season as director of the New Theater.

It looks as if that house, now the Century, had found permanent holders in the young managerial firm of Elliott, Comstock & Gest, who took it over last January when Dillingham & Ziegfeld were quite ready to cry, "Enough!" After several months of good business at reasonable prices with "Chu Chin Chow"—transferred from the Manhattan—the new trio signed up with the owners for a four-year term. They plan to open the house in September with another success from London—this time a musical comedy, "The Maid of the Mountains," which has been running at Daly's, off Leicester Square, since the 10th of February, 1917. The book, in which a London reviewer found reminders of "Fra Diavolo," "Carmen," and "The Forty Thieves," was written by Frederick Lonsdale, whose "Balkan Princess" flourished here some years ago. The piece was produced under the direction of Oscar Asche, whose eye for color and groupings did so much for "Chu Chin Chow." The music, by Harold Fraser-Simson, takes the form of some charming songs with a compelling combination of sentiment and humor. José Collins, daughter of Lottie, a familiar figure on the musical-comedy stage in Manhattan, created the *Maid*, and she may possibly do the part here.

Elliott, Comstock & Gest are likewise rehearsing the long-deferred sequel to "Experience," which George V. Hobart—no doubt with an ear open to echoes of the times—has christened "Loyalty." In the late winter the same firm will probably give another intimate musical piece at the Princess, where they seem to be almost as sure-

fire winners as anything Maude Adams cares to offer.

William A. Brady, who appears to spend most of his time these days in trying to stave off additional war taxes on the movies, after monkeying about with a trial production of Joseph Conrad's "Victory"—published in this magazine in 1915—has now settled on a piece called "The Chinese Puzzle."

It falls to George Broadhurst to present a play which, in its story form, proved one of the most notable hits of short fiction ever printed in MUNSEY'S. This was "The First Woman on the Index," by Frank O'Brien, published in December, 1913. Mr. Broadhurst's dramatization of it will open at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater in September, with Julia Dean in the name-part. At the Broadhurst Theater there will be a farce by Mark Swan, called "She Walked in Her Sleep," using Isabel Irving in the lead. Another Broadhurst offering is "He Didn't Want to Do It," a musical comedy by Silvio Hein, based on a farce by Mr. Broadhurst and Walter Hackett.

With two of their last season's offerings—"A Tailor-Made Man" and "Going Up"—still running as July goes out, Cohan & Harris have a record back of them that will be hard to beat. I imagine that they are pinning most faith to "David's Adventure," dramatized by A. E. Thomas from Leonora Dalrymple's story, "The Driftwood Adventure." *David* is a hunchback, and between prologue and epilogue are sandwiched two acts of allegory, which makes the third item of this sort that the new season is going to give us. *David* is to be played by Donald Gallaher, who is always good, while Lucille La Verne will bring comedy relief with her impersonation of an East Side Irishwoman addicted to drink.

"Three Faces East" sounds so much like a war title that Cohan & Harris have found it necessary to state that it is not such, beyond the fact that it has to do with the Secret Service. It was written by Anthony Paul Kelly, hitherto of the movies, and has already had a testing career in Boston, with Violet Heming in the lead. As an offset to Mr. Kelly's inexperience in his new line, the firm of hits has secured such trusty partners in the making of a fresh musical comedy as Irving Berlin and Roi Cooper Megrue.

Mr. Cohan, ever on the lookout for sto-





ANN PENNINGTON, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE LATEST ZIEGFELD'S FOLLIES,  
THE TWELFTH AND BEST OF THE SERIES

*From her latest photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York*



JOSEPHINE VICTOR, WHO IS TO BECOME A STAR, APPEARING FIRST IN A PLAY BY  
MAX MARCIN CALLED "THE ACCOMPLICE"

*From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York*



EDNA HIBBERD, WHO PLAYS ZOIE HARDY IN "ROCK-A-BYE BABY," THE MUSICAL COMEDY  
MADE OUT OF "BABY MINE"

*From a photograph by Abbe, New York*

ries with dramatic possibilities, spotted Bessie Hoover's "Flickinger" tales. In a version by Isaac and Michael Landmann, called "The Winning of Ma," they will bob up behind the footlights under the C. & H. auspices. As Zelda Sears will be *Ma*, the augury for success, so far as the selection of a lead can guarantee it, is bright with promise.

Leo Ditrichstein, too, will have a new play, and may get one of the newest New York theaters to play it in.

After the hit of "Seventeen," it was not to be expected that other boy stories by Tarkington would be allowed to escape the footlights. Of course, as the age of the hero decreases, the difficulties of finding an adequate impersonator increase. Edward E. Rose has dramatized "Penrod" for George Tyler, who will produce the piece in association with Klaw & Erlanger. In fact, that long-suffering dog resort, Atlantic City, has already seen the try-out, and it is reported that a boy of ten—one Cornish Beck, recently of the films and more remotely of "Moloch"—did wonders as *Penrod*. Doubtless the Booth will house the play when it reaches town.

Another deserter from the movies is H. B. Warner, who is to appear in "Among Those Present." A third K. & E. attraction that looks well in the offing is "The House That Jack Built," a new operetta with book by Edward Childs Carpenter, of "Cinderella Man" fame, and music by Victor Herbert. Mr. Carpenter is at his best working against fairy-lore backgrounds, and I am looking forward to this, his first venture in the musical realm, where he could not find a more fitting partner than Herbert, whose "Babes in Toyland" score, it may be recalled, was one of his happiest inspirations.

Further activities of Klaw & Erlanger will be engaged by "The Girl Behind the Gun," where you may find Donald Brian once again in military rig. Jack Hazzard, coauthor of "Turn to the Right," Wilda Bennett, formerly the *Only Girl*, and Ada Meade, who registered so happily last year with Julia Sanderson, are others in what promises to be a corking cast. "Madame and Her Godson" was the footless title under which this piece by Bolton, Wodehouse, and Ivan Caryll first labored.

Lee Kugel, a former publicity man whose hit with "Old Lady Thirty-One" placed him squarely in the producing ranks, told

me that he was going ahead very slowly, and last season he did nothing except escort "Old Lady Thirty-One" through the country. Now, however, he has been caught "In a Net." In other words, he was so impressed by the play that Maravene Thompson wrote under this title that he decided to produce it, and gave it a preliminary trial in May at Atlantic City. It is said to be a drama along unique lines, leading up to a smashing climax, with the most important rôle falling to Izetta Jewel, leading woman last year with Otis Skinner. Mrs. Thompson is a well-known writer of stories, and vice-president of the Playwrights' Club. She has ideas about play-building in which there is less nonsense than is usually to be found in the theories of those who descant on the subject.

If you are a dramatic critic, send your play to Oliver Morosco, who will produce it if there is any merit at all in it. This is what I have heard, and the facts would seem to bear out the truth of the assertion. Morosco has presented several comedies by the Hattons, who reviewed plays for the *Chicago News*. Last year he put out Alan Dale's "The Madonna of the Future," and he promises to do this same critic's "The Woman of To-Morrow" during the coming season. He may inaugurate the year at the Morosco with "Mary's Way Out," a comedy by Ashton Stevens, who covers the drama for the *Chicago Examiner*. Another Morosco possibility is a musical piece with a name of the sort so common for such things just now—"Look Pleasant," in which Walter Catlett, who registered big in "So Long Letty," will be starred.

Henry W. Savage is at present concentrating all his attention on just one piece, and that of a musical nature. After vacillating over "Hoop La" for the title, he has settled on "Head Over Heels," which aptly describes the stunts that the star, Mitzi, is called on to do. She made a big go of "Pom Pom," and an equal hit is looked for with the new vehicle, whose music is by the indefatigable Jerome Kern, with book by Edgar Allan Woolf, after a story by Nalbro Bartley called "Shadows." Mitzi's rôle—she has dropped her other name, Hajos—is that of a little Italian acrobat, and the piece has already made a hit at the Hub.

The Selwyns would appear to be running a race with Woods to see which firm can offer the greater number of separate at-





OLGA PETROVA, WHO PLANS TO WORK OVERTIME BY ACTING AT NIGHT AND POSING FOR  
THE MOVIES BY DAY

*From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by Abbe, New York*

tractions during 1918-1919. The Selwyn Theater is slated to be opened in September with "Information Please," by the authors of "Lilac Time," Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. The public will be pleased to hear that Miss Cowl herself is to be the leading figure, as she was in "Lilac Time." How much or how little the piece has to do with a telephone-exchange, the producers do not tell us. In fact, they tell us nothing at all about it.

A big gun in the Selwyns' campaign will undoubtedly be the lightest in caliber of all their output—the new farce by Avery Hopwood, "Double Exposure." When I say that it concerns the swapping of astral bodies by two husbands, and that Janet Beecher and John Cumberland play the leads, as they did in "Fair and Warmer," you may expect some pretty clever slides to the home-plate of laughter, even if some of them are over thin ice.

Three more Selwyn ventures are to be "Tea for Three," described as a novel comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, a play by Cosmo Hamilton entitled "She Burned Her Fingers," and a collaboration by Edgar Selwyn and Channing Pollock dubbed "The Crowded Hour"—which last might very well have been suggested by the efforts of the Selwyns themselves to be in at the simultaneous rehearsals of all their offerings.

After his hit with "Flo-Flo," John Cort means to stick pretty closely to the musical line, his only straight promise to date being "The Accomplice," by Max Marcin, in which that clever emotional actress, Josephine Victor—who has been looking for a suitable vehicle ever since she shone in "Just a Woman"—will be starred. For the rest, Mr. Cort will stand sponsor for Eleanor Painter, of "Princess Pat" fame, in "Gloriana," a musical play by Catherine Chisolm Cushing; for an operetta with the catchy title of "Fiddlers Three," and for a comedy with music for Louis Bennison, who two seasons ago lassoed the favor of Broadway overnight with his breezy cowboy in "Johnny Get Your Gun."

For some time now we have been hearing reports about a comedy written around the great showman, the late Phineas T. Barnum, who, by the way, appeared as a character in the second act of "Maytime." The play, which is by Harrison Rhodes, coauthor of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," was at last produced in June by the

stock company maintained every summer at the Royal Alexandra Theater, Toronto, by Edward H. Robins, with Tom Wise in the lead. Tom Thumb is one of the characters; Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish song-bird whom Barnum brought to Castle Garden, is another, and was impersonated by Alice Nielsen. The piece registered so big that many New York managers were in a scramble for it. Charles Dillingham proved the lucky bagger, and Broadway will probably see the piece after he has launched Julia Sanderson and Joe Cawthorne in their new musical comedy from the French, "The Man Who Swallowed the Diamond." Ivan Caryll, who made the tunes for "The Pink Lady," has written the music, while Doyle and Dixon, from the Winter Garden, will pose as a couple of dancing detectives. The piece follows "Hitchy-Koo" at the Globe.

In spite of several advance announcements, Smith & Golden put nothing new on Broadway last season to replace their phenomenally successful "Turn to the Right," of the year before. Now they have arranged for the Gaiety again as their good-luck house, and will begin operations there with "Lightnin'," written by Frank Bacon—that wonderful servant in "The Cinderella Man"—and Winchell Smith. Yes, Bacon will be in the cast.

The same managers also have "Three Wise Men," by Austin Strong—who wrote "The Toymaker of Nuremberg"—and "Flying Colors," a race-horse play by John L. Golden and John Tainter Foote. "Theories," by Frank Craven, the comedian who made us all laugh with his first farce, "Too Many Cooks," is also on the Smith & Golden list.

"The best Follies in many a year"—such is the popular verdict on Ziegfeld's output of 1918. More ingenuity in construction, more beauty in scenery, more fun, and more pretty girls, with a manifest absence of vulgarity—these are the reasons why the big show now filling the New Amsterdam is worth the three dollars a seat it costs to see it. This means, too, that you can really obtain the best seats for that sum, for in adding fifty cents to the box-office price, Mr. Ziegfeld has made determined war on the speculators, so that there is no longer a hold-up game to the tune of five, ten, or fifteen dollars a ticket in connection with New York's famous summer show.

# The Roll-Call\*

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "These Twain," etc.

## XL

GEORGE came into the conjugal bedroom. The hour was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Lois lay on the sofa at the foot of the twin beds. It was perhaps characteristic of her that she sincerely preferred the sofa to her bed. Sometimes in the night, when she could not sleep, she would get up and go sighing to the sofa, and, with nothing but a slippery eiderdown to cover her, would sleep perfectly till George arose in the morning.

Quite contentedly conventional in most matters of mere social deportment, she often resisted purely physical conventions. A bed was the recognized machine for slumber; hence she would instinctively choose another machine. Also, the sofa was nearer to the ground. She liked to be near the ground. She had welcomed with ardor the first beginnings of the new fashion which now regularly permits ladies to sit on the hearth-rug after a ceremonial dinner and prop their backs with cushions or mantelpieces. Doubtless a trait of the "cave-woman" that she had once called herself!

She was now stretched on the sofa in a luxurious and expensive ribboned muslin negligee, untidy, pale, haggard, heavy, shapeless, the expectant mother intensely conscious of her own body and determined to maintain all the privileges of the exacting rôle which nature had for the third time assigned to her. Little Laurencine, aged eight, and little Lois, aged five, in their summer white, were fondling her, tumbling about her, burying themselves in her. She reclined careless, benignant, and acquiescent under their tiny assaults. It was at moments as though the three were one being.

When George appeared in the doorway, she warned them in an apparently awed tone that their father was there, that nursery

was waiting for them, and that they must run off quietly. She kissed them with the enormous kiss of a giantess suddenly rendered passionate by a vast uprush of elemental feeling. And they ran off, smiling confidently at their father, giggling, chattering about important affairs in their intolerable shrieking voices.

George could never understand why Lois should attempt, as she constantly did, to instil into them awe of their father. His attitude to the children made it impossible that she should succeed; but she kept on trying. The cave-woman again! George would say to himself:

"All women are cave-women."

"Have you come to pack?" she asked with fatigued fretfulness, showing no sign of surprise at his arrival.

"Oh, no!" he answered, and implied that in his overcharged existence packing would have to be done when it could, if at all. "I only came in for one second to see if I could root out that straw hat I wore last year."

"Do open the window," she implored grievously.

"It is open."

"Both sides?"

"Yes."

"Well, open it more."

"It's wide open."

"Both sides?"

"Yes."

"It's so stuffy in this room," she complained, expelling much breath.

It was stuffy in the room. The room was too full of the multitudinous belongings of wife and husband. It was too small for its uses. The pair, unduly thrown together, needed two rooms; but the house could not yet yield them two rooms, though from the outside it had an air of spaciousness.

The space was employed in complying with custom, in imitating the disposition of

\* Copyright, 1918, by Arnold Bennett—This story began in the April number of *MURRAY'S MAGAZINE*

larger houses, and in persuading the tenant that he was as good as his betters. There was a basement, because the house belonged to the basement era, and because it is simpler to burrow than to erect. On the ground floor were the hall, narrow, and the dining-room, narrow. To have placed the dining-room elsewhere would have been to double the number of stairs between it and the kitchen. Moreover, the situation of the dining-room in all such correct houses is immutably fixed by the code. Thus the handiest room in the house was occupied during four hours of the twenty-four and wasted during the remaining twenty.

Behind the dining-room was a very small room appointed by the code to be George's "den." It would never have been used at all had not George considered it his duty to use it occasionally, and had not Lois at intervals taken a fancy to it because it was not hers.

The whole of the first floor was occupied by the landing, the well of the staircase, and the drawing-room, which last was inevitably shaped in the resemblance of an L. The small back portion of it over George's den was never utilized, save by the grand piano and rare pianists. Still, the code demanded that the drawing-room should have a strange appendage, and that a grand piano should reside in it modestly, apologetically, like a shame that cannot be entirely concealed. Nearly every house in Elm Park Road and every house in scores of miles of other correct streets in the West End had a drawing-room shaped in the semblance of an L, and a grand piano in the hinterland thereof. The drawing-room, like the dining-room, was occupied during about four hours of the twenty-four and wasted during the remaining twenty.

The two main floors of the house being in such manner accounted for, the family and its dependents principally lived aloft on the second and third floors. Eight souls slept up there nightly. A miracle of compression!

George had had the house for ten years; he entered it as a bridegroom. He had stayed in it for seven years because the landlord would only confide it to him on lease, and at the end of the seven years he lacked the initiative to leave it. An ugly house, utterly without architectural merit! A strange house for an architect to inhabit!

George, however, had never liked it. Before his marriage he had discovered a mag-

nificent house in Fitzroy Square, a domestic masterpiece of the Adam period, exquisitely designed without and within, huge rooms and many rooms, lovely ceilings, a forged-iron stair-rail out of paradise; a house appreciably nearer to the center than the one in Elm Park Road, and with a lower rental. George would have taken the house, had not Lois pointed out to him its fatal disadvantage, which had escaped him—namely, that people simply did not live in Fitzroy Square.

Instantly Lois entered Fitzroy Square, George knew himself for a blind fool. Of course the house was impossible. He was positively ashamed to show it to her, though she admitted that it was beautiful. So Elm Park Road was finally selected, Elm Park Road being a street where people could and, in fact, did live.

It was astounding how Lois, with her small and fragmentary knowledge of London, yet knew, precisely and infallibly, by instinct, by the sound of the names of the thoroughfares, by magic diabolical or celestial, what streets were inhabitable and what were not. And something in George agreed with her.

He now rummaged among hat-boxes beneath the beds, pulled one out, and discovered a straw hat in it.

"Will it do?" he questioned doubtfully.

"Let me look at it."

He approached her and gave her the hat, which she carefully examined, frowning.

"Put it on," she said.

He put it on, and she gazed at him for what seemed to him an unnecessarily long time. His thought was that she liked to hold him under her gaze.

"Well?" he exclaimed impatiently.

"It's quite all right," she said. "What's the matter with it? It makes you look about fourteen." He felt envy in her voice. "But surely you won't be able to wear that thing to-morrow?" she added.

"Of course not. I only want it for this afternoon."

"Oh!" she cried. "I do think it's a shame I can't go to the opening! It's just my luck."

He considered that she arraigned her luck much too often; he considered that on the whole her luck was decidedly good. But he knew that she had to be humored. It was her right to be humored.

"Yes," he said judicially and rather shortly. "I'm sorry, too; but what are



you going to do about it? If you can't go, you can't; and you know it's absolutely out of the question."

As a fact he was glad that her condition made such an excursion impossible for her. She would certainly have been rather a ticklish handful for him at the opening.

"But I should so have *enjoyed it!*" she insisted with emphasis.

There it was, the thirst for enjoyment, pleasure! The supreme, unslakable thirst! She had always had it, and he had always hardened himself against it—while often, nevertheless, accepting with secret pleasure the satisfactions of her thirst.

Thus, for example, in the matter of dancing. She had shared to the full in the extraordinary craze for dancing which had held the West End for several years. Owing to her initiative, they had belonged to two dancing-clubs, whose members met weekly in the saloons of the great hotels. The majority of the members were acutely tedious to George, but Lois was quite uncritical, save on the main point; she divided the members into good dancers and bad dancers.

George was a pretty good dancer. He liked dancing. Membership of these clubs involved expense, it interfered with his sleep, it made his early mornings more like defeats than triumphs, it prevented him from duly reading and sketching; but he liked dancing. While resenting the compulsion to outrage his conscience, he enjoyed the sin. What exasperated him was Lois's argument that that kind of thing "did him good" professionally, and was indeed essential to the career of a rising or risen young architect, and that also it was good for his health and his mind. He wished that she would not so unconvincingly pretend that self-indulgence was not what it was.

These pretenses, however, seemed to be a necessity of her nature. She reasoned similarly about the dinners and theater-parties which they gave and attended. Next to dancing, she adored dinners and theater-parties. She would sooner eat a bad dinner in company anywhere than a good dinner quietly at home; she would far sooner go to a bad play than to none at all; she was, in fact, never bored in the theater or in the music-hall—never!

Once, by misfortune, as George privately deemed, he had got a small job—the erection of a dwelling-house at Hampstead—

through a dinner. Lois had never forgotten it, and she would adduce the trifle again and again as evidence of the sanity of her ideas about social life. George really did not care for designing houses; they were not worth the trouble. He habitually thought in public edifices and the palaces of kings, nobles, and plutocrats of taste. Moreover, his commission on the house would not have kept his own household in being for a month; and yet the owner, while obviously proud to be the patron of the celebrated prodigy George Cannon, had the air of doing George Cannon a favor!

And so her ambition, rather than his, had driven them both ruthlessly on. Both were overpressed, but George considerably more than Lois. Lois was never, in ordinary times, really tired. Dinners, teas, even lunches, restaurants, theaters, music-halls, other people's houses, clubs, dancing, changing clothes, getting into autos and taxis and getting out of autos and taxis, looking at watches, writing down engagements, going to bed with a sigh at the lateness of the hour, waking up fatigued to the complexities of the new day—she coped admirably with it all. She regarded it as natural; she regarded it as inevitable and proper. She enjoyed it. She wanted it, and that which she wanted she must have.

Yet her attitude to George was almost invariably one of deep solicitude for him. She would look at him with eyes troubled and anxious for his welfare. When they were driving to a dance which he had no desire to attend, she would put her arm in his and squeeze his arm and murmur:

"Coco, I don't *like* you working so hard!"

Coco was her pet name for him, a souvenir of Paris.

He acknowledged that, having chosen her rôle, she played it well. She made him comfortable. She was a good housekeeper, and a fair organizer generally. She knew how to be well served. He thought that her manner to servants was often inexcusable, but she "kept" her servants, and they would "do anything" for her.

Further, except that she could not shine in conversation, she was a good hostess. She never made mistakes, never became muddled, never forgot. Of course she had friends to whom he was indifferent or perhaps slightly hostile, but she was entitled to her friends, as he to his. And she was

a good mother. Stranger still, though she understood none of the arts and had no logical taste, she possessed a gift of guessing or of divination which in all affairs relating to the home was the practical equivalent of genuine taste.

George had first noticed this faculty in her when she put a thousand pounds of her money to a thousand pounds of his stepfather's, and they began to buy furniture. The house was beautifully furnished, and she had done her share. And in the alterations, additions, and replacements which for several years she had the habit of springing upon him, she rarely offended him. Still, he knew indubitably that she had not taste—anyhow, in his sense of the term—and would never, never, acquire it.

An astonishing creature! He had not finished being astonished at her. In some respects he had not even come to a decision about her. For instance, he suspected that she had no notion of money, but he could not be sure. She did what she liked with her own income, which was about two hundred a year; that is to say, she clothed herself out of it. Her household accounts were unknown to him; he had once essayed to comprehend them, but had drawn back affrighted.

"Well," she said plaintively, "now you're here, I think you might sit a bit with me. It's most awfully lonely for me."

"I can't possibly," he said with calm. "I have to rush off to the club to see Davids about that business."

She ignored his inescapable duties! It was nothing to her that he had a hundred affairs to arrange before his night journey to the north. She wanted him to sit with her; therefore she thought that he ought to sit with her, and she would be conscious of a grievance if he did not. Lonely, because the children were going out for an hour or so! Besides, even if it was lonely, facts were facts, and destiny was destiny, and had to be borne.

"What business?"

"You know."

"Oh, that! Well, can't you go after tea?"

Incurable!

"Here, lass!" he said with a laugh. "If I stop arguing here I shall miss him."

He bent down, and prepared his lips to kiss her. He smiled superiorly, indulgently. He was the stronger. She defeated him sometimes; she gravely defeated him in the

general arrangement and color of their joint existence; but he was the stronger. She had known it for more than ten years.

They had had two tremendous, critical, highly dangerous battles. He had won them both.

Lois had wanted to be married in Paris. He had been ready to agree until suddenly it occurred to him that French legal formalities might necessitate an undue disclosure as to his parentage and the bigamy of which his mother had been a victim. He refused absolutely to be married in Paris. He said:

"You're English and I'm English, and the proper place for us to be married is England."

There were good counter-arguments, but he would not have them. Curiously, at this very time news came from his stepfather of his father's death in America. He kept it to himself.

Again, on the very night of their marriage, he had said to her:

"Now, give me that revolver you've got." At her protesting refusal he had declared: "My wife is not going about with any revolver. Not if I know it!"

He was playful but determined. He startled her, for the altercation lasted two hours.

On the other hand, he had never said a word about the photograph of Jules De-fourcambault, and had never seen it. Somewhere, in some mysterious fastness, the mysterious woman kept it.

His lips were close to hers, and his eyes to her eyes. Most persons called her eyes golden, but to him they were just yellow. They had an infinitesimal cast, to which nobody ever referred. They were voluptuous eyes. He examined her face. She was still young; but the fine, impressive imprint of existence was upon her features, and the insipid freshness had departed.

She blinked, acquiescent. Her eyes changed, melting. He could almost see into her brain and watch there the impulse of repentance for an unreasonable caprice, and the intense resolve to think in the future only of her husband's welfare. She was like that. She could be an angel.

He knew that he was hard. He guessed that he might be inordinately hard. He would bear people down. Why had he not been touched by her helpless condition? She was indeed touching as she lay. She wanted to keep him near her, and she could

not. She wanted acutely to go to the north, and she was imprisoned. She would have to pass the night alone, and the next night alone. Danger and great suffering lay in front of her. And she was she; she was herself with all her terrific instincts. She could not alter herself. Did she not merit compassion? Still, he must go to his club.

He kissed her tenderly. She half lifted her head, and kissed him exactly as she kissed his children, like a giantess, and as if she was the ark of wisdom from everlasting, and he a callow boy whose safety depended upon her loving direction.

From the top of the flight of stairs leading from the ground floor George, waiting till it was over, witnessed the departure of his family for the afternoon promenade. A prodigious affair!

The parlor-maid—a delightful creature who was, unfortunately, soon to make an excellent match above her station—amiably helped the nurse-maid to get the perambulator down the steps. The parlor-maid wore her immutable uniform, and the nurse-maid wore her immutable uniform. Various things had to be packed into the perambulator, and then little Lois had to be packed into it—not because she could not walk, of course, but because it was not desirable for her to arrive at the playground tired.

Nursy's sunshade was undiscoverable, and little Laurencine's little sunshade had to be retrieved from underneath little Lois in the depths of the perambulator. Nursy's book had fallen on the steps. Then the tiny but elaborate perambulator of Laurencine's doll had to go down the steps, and the doll had to be therein ensconced under Laurencine's own direction, and Laurencine's sunshade had to be opened, and Laurencine had to prove to the maids that she could hold the sunshade in one hand and push the doll's perambulator with the other.

Finally the procession of human beings and vehicles moved, munitioned, provisioned, like a caravan setting forth into the desert, the parlor-maid amiably waving adieus.

"I support all that," George thought. "It all depends on me. I have brought it all into existence."

And his reflections embraced Lois upstairs, and the two colleagues of the parlor-maid in the kitchen, and the endless apparatus of the house, and the people at his

office and the apparatus there, and the experiences that awaited him on the morrow, and all his responsibilities, and all his apprehensions for the future. He was amazed and dismayed by the burden which almost unwittingly he bore night and day; but he felt, too, that it was rather fine. He felt that he was in the midst of life.

As he was cranking his car, which he had left unattended at the curb, Mrs. Buckingham Smith's magnificent car, driven by her magnificent chauffeur, swept in silence up to the door and sweetly stopped. George's car was a very little one; he was his own chauffeur, and had to walk home from the garage when he had done with it. The contemplation of Buck Smith's career showed George that there are degrees of success.

Buck Smith received a thousand pounds for a portrait in the French manner of painting, and refused commissions at that. Buck Smith had a kind of palace in Melbury Road. By the side of Buck Smith, George had to admit that he was a struggling semifailure.

Mrs. Buck Smith, the lady whom George had first glimpsed in the foyer of a theater, was a superb Jewess whom Buck had enticed from the stage. George did not like her because she was apt in ecstasy to froth at the mouth, and for other reasons; but she was one of his wife's most intimate friends. Lois, usually taciturn, would chatter with Adah for hours.

"I thought I'd come and see Lois," said Mrs. Buck, effulgently smiling, as George handed her out of the car. "How is the dear thing? You just flying off?"

"You'll do her all the good in the world," George replied. "I can't stop. I have to leave town to-night, and I'm full up."

"Oh, yes! The opening! How perfectly splendid!" Tiny bubbles showed between her glorious lips. "What a shame it is poor Lois isn't able to go!"

"Yes," said George. "But look here—don't you go and tell her so. That's quite the wrong tack."

"I see! I see!" said Mrs. Buck, gazing at him as one who was capable of subtle comprehensions. "By the way," she added, as she turned to mount the steps, "I ran across Everard Lucas at the Berkeley to-day. Lunching there. I said I was coming here. He told me to tell you, if I saw you, that old Mr. Haim, or Home, or some such name, was dead. He said you'd be interested."

"By Jove!" George ejaculated. "Is he? Haven't seen him for years and years."

### XLI

HE got into his car and drove off at speed. Beneath his offhand words to Mrs. Buckingham Smith he was conscious of a quickly growing, tender sympathy for Marguerite Haim. The hardness in him was dissolved almost instantaneously.

He saw Marguerite, who had been adamant in the difference which separated them, as the image of pliancy, sweetness, altruism, and devotion. He saw her lips and the rapt glance of her eyes as beautiful as in the past. What a soft, soothing, assuaging contrast with the difficult Lois, so imperious and egotistic! An unforgettable phrase of Lois's had inhabited his mind for over a decade:

"Fancy quarreling over a man!"

He had never met Marguerite since their separation, and for years he had heard nothing whatever about her. He did not underestimate the ordeal of meeting her again; yet he at once decided that he must do so. He simply could not ignore her in her bereavement and new loneliness. To write to her would be absurd; it would be a cowardly evasion; moreover, he could not frame a letter. He must prove to her and to himself that he had a sense of decent kindness which would rise above conventional trifles when occasion demanded.

At the top of Elm Park Gardens, instead of turning east toward Piccadilly, he turned west in the direction of the workhouse tower. And thus he exposed the unreality of the grandiose pleasure with which professional men impose on their wives and on themselves.

A few minutes earlier his appointment at the club—not Pickering's, to which, however, he still belonged, but a much greater institution, the Artists', in Albemarle Street—had been an affair of extreme importance, upon which might depend his future career. Did it not concern negotiations for a London factory, which was to be revolutionary in design and to cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and which, erected, would form a permanent advertisement of the genius of George Cannon? Now, he remembered that Sir Isaac Davids, the patron of all the arts and the influencer of commissions, had said that he would probably but not certainly be at the club that afternoon, and he argued that in

any event half an hour sooner or later would not make or mar the business. Indeed, he went further and persuaded himself that between that moment and dinner he had nothing to do except sign a few routine letters at the office. Still, it was just as well that Lois should remain in delusion as to his being seriously pressed for time.

As he curved, slackening and accelerating, with the perfect assurance of long habit, through the swift, intricate, towering motor traffic of Fulham Road, it was inevitable that he should recall the days, eleven years ago, when through a sedate traffic of trotting horses enlivened with a few motors and motor-buses, he used to run down on his motor-cycle to visit Marguerite. It was inevitable that he should think upon what had happened to him in the mean time.

His body felt, honestly, no older. The shoulders had broadened, the mustache was fiercer, there were semicircular furrows under the eyes; but he was as slim and agile as ever, and did his morning exercises as regularly as he took his bath. More, he was still, somehow, the youthful prodigy who had won the biggest competition of modern years while almost an infant. He was still known as such, regarded as such, greeted as such, referred to as such at intervals in the press.

His fame in his own world seemed not to have deteriorated; but disappointment had slowly, imperceptibly, eaten into him. He was far from the sublime heights of Sir Hugh Corver, though he met Sir Hugh apparently as an equal on the council of the Royal Society of British Architects. Work had not surged in upon him. He had not been able to pick and choose among commissions. He had never won another competition. Again and again his hopes had been horribly defeated in these ghastly enterprises, of which two were still pending. He was a man of one job. And a quarter of his professional life had slipped behind him!

His dreams were changed. Formerly he had dreamed in architectural forms; now he dreamed in percentages. His one job had been enormous and lucrative; but he had lived on it for a decade, and it was done. Outside of it he had earned probably less than twelve hundred pounds.

And if the job had been enormous, his responsibilities were likewise enormous. Home expenses with an increasing family; establishment expenses; a heavy insurance!



Slavery to habits! The common story, without the slightest originality in it.

The idea recurred continually—it was the fault of Lois, of that embodied implacable instinct which Lois was! It was the fault of circumstance, of the structure of society, of existence itself. It was his fault, too; and the whole of the blame would be his if disaster came.

Imagine those kids with the perambulator and the doll's perambulator—imagine them in an earthquake! He could see no future beyond perhaps eight months ahead. No, he could not! Of course his stepfather was a sure resource; but he could not conceive himself confessing failure to his stepfather, or to anybody on earth. Yet if he did not very soon obtain more work, remunerative and on a large scale—if he did not—

However, he would obtain more work. It was impossible that he should not obtain it. The matter with Sir Isaac was as good as arranged. And the chances of winning at any rate one of the two competitions were very favorable.

He dismissed every apprehension. His health was too good to tolerate apprehensions permanently. He had a superstitious faith in his wife's superstitious faith in him, and in his luck. The dark mood quickly faded. It had been induced, not by the spectacle of his wife and family and household seen somehow from a new angle, but by the recollection of the past.

Though he often went through dark moods, they were not moods of financial pessimism; they seemed to be causeless, inexplicable, and indescribable—abysses in which cerebration ceased.

## XLII

MARGUERITE was just closing the side gate leading to the studio when he drove up. He recognized her face over the top of the gate. At the first glance it seemed to be absolutely unchanged—the same really beautiful lips, the same nose, the same look in the eyes. Had a decade passed by her and left no trace?

He lost his nerve for an instant, and brought the car to a standstill with less than his usual adroitness. She hesitated.

"I was coming to see you," he called out hastily, boyishly, not in the least measuring his effects. He jumped from the car, and said in a lower, more intimate tone: "I've only this minute heard about Mr.

Haim. I'm awfully sorry. I thought I'd come along at once."

"How nice of you!" she replied quite simply and naturally, with a smile. "Do come in."

The tension was eased.

She pulled at the gate, which creaked. He then saw plainly the whole of her figure. She was dressed in black, and wore what the newspaper advertisement called a "matron's coat." The decade had not passed by her and left no trace. Her bust was ampler; only her face, rather pale, like the face of Lois, was unaltered in its innocent contours.

George felt that he was blushing. He had no instinctive jealousy or resentment. It did not appear strange to him that this woman in the matron's coat was the girl he had passionately kissed in that very house. And indeed the woman was not the girl—the connection between the woman and the girl had snapped. Nevertheless, he was extremely self-conscious; but not she.

In his astonishment he wondered at the secretiveness of London. His home and hers were not more than half a mile apart, and yet in eleven years he had never set eyes on her house. Nearly always, on leaving his house, he would go up Elm Park Gardens and turn to the right. If he was not in the car, he would never turn to the left. Occasionally he had flown past the end of Alexandra Grove in the car; not once, however, had he entered the street. He lived in Chelsea and she lived in Chelsea, but not the same Chelsea; his was not the Chelsea of the studios and the King's Road. They had existed close together, side by side, for years and years, and she had been hidden from him.

As they walked toward the studio door, she told him that "they" had buried her father a week ago, and that "they" were living in the studio and had already arranged to let the lower part of the house. She had the air of assuming that he was aware of the main happenings in her life, only a little belated in the knowledge of her father's death. She was quite cheerful. He pretended to himself to speculate as to the identity of her husband. He would not ask:

"And who is your husband?"

All the time he knew who her husband was; it could be no other than one man. She opened the studio door with a latch-

key. He was right. At a table Mr. Prince was putting sheets of etching-paper to soak in a porcelain bath.

"Well! Well! Well!" exclaimed Mr. Prince warmly; not flustered, not a bit embarrassed, and not too demonstrative.

He came forward, delicately drying the tips of his fingers on a rag, and shook hands. His hair was almost white, his thin, benevolent face amazingly lined; his voice had a constant little vibration. Yet George could not believe that he was an old man.

"He only heard to-day about father, and he's called at once," said Marguerite. "Isn't it just like him?"

The last phrase surprised and thrilled George. Did she mean it? Her kind, calm, ingenuous face showed that obviously she meant it.

"It is," said Mr. Prince seriously. "Very good of you, old man!"

After some talk about Mr. Haim, and about old times, and about changes, during which Marguerite took off her matron's coat and Mr. Prince gently hung it up for her, they all sat down near to one another and near the unlighted stove. The studio seemed to be precisely as of old, except that it was very clean. Marguerite, in a high-backed wicker chair, began slowly to remove her hat, which she perched behind her on the chair. Mr. Prince produced a tin of cigarettes.

"And so you're living in the studio?" said George.

"We have the two rooms at the top of the house, of course," answered Mr. Prince, glancing at the staircase. "I don't know whether it's quite the wisest thing, with all those stairs; you see how we're fixed"—he glanced at Marguerite—"but we had a fine chance to let the house, and these days it's as well to be cautious."

Marguerite smiled happily and patted her husband's hand.

"Of course it's the wisest thing," she said.

"Why, what's the matter with these days?" George demanded. "How's the work?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Prince in a new tone. "I've one or two things that might interest you."

He displayed some prints, and chatted of his labors. He was still etching; he would die etching. This was the etcher of European renown. He referred to the Vienna acquisition as if it was an affair of a few

weeks ago. He had disposed of an etching to Stockholm, and mentioned that he had exhibited at the international show in Rome. He said that his things were attracting attention at a gallery in Bond Street. He displayed catalogues and press-cuttings.

"These are fine," said George enthusiastically, as he examined the prints.

"I'm glad you like them," said Mr. Prince, pleased. "I think I've improved."

But in spite of his European renown, Mr. Prince had remained practically unknown. His name would not call forth the "Oh, yes!" of recognition from the earnest frequenter of fashionable exhibitions who takes pride in his familiarity with names. His etchings were not subscribed for in advance. He could not rank with the stars—Cameron, Muirhead Bone, Legros, Brangwyn. Probably he could command not more than two or three guineas for a print. He had never been the subject of a profusely laudatory illustrated article in the *Studio*. With his white hair he was what in the mart is esteemed a failure. He knew it.

Withal he had a notable self-respect and a notable confidence. There was no timidity in him, even if his cautiousness was excessive. He possessed sagacity, and he had used it. He knew where he was. He had something substantial up his sleeve. There was no wistful appeal in his eye, as of a man who hopes for the best and fears the worst. He could meet dealers with a firm glance, for throughout life he had subjugated his desires to his resources. His look was modest but independent; and Marguerite had the same look.

"Hello!" cried George. "I see you've got that here!"

He pointed to Celia Agg's portrait of herself as Bonnie Prince Charlie.

"Yes," said Marguerite. "She insisted on my taking that picture when she gave up painting."

"Gave up painting?"

"Very good, isn't it?" said Mr. Prince gravely. "Pity she ever did give up painting, I think," he added in a peculiar tone.

"Yes, it is," George agreed insincerely, for the painting now seemed to him rather tenth-rate. "But what on earth did she stop painting for?"

Marguerite replied with reserve:

"Didn't you know? She's quite gone in for this suffragette business. No one ever sees her now—not even her people."

"Been in prison," said Mr. Prince, sardonically disapproving. "I always said she'd end in that kind of thing, didn't I, Margy?"

"You did, dear," said Marguerite with wifely eagerness.

These two respected not only themselves but each other. The ensuing conversation showed that Mr. Prince was somewhat disgusted with the mundane movement, and that Marguerite was his disciple. They were more and more leaving the world alone; their self-sufficiency was increasing with the narrow regularity of their habits. They seldom went out, and when they did they came home the more deeply convinced that all was not well with the world, and that they belonged to the small remnant of the wise and the sane.

George was in two minds about them, or rather about Mr. Prince. He secretly condescended to him, but on the other hand he envied him. The man was benevolent; he spent his life in the creation of beauty; and he was secure. Surely an ideal existence! Yes, George wished that he could say as much for himself. Marguerite, completely deprived of ambition, would never have led any man into insecurity. He had realized already that afternoon that there were different degrees of success; he now realized that there were different kinds of success.

"Well!" He rose suddenly. "I must be off. I'm very busy."

"I suppose you are," said Mr. Prince.

Untrue to assert that his glance was never wistful! It was ever so slightly wistful then. George comprehended that Mr. Prince admired him and looked up to him, after all.

"My town hall is being opened tomorrow."

"So I saw," said Mr. Prince. "I congratulate you."

They knew a good deal about him—where he lived, the statistics of his family, and so on. He picked up his hat.

"I can't tell you how I appreciate your coming," said Marguerite, gazing straight into his eyes.

"Rather!" said Mr. Prince.

They were profoundly flattered by the visit of this bird of paradise; but they did not urge him to stay longer.

As he was leaving, the door already open, George noticed a half-finished book-cover design on a table.

"So you're still doing these cover designs!"

He stopped to examine. Husband and wife, always more interested in their own affairs than in other people's, responded willingly to his curiosity. George praised, and his praise was greatly esteemed. Mr. Prince talked about the changes in trade bindings, which were all for the worse.

The bright spot was that Marguerite's price for a design had risen to twenty-five shillings. This improvement was evidently a source of genuine satisfaction to them. To George it seemed pathetic that a rise, after vicissitudes, of a few shillings in fourteen years should be capable of causing them so much joy. He and they lived in absolutely different worlds.

"This is the last I shall let her do for a long time," observed Mr. Prince. "I shouldn't have let her do this one; but the doctor, who's a friend of ours, said there wouldn't be any harm, and of course it's always advisable to break a connection as little as possible. You never know—"

George smiled, returning their flattery:

"You aren't going to tell me that that matters to you!"

Mr. Prince fixed George with his eye.

"When the European war starts in earnest, I think most of us will need all we've been able to get together."

"What European war?" asked George with a touch of disdain. "You don't mean to say that this Serajevo business will lead to a European war!"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Prince very firmly. "Germany's diplomatists are much too clever for that. They're clever enough to find a better excuse; but they will find it, and soon."

George saw that Mr. Prince, having opened up a subject which apparently was dear to him, had to be handled with discretion. He guessed at once, from the certainty and the emotion of Mr. Prince's phrases, that Mr. Prince must have talked a lot about a European war. So he mildly replied:

"Do you really think so?"

"Do I think so? My dear fellow, you have only to look at the facts. Austria undoubtedly annexed Bosnia at Germany's instigation. Look at what led to Algeciras. Look at Agadir. Look at the increase in the German army last July. And look at the special levy. The thing's as clear as day!"

Mr. Prince now seemed to be a little angry with George, who had moved into the doorway.

"I'll tell you what I think," said George, with the assurance with which as a rule he announced his opinions. "We're Germany's only serious rival. It's us she's up against. She can only fight us on the sea. If she fought us now on the sea, she'd be wiped out. That's admitted. In ten years, if she keeps on building, she might have a chance. But not now! And she knows it."

George did not mention that he had borrowed the whole weighty argument from his stepfather; but he spoke with finality, and was rather startled when Mr. Prince blew the whole weighty argument into the air with one scornful, pitying exhalation.

"Nothing in it! Nothing in it! It's our alliances that will be the ruin of us. We shall be dragged into war. If Germany chooses to fight on land, everybody will have to fight on land. When she gets to Paris, what are we going to do about it? We shall be dragged into war. It's the damnable alliances that Sir Edward Grey has let us in for." Mr. Prince fixed George afresh. "That man ought to be shot. What do we want with alliances? Have you heard Lord Roberts?"

George admitted weakly, and as if ashamed, that he had not.

"Well, you should."

"Oh, yes," Marguerite ingenuously put in. "Alfred's been very strong on the European war ever since he heard Lord Roberts speak at Chelsea Town Hall."

George then understood the situation. Mr. Prince, through the hazard of a visit to Chelsea Town Hall, had become obsessed by a single idea, an idea which his natural apprehensions had well nourished. A common phenomenon! George had met before the man obsessed by one idea, with his crude reasoning, his impatience, and his flashing eye.

As for himself, he did not pretend to be an expert in politics. He had no time for politics; but he was interested in them, and held strong views about them; and among his strongest views was the view that the crudity of the average imperialist was noxious, and a source of real danger. "That man ought to be shot." Imagine such a remark! He felt that he must soothe Mr. Prince as he would soothe a child. And he did so, with all the tact acquired at municipal committee meetings in the north.

His last impression, on departure, was that Mr. Prince was an excellent and most lovable fellow, despite his obsession.

"Glad to see you at any time," said Mr. Prince with genuine cordiality, critically and somewhat inimically assessing the car.

Marguerite had remained in the studio. She was wonderful. She admired her husband too simply, and she was too content, but she had marvelous qualities of naturalness, common sense, realism, and placidity. Thanks to her remarkable instinct for taking things for granted, the interview had been totally immune from constraint. It was difficult, and she had made it seem easy. No fuss, no false sentiment! And she looked very nice, very interesting, quite attractive, in her mourning and in her expectancy.

A fine couple! Unassuming, of course, narrow, opinionated—he surmised that the last days of the late Mr. Haim had been disciplined—but no fools, either, and fundamentally decent. While condescending to them, he somehow envied them; but he knew what the opinion of Lois about them would be!

### XLIII

AFTER a period of shallow sleep George awoke in the morning factitiously refreshed as the train was rumbling slowly over the high-level bridge. The sun blinked full in his eyes when he looked out through the trellis-work of the bridge.

Far below, the river was tinged with the pale blue of the sky. Big ships lay in the river as if they had never moved and never could move. Farther away the lofty chimneys sent their scarves of smoke into the air, and the vast skeletons of incipient vessels could be descried through webs of staging. The translucent freshness of the calm scene was miraculous; it divinely intoxicated the soul, and left no squalor and no ugliness anywhere.

Then, as the line curved, came the view of the city beneath its delicate canopy of mist. It was built on escarpments, on ridges, on hills; and sagged here and there into great hollows. The serrated silhouette of it wrote romance upon the sky, and the contours of the naked earth beyond lost themselves in the mystery of the north.

The jutting custom-house was a fine piece of architecture. From the eighteen-forties it challenged grimly the modern architect. On his hasty first visit to the city George



had noticed little save that custom-house. He had seen a slatternly provincial town, large and picturesque, but with small sense of form or dignity. He had decided that his town hall would stand quite unique in the town; but soon the city had imposed itself upon him and taught him the rudiments of humility.

It contained an immense quantity of interesting architecture of various periods, which could not be appreciated at a glance. It was a hoary place. It went back to the Romans and farther. Its fragmentary walls had survived through seven centuries, its cathedral through six, its chief churches through five. It had the most perfect Norman keep within two hundred miles. It had ancient walls, mansions, towers, markets, and jail. And to these the Victorian-Edwardian period had added museums, law-courts, and theaters; such astonishing modernities as swimming-baths, power-houses, joint-stock banks, lending-libraries, and art schools; and monumental streets and squares from the designs of a native architect without whose respectable name no history of British architecture could be called complete.

George's town hall was the largest building in the city, but it did not dominate the city nor dwarf it; the city easily digested it. Arriving in the city by train, the traveler, if he knew where to look, could just distinguish a bit of the town-hall tower, amid masses of granite and brick; which glimpse symbolized the relation between the city and the town hall and had its due effect on George's conceit.

But what impressed George more than the stout physical aspects of the city was the sense of its huge, adventurous, corporate life, continuous from century to century. It had known terrible battles, obstinate sieges, famines, cholera, a general conflagration, and, in the twentieth century, strikes that possibly were worse than pestilence. It had fiercely survived them all. It was a city passionate and highly vitalized.

George had soon begun to be familiar with its organic existence from the inside. The amazing delays in the construction of the town hall were characteristic of the city, originating as they did not from sloth or indecision, but from the obduracy of the human will. At the start a sensational municipal election had put the whole project on the shelf for two years. George

had received a compensatory one per cent on the estimated cost, according to contract, and had abandoned his hope; but the pertinacity of Mr. Soultter, first councilor, then alderman, then mayor, the true father of the town hall, had finally been victorious.

Next there had been an infinity of trouble with owners of adjacent properties and with the foundations. Next the local contractor, who had got the work through a ruthless and ingenious conspiracy of associates on the council, had gone bankrupt. Next came the gigantic building strike, in which conflicting volitions fought each other for many months to the devastation of an entire group of trades. Finally there was the inflexible resolution of Mr. Soultter that the town hall should not be opened and used until it was finished in every part and every detail of furniture and decoration.

George, by his frequent sojourns in the city, and his official connection with the authorities, had several opportunities to observe the cabals, the chicane, and the personal animosities and friendships which functioned in secret at the very heart of the city's life. He knew the idiosyncrasies of councilors and aldermen in committee. He had learned more about mankind in the committee-rooms of the old town hall than he could have learned in ten thousand London clubs. He could divide the city council infallibly into wire-pullers, ax-grinders, vain nincompoops, honest mediocrities, and the handful who combined honesty with sagacity and sagacity with strength.

He liked the town; he reveled in it. It seemed to him splendid in its ineradicable, ever-changing, changeless humanity. As the train bored its way through the granite bowels of the city, he thought pleasurably upon all these matters.

A few minutes later he walked behind a portmanteau-bearing night porter into the wide-corridor hotel, whose dust glittered in the straight shafts of early sunlight. He stopped at the big slate under the staircase and wrote in chalk opposite his number:

Not to be called till twelve o'clock, under pain of death.

The porter, a friend of some years' standing, laughed. On the second floor that same porter dropped the baggage on the linoleum and rattled the key in the lock with a high disregard of sleepers. In the bedroom he undid the straps of the portmanteau, and then:

"Anything else, sir?"

"That's all, John."

And as he turned to leave, John stopped and remarked in a tone of concern:

"Sorry to say Alderman Souther's ill in bed, sir. Won't be able to come to the opening. It's him as 'll be madder than anybody, ill or not!"

George was shocked, and almost frightened. In his opinion the true intelligence of the city was embodied in Mr. Souther. Mr. Souther had been a father to him, had understood his aims and fought for them again and again. Without Mr. Souther he felt defenseless before the ordeal of the opening, and he wished that he might fly back to London instantly. Nevertheless the contact of the cool, clean sheets was exquisite, and he went to sleep at once, just as he was realizing the extremity of his fatigue.

He did not have his sleep out. Despite the menace of death, a courageous creature knocked heavily at his door at ten o'clock and entered. It was a page-boy with a telegram. George opened the envelope resentfully. It read:

Am told we have got it.—PONTING.

Ponting was George's assistant. The news referred to a competition for an enormous barracks in India—one of the two competitions pending. It had come sooner than expected. Was it true? George was aware that Ponting had useful acquaintanceship with a clerk in the India Office.

He thought, trying not to believe:

"Of course Ponting will swallow anything."

But he made no attempt to sleep again. He was too elated.

#### XLIV

GEORGE arrived late for the opening lunch in the lower hall, but he was late in grave company. He had been wandering aimlessly and quite alone about the great interiors of the town hall when he caught sight of Mr. Phirrips, the contractor, with the bishop and the most famous sporting peer of the north, a man who for some mysterious reason was idolized by the masses of the city. Unfortunately Mr. Phirrips also caught sight of George.

"Bishop, here is Mr. Cannon, our architect. He will be able to explain perhaps better—"

And in an instant Mr. Phirrips had exe-

cuted one of those feats of prestidigitation for which he was renowned in contracting circles—had left George with the bishop and gone off with his highly prized quarry, the sporting peer.

George, despite much worldliness, had never before had speech with a bishop. However, the bishop played his part in a soothingly conventional way, manipulated his apron and his calves with senile dignity, stood still and gazed ardently at ceilings and vistas, and said at intervals, explosively and hoarsely:

"Ha! Very interesting! Very interesting! Very fine! Very fine! Noble!" He also put intelligent questions to the youthful architect, such as—"How many bricks have been used in this building?"

He was very leisurely, as if the whole of eternity was his.

"I'm afraid we may be late for the luncheon," George ventured.

The bishop looked at him blandly, leaning forward, and replied, after holding his mouth open for a moment:

"They will not begin without us. I say grace."

His antique eyes twinkled. After this George liked him, and understood that he was really a bishop.

In the immense hubbub of the lower hall the bishop was seized upon by officials and conducted to a chair a few places to the right of his worship the mayor. Though there was considerable disorder and confusion—doubtless owing to the absence of Alderman Souther, who had held all the strings in his hand—everybody agreed that the luncheon scene in the lower hall was magnificent. The mayor in his high chair, wearing his heavy chain and glittering robe, ruled in the center of the principal table, from which lesser tables ran at right angles. The aldermen and councilors, also chained and robed, well sustained the brilliance of the mayor, and the ceremonial officials of the city surpassed both mayor and council in grandeur. Sundry peers and M. P.'s and illustrious capitalists enhanced the array of renown, and the bishop was rivaled by priestly dignitaries scarcely less grandiose than himself.

And then there were the women. The women had been let in. During ten years of familiarity with the city's life George had hardly spoken to a woman, except Mr. Souther's Scottish half-sister. The men lived a life of their own, which often ex-

tended to the evenings, and many of them, when mentioning women, employed a peculiar tone; but now the women were disclosed in bulk, and the display startled George. He suddenly saw all the city fathers and their sons in a new light.

The bishop had his appointed chair, with a fine feminine hat on either side of him, but George could not find that any particular chair had been appointed to himself. Eventually he saw an empty chair in the middle of a row of men at the right-hand transverse table, and he took it.

He had expected, as the sole artistic creator of the town hall whose completion the gathering celebrated, to be the object of a great deal of curiosity at the luncheon; but in this expectation he was deceived. If any curiosity concerning him existed, it was admirably concealed. The authorities, however, had not entirely forgotten him, for the town clerk that morning had told him that he must reply to the toast of his health. He had protested against the shortness of the notice, whereupon the town clerk had said casually that a few words would suffice—anything, in fact—and had hastened off.

George was now getting nervous. He was afraid of hearing his own voice in that long, low interior, which he had made. He had no desire to eat. He felt tired. Still, his case was less acute than it would have been had the august personage originally hoped for attended the luncheon.

The august personage had not attended on account of an objection, apropos of an extreme passage in an election-campaign speech, to the occupant of the mayoral chair—who had thus failed to be transformed into a lord mayor. The whole city had then, though the mayor was not overpopular, rallied to its representative, and the council had determined that the inauguration should be a purely municipal affair, a family party, proving to the august and to the world that the city was self-sufficing. The episode was characteristic.

George heard a concert of laughter, which echoed across the room. At the end of the main table Mr. Phirrips had become a center of gaiety. Mr. Phirrips, whom George and the clerk of the works had had severe and constant difficulty in keeping reasonably near the narrow path of rectitude, was a merry, sharp, smart, middle-aged man with a skin that always looked as if he had just made use of an irritant

soap. He was one of the largest contractors in England, and his name on the boarding of any building in course of erection seemed to give distinction to that building. He was very rich, and was popular in municipal circles, and especially with certain councilors, including a labor councilor.

George wondered whether Mr. Phirrips would make a speech. No toast-list was visible in George's vicinity.

To George the meal seemed to pass with astounding celerity. The old bishop said grace in six words. The toast-master bawled for silence. The health of all classes of society who could rely upon good doctors was proposed and heartily drunk—princes, prelates, legislators, warriors, judges—but the catalogue was cut short before any eccentric person could propose the health of the one-roomed poor, of whom the city was excessively prolific.

Then the mayor addressed himself to the great business of the town hall. George listened with throat dry. By way of precaution he had drunk nothing during the meal. At each toast he had merely raised the glass to his lips and infinitesimally sipped. The coffee was bad and cold, and left a taste in his mouth; but everything that he had eaten left a taste in his mouth. The mayor began:

"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, during the work of building this—er—er—structure—"

All his speech was in that manner and that key. Nevertheless, he was an able and strong individual, and as an old trade-union leader could be fiercely eloquent with working men. He mentioned Alderman Souther, and there was a tremendous cheer. He did not mention Alderman Souther again; a feud burned between these two. Then he mentioned finance. He said that that was not the time to refer to finance, and then spoke of nothing else but finance throughout the remainder of his speech, until he came to the peroration:

"Success and prosperity to our new town hall, the grandest civic monument which any city has erected to itself in this country within living memory—aye, and beyond."

The frantic applause atoned for the lack of attention and the semiaudible chattering which had marred the latter part of the interminable and sagacious harangue.

"Pardon me!" thought George. "The city has not erected this civic monument, I have erected it."

He thought upon all the labor he had put into it, and all the beauty and magnificence which he had evolved. Alderman Souther should have replied on behalf of the town hall. The alderman who took his place apologized for his inability to fill the rôle, and said little.

Then the toast-master bawled incomprehensibly for the twentieth time, and a councilor arose and in timid tones said:

"I rise to propose the toast of the architect and contractor."

George was so astounded that he caught scarcely anything of the speech. It was incredible to him that he, the creative artist, who was solely responsible for the architecture and decoration of the monument, in whose unique mind it had existed long before the second brick had been placed upon the first, should be bracketed in a toast with the tradesman and middleman who had merely supervised the execution of his scheme according to rule of thumb. He wanted to walk out; but nobody else appeared to be disturbed.

George, who had never before attended an inauguration, was simply not aware that the toast "architect and contractor" was the classic British toast, invariably drunk on such occasions, and never criticised. He thought: "What a country!" and remembered hundreds of Mr. Enwright's remarks.

Phrases of the orator wandered into his ear.

"The competition system—we went to Sir Hugh Corver, the head of the architectural profession"—loud applause—"and Sir Hugh Corver assured us that the design of Mr. George Cannon was the best"—"Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" "Mr. Phirrip, head of the famous firm of Phirrips, Limited"—loud applause—"fortunate after our misfortune with the original contractor to obtain such a leading light—cannot sufficiently thank these two—*er—officials* for the intellect, energy, and patience they have put into their work."

As the speech was concluding, a tactless man sitting next to George, with whom he had progressed very slowly in acquaintance during the lunch, leaned toward him and murmured in a confidential tone:

"Did I tell you both naval yards up here have just had orders to work day and night? Yes—fact!"

George's mind ran back to Mr. Prince and Mr. Prince's prophecy of war. Was

there something in it, after all? The thought passed in an instant, but the last vestiges of his equanimity had gone.

Hearing his name, he jumped up in a mist inhabited by inimical fancies, and, amid feeble acclamations here and there, said he knew not what in a voice now absurdly loud and now absurdly soft, and sat down amid more feeble acclamations, feeling an angry fool. It was a hideous experience. He lit a cigarette, his first that day.

When Mr. Phirrips rose, the warm clapping was expectant of good things.

"When I was a little boy, I remember my father telling me that this town hall had been started. I never expected to live to see it finished—"

Delighted guffaws, uproarious laughter, explosions of mirth, interrupted this witty reference to the delays in construction. The speaker smiled at ease. His eyes glinted. He knew his audience, held it consummately, and went on.

In the afternoon there was a conversation, or reception, for the lunchers and also for the outer fringe of the city's solid respectability. The whole of the town hall from basement to roof was open to view, and citizens of all ages wandered in it everywhere, admiring it, quizzing it, and feeling proudly that it was theirs.

George, too, wandered about, feeling that it was his. He was slowly recovering from the humiliation of the lunch. Much of the building pleased him greatly. At the excellence of some effects and details he marveled. The entry into the large hall from the grand staircase was dramatic, just as he had intended it should be. The organ was being played, and word went round that the acoustic properties of the auditorium were perfect, and unrivaled by any auditorium in the kingdom.

On the other hand, the crudity of certain other effects and details irritated the creator, helping him to perceive how much he had learned in ten years. In ten years, for example, his ideas about moldings had been quite transformed. What chiefly satisfied him was the demonstration, everywhere, that he had mastered his deep natural impatience of detail—that instinct which often so violently resented the irksomeness of trifles in the realization of a splendid idea.

At intervals he met an acquaintance and talked, but nobody at all appeared to comprehend that he alone was the creator of the mighty pile, and that all the individuals



present might be divided artistically into two classes—himself in one class, the entire remainder in the other. And nobody appeared to be inconvenienced by the sense of the height of his achievement or of the splendor of his triumph that day.

The town clerk's clerk came importantly up to him and asked:

"How many reserved seats would you like for the concert?"

A grand ballad concert, at which the most sentimental of contraltos, helped by other first-class throats, was to minister wholesale to the insatiable secret sentimentality of the north, had been arranged for the evening.

"One will be enough," said George.

"Are you alone?" asked the clerk.

George took the ticket. None of the city fathers or their fashionable sons had even invited him to dinner. He went forth and had tea alone, while reading in an evening paper about the Austro-Serbian situation, in the tea-rooms attached to a cinema-palace. The gorgeous rooms, throbbing to two-steps and fox-trots, were crammed with customers; but the waitresses behaved competently.

Thence he drove out in a taxi to the residence of Alderman Souther. He could see neither the alderman nor Miss Souther; but he learned that the condition of the patient was reassuring and that he had a very good constitution.

Back at the hotel, George had to wait for dinner. In due course he ate the customary desolating table-d'hôte dinner which is served simultaneously in the vast, odorous dining-rooms, all furnished alike, of scores and scores of grand hotels throughout the provinces. Having filled his cigar-case, he set out once more, into the beautiful summer evening.

In broad Side Gate were massed the chief resorts of amusement. The façade of the Empire Music-Hall glowed with great rubies and emeralds and amethysts and topazes in the fading light. Its lure was more powerful than the lure of the ballad concert. Ignoring his quasi-official duty to the greatest of sentimental contraltos, he pushed into the splendid foyer of the Empire. One solitary stall, half-a-crown, was left for the second house; he bought it, eager in transgression. He felt that the ballad concert would have sent him mad.

The auditorium of the Empire was far larger than the auditorium of the town hall;

and it was covered with gold. The curving rows of plush-covered easy chairs extended backward until faces became indistinguishable points in the smoke-misted gloom. Every seat was occupied; the ballad concert had made no impression upon the music-hall. The same stars that he could see in London appeared on the gigantic stage in the same songs and monologues. As in London, the indispensable *revue* was performed, but with a grosser and more direct licentiousness than the West End would have permitted. All proceeded with inexorable exactitude according to timetable. And in scores and scores of similar Empires, Hippodromes, Alhambras, and Pavilions throughout the provinces, similar entertainments were proceeding with the same exactitude—another example of the huge standardization of life.

George stayed till the end of the show. The emptying of the theater was like a battle, like the flight of millions from a conflagration. All humanity seemed to be crowded into the corridors and staircases. Jostled and disordered, he merged into the broad street, along which huge lighted trams slowly thundered. He walked a little, starting a fresh cigar. The multitude had resumed its calm. A few noisy men laughed and swore obscene oaths; and girls, either in couples or with men, trudged demure and unshocked past the roisterers, as if they had neither ears to hear nor eyes to see. In a few minutes the processions were dissipated, dissolved into the vastness of the city, and the pavements nearly deserted.

George strolled on toward the Square. The town hall stood up against the velvet pallor of the starry summer night, massive, lovely, supreme, deserted. He had conceived it in an office in Russell Square, when he was a boy; and there it was, the mightiest monument of the city which had endured through centuries of astounding corporate adventure. He was overwhelmed, and he was inexpressibly triumphant.

Throughout the day he had had no recognition; and as regards the future, few, while ignorantly admiring the monument, would give a thought to the artist. Books were eternally signed, and pictures and sculpture; but the architect was forgotten. What did it matter? If the creators of Gothic cathedrals had to accept oblivion, he might. The tower should be his signature; and no artist could imprint his in-

fluence so powerfully and so mysteriously upon the unconscious city as he was doing. And the planet was whirling the whole city round like an atom in the icy spaces between the stars. And perhaps Lois was lying expectant, discontented, upon the sofa, thinking rebelliously. He was filled with the realization of universality.

At the hotel another telegram awaited him.

"Good old Ponting!" he exclaimed, after reading it.

The message ran:

We have won it.—PONTING.

"Why 'we,' Ponting?" he said. "You didn't win it. I won it. Sir Hugh Corver is not going to be the head of the architectural profession. I am!"

He felt the assurance of that in his bones.

### XLV

THE telephone rang in the principal's room of George's office in Museum Street. He raised his head from the drawing-board with the false gesture of fatigued impatience which as a business man he had long since acquired, and took the instrument.

As a fact, he was not really busy; he was only pretending to be busy; and he rather enjoyed the summons of the telephone, with its eternal promise of some romantic new turn of existence. Nevertheless, though he was quite alone, he had to affect that the telephone was his bane.

"Can Sir Isaac Davids speak to you, sir, from the Artists' Club?"

"Put him on."

Immediately came the thick, rich voice of Sir Isaac, with its implications of cynicism and triumphant disdain, attenuated and weakened in the telephone, suggesting an object seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

"Is that you, Cannon?"

"It is," said George shortly.

Without yet knowing it, he had already begun to hate Sir Isaac. His criticism of Sir Isaac was that the man was too damnably sure of himself. Not all Sir Isaac's obvious power, and influence, and vast potential usefulness to a young architect, could prevent George from occasionally, as he put it, "standing up to the fellow."

"Well, you'd better come along here, if you can. I want to see you," said the unruffled voice of Sir Isaac.

"Now?"

"Yes."

"All right."

As George replaced the instrument, he murmured:

"I know what that means. It's all off."

And after a moment: "I knew jolly well it would be!"

He glanced round the very orderly room, to which by judicious furnishing he had given a severe distinction at no great cost. On the walls were a few interesting things, including a couple of his own perspectives. A neo-impressionist oil-sketch over the mantelpiece, with blue trees and red fields and a girl whose face was a featureless blob, imperiously monopolized the attention of the beholder, warning him, whoever he might be, that the inescapable revolutionary future was now at hand. The room and everything in it, that entity upon which George had spent so much trouble, and of which he had been so proud, seemed futile, pointless, utterly unprofitable.

The winning of the Indian limited competition, coupled with the rumor that Sir Isaac Davids had singled him out for patronage, had brilliantly renewed George's reputation and the jealousy which proved its reality. The professional journals had been full of him, and everybody assured everybody that his ultimate, complete, permanent success had never been in doubt. The fact that the barracks would be the largest barracks in India indicated to the superstitious, and to George himself, that destiny intended him to break records. After the largest town hall the largest barracks; and it was said that Sir Isaac's factory was to be the largest factory!

But the outbreak of war had overthrown all reputations, save the military and the political. Every value was changed according to a fresh standard, as in a shipwreck. For a week George had felt an actual physical weight in the stomach. This weight was his own selfish wo, but it was also the wo of the entire friendly world. Every architect knew and said that the profession of architecture would be ruined for years.

Then the India Office woke George up. The attitude of the India Office was overbearing. It implied that it had been marvelously original and virtuous in submitting the affair of its barracks to even a limited competition, when it might just as easily have awarded the job to any architect

whom it happened to know, or whom its wife, cousin, or aunt happened to know, or whose wife, cousin, or aunt happened to know the India Office; and further, that George ought therefore to be deeply grateful. It said that in view of the war the barracks must be erected with the utmost possible, or rather with quite impossible, despatch, and that George would probably have to go to India at once. Simultaneously, it daily modified George's accepted plans for the structure, as if it was a professional architect and George an amateur, and it involved him in a seemly but intense altercation between itself and the subordinate bureaucracy of a presidency.

It kept George employed. In due course people discovered that business must proceed as usual; and even the architectural profession, despite its traditional pessimism, had hopes of municipalities which were to inaugurate public works in order to diminish unemployment.

Nevertheless, George had extreme difficulty in applying himself efficiently to urgent tasks. He kept thinking:

"It's come! It's come!"

He could not get over the fact that it had come—the European war which had obsessed men's minds for so many years past. He saved the face of his own theory as to the immediate impossibility of a great war by positively asserting that Germany would never have fought had she foreseen that Britain would fight. He prophesied—to himself—Germany's victory, German domination of Europe, and, as the grand central phenomenon, mysterious ruin for George Edwin Cannon. But the next instant he would be convinced that Germany would be smashed, and quickly. Germany, he reckoned superiorly, in "taking on England," had "bitten off more than she could chew."

He knew almost naught of the progress of the fighting. He had obtained an expensive map of western Europe and some flagged pins, and had hung the map up in his hall and stuck the pins into it with exactitude. He had moved the pins daily until one morning little Laurencine, aloft on a chair, decided to change the positions of the opposing armies. Laurencine established German army corps in Marseilles, the Knockmillydown Mountains, and Torquay, while sending the French to Elsinore and Aberdeen.

There was trouble in the house. Lau-

rencine suffered, and was given to understand that war was a serious matter. Still, George soon afterward had ceased to manipulate the pins; they seemed to be incapable of arousing his imagination; he could not be bothered with them; he could not make the effort necessary to acquire a scientific conception of the western campaign—not to mention the eastern, as to which his ignorance was nearly perfect.

Yet he read much about the war. Some of the recounted episodes deeply and inefaceably impressed him. For example, an American newspaper correspondent had written a dramatic description of the German army marching, marching steadily along a great Belgian highroad—a procession without beginning and without end—and of the procession being halted for his benefit, and of a German officer who angrily struck a soldier several times in the face with his cane, while the man stood stiffly at attention. George had an ardent desire to spend a few minutes alone with that officer; he could not get the soldier's bruised cheek out of his memory.

Again, he was moved and even dismayed by the recitals of the entry of the German army into Brussels, and of its breaking into the goose-step as it reached the Grande Place, though he regarded the goose-step as too ridiculous and contemptible for words. Then the French defense of Dinant, and the Belgian defense of Liège, failure as it was, and the resistance at Namur, inspired him; and the reported engagements between Belgians and uhlans, in which the clumsy uhlans were always scattered, destroyed for him the dread significance of the term "uhlan."

He simply did not comprehend that all these events were negligible trifles, that no American correspondent had seen a hundredth part of the enemy forces, that the troops which marched through Brussels were a tiny, theatrical side-show, a circus, that the attack on Liège had been mismanaged, that the fight at Dinant was a skirmish in the new scale of war, and the engagements with uhlans mere scuffles, and that behind the screen of these infinitesimal phenomena the German army, unimagined in its hugeness, horror, and might, was creeping like a fatal and monstrous caterpillar surely toward France.

A similar screen hid from him the realities of England. He saw bunting and recruits, and the crowds outside consulates;

but he had no idea of the ceaseless flight of innumerable trains day and night southward, of the gathering together of Atlantic liners and excursion steamers from all the coasts into an unprecedented armada, of the sighting of the vanguard of that armada by an incredulous Boulogne, of the landing of British regiments and guns and airplanes in the midst of a Boulogne wonder-struck and delirious, and of the thrill which thereupon ecstatically shivered through France. He knew only that "the expeditionary force had landed in safety."

He could not believe that a British army could face successfully the legendary Prussians with their great general staff, and yet he had a mystic and entirely illogical belief in the invincibility of the British army. He had read somewhere that the German forces amounted in all to more than three hundred divisions; he had been told that the British forces in France amounted to three divisions and some cavalry.

It was most absurd; but his mysticism survived the absurdity, so richly was it nourished by news from the strange, in-artistic colonies, where architecture was not understood. Revelation came to George that the British Empire, which he had always suspected to be an invention of those intolerable persons the imperialists, was after all something more than a crude pink smear across the map of the world.

Withal he was acutely dejected as he left his office to go to the club.

#### XLVI

SIR ISAAC was sitting quite alone in the large smoking-room of the Artists' Club in Albemarle Street—a beautiful apartment terribly disfigured by its pictures, which had been procured from fashionable members in the fashionable taste of twenty years earlier, and were crying out for some one brave enough to put them out of their misery. No interpretation of the word "artist" could by any ingenuity be stretched to include Sir Isaac. Nevertheless, he belonged to the club, and so did a number of other men in like case. The difference between Sir Isaac and the rest was that Sir Isaac did actually buy pictures, though seldom from fashionable painters.

He was a personage of about forty-five years, rather stout; a dark man; plenty of stiff black hair, except for one small central bald patch; a rank mustache, and a clean-shaven chin apparently woaded in the man-

ner of the ancient Britons; elegantly and yet severely dressed—braided morning-coat, striped trousers, small, skin-fitting boots, a black flowered silk necktie.

As soon as you drew near him you became aware of his respiratory processes. You were bound to notice continually that without ceasing he carried on the elemental business of existence. Hair sprouted from his nose, and the nose was enormous; it led at a pronounced slope to his high forehead, which went on upward at exactly the same angle and was lost in his hair. If the chin had weakly receded, as it often does in this type, Sir Isaac would have had a face like a spear-head, like a ram, of which the sharp point was the tip of his nose; but Sir Isaac's chin was square, and the wall of it perpendicular.

His expression was usually inquisitive, dissatisfied, and disdainful—the effect being produced by a slight lifting of the back of the nostrils and a slight tipping forward of the whole head. His tone, however, often contradicted the expression by its bluff good-humor.

He had in an extreme degree the appearance of a Jew, he had the names of a Jew, and most people said he was a Jew; but he himself seriously denied it. He asserted that he came of a Welsh Nonconformist family, addicted to christening its infants out of the Bible, and could prove his descent for generations. Not that he minded being taken for a Jew, he would add; he was indeed rather flattered thereby, but he simply was not a Jew. At any rate he was Welsh. A journalist had described him in a phrase:

"All the time he's talking to you in English, you feel he's thinking something different in Welsh."

He was an exceedingly rich industrial, and had made his money by organization; he seemed always to have leisure.

"Here," he curtly advised George, producing a magnificent Partaga, similar to the one he was himself smoking. "You'd better have this."

He cut the cigar carefully with a club tool, and pushed the match-stand across the table with a brusque gesture. George would not thank him for the cigar.

"You're on that Indian barracks, aren't you?"

"Yes. They're in a devil of a hurry."

"Well, my factory is in much more of a hurry."



George was startled. He had heard nothing of the factory for a month, and had assumed that the war had scotched the enterprise.

"Then the war won't stop it?" he said.

Sir Isaac shook his head slowly, with an arrogant smile. It then occurred to George that this man differed strangely from all other men, because the sinister spell of the war had been powerless over him alone. All other men bore the war in their faces and in their gestures, but this man did not.

"I'm going to make munitions now—explosives. I'm going to have the biggest explosives-factory in the world. The modifications in the general plan won't be serious. I want to talk to you about that."

"Have you got contracts then, already?"

"No. Both the War Office and the Admiralty have told me they have all the explosives they want," he sneered. "But I've made a few inquiries, and I think that by the time my factory's up they'll be wanting more explosives than they can get. In fact, I wish I could build half a dozen factories. Dare say I shall."

"Then you think we're in for a long war?"

"Not specially that. If it's a long war, you English will win. If it's a short war, the Germans will win, and it will be the end of France as a great power. That's all."

"Won't it be the end of your factory, too?"

"No!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, with careless compassion in his deep, viscid voice. "If it's a short war, there'll be another war. You English will never leave it alone. Whatever happens, if I take up explosives, I can't go wrong. It's velvet."

"It seems to me we shall bust up the whole world if we aren't careful, soon."

Sir Isaac smiled more compassion.

"Not at all," he said easily. "Things are always arranged in the end—more or less satisfactorily, of course. It's up to the individual to look out for himself."

"I was thinking of going into the army," George said.

The statement was not strictly untrue, but he had never formulated it, and had never thought consecutively of such a project, which did indeed appear too wild and impractical for serious consideration.

"This recruiting's been upsetting you."

George's vague patriotism seemed to curdle at these half-dozen scornful words.

"Do you think I oughtn't to go into the army, Sir Isaac?"

"My dear boy, any fool can go into the army. If you go into the army, you'll lose your special qualities. I see you as the best factory-designer we have, architecturally. You've only just started, but you have it in you. And your barracks is pretty good. Of course if you choose to indulge in sentimentality you can deprive the country of an architect in a million and make it a present of a mediocre soldier—for you haven't got the mind of a soldier. But if you do that, mark my words, you'll only do it to satisfy the egotism that you call your heart. You'll only do it in order to feel comfortable—just as a woman gives a penny to a beggar, and thinks it's charity, when it's nothing of the sort. There are fellows that go and enlist because they hear a band play."

"Yes," George concurred.

He hated to feel himself confronted by a mind more realistic than his own, but he was realistic enough to admit the fact. What Sir Isaac said was unanswerable, and it appealed very strongly to George. He cast away his sentimentality, ashamed of it; and at the same time he felt greatly relieved in other ways.

"You'd better put this Indian barracks on one side as much as you can, or employ some one to help you. I shall want all your energies."

"But I shall probably have to go to India. The thing's very urgent."

Sir Isaac scorned him in a profound gaze. The smoke from their two magnificent cigars mingled in a canopy above them.

"Not it!" said Sir Isaac. "What's more, it's not wanted at all. They think it is, because they're absolutely incapable of thought. They know the word 'war,' and they know the word 'barracks.' They put them together and imagine it's logic. They say: 'We were going to build a barracks, and now we're at war. Therefore we must hurry up with the barracks.' That's how they reason, and the official mind will never get beyond it. *Why* do they want the barracks? If they want the barracks, what's the meaning of what they call 'the response of the Indian Empire'? Are they going to send troops to India, or to take them away from India? They're going to take them away, of course. Mutiny of India's silent millions? Rubbish! Not because a mutiny would contradict the 'response of the

Indian Empire,' but because India's silent millions have no rifles. You needn't tell me they've given you forty reasons for getting on with that barracks. I know their reasons. All of 'em put together only mean that in a dull, dim Oxford-and-Cambridge way they see a connection between the word 'war' and the word 'barracks.'"

George laughed, and then, after a few seconds, Sir Isaac gave a short laugh.

"But if they insist on me going to India—" George began, and paused.

Sir Isaac grew meditative.

"I say, speaking of voyages," he murmured in a tone almost dreamy, "if you have any loose money, put it into ships, and keep it there. You'll double it, you'll treble it. Any ships. No matter what ships."

"Well, I haven't got any loose money," said George curtly. "And what I want to know is, if they insist on me going to India, what am I to do?"

"Tell them you can't go. Tell 'em your professional engagements won't permit it. They'll lick your boots, and ask humbly if you can suggest any suitable person to represent you. I shall want all your energies, and my factory will be worth more to this country in the war than all the barracks under heaven. Now just bend your eye to these."

He took some papers from his tail-pocket. The discussion grew technical.

## XLVII

GEORGE sailed westward down Piccadilly on the top of a motor-bus. The August afternoon was superb. Piccadilly showed more than its usual splendor of traffic, for the class to whom the sacred word "England" signified personal dominion and a vast apparatus of personal luxury either had not gone away for its holiday or had returned therefrom in a hurry. The newspaper placards spoke of great feats of arms by the Allies. Through the leafage of Hyde Park could be seen uncountable smart troops maneuvering in bodies.

On the top of the motor-bus a student of war was explaining to an ignorant friend that the active adhesion of Japan, just announced, meant the beginning of the end for Germany. From Japan he went to Namur, stating that Namur was the "chief bastion" of the defensive line, and that hence the Germans would not be "allowed" to take it. Almost every motor-bus carried a fine specimen of this type of

philosopher, to whom the whole traveling company listened while pretending not to listen. George despised him for his manner, but agreed with some of his reasoning.

George was thinking chiefly about Sir Isaac. Impressive person, Sir Isaac, even if hateful! It was remarkable how the fellow seemed always to have leisure. Organization, of course!

Indubitably the capitalist's arguments could not be gainsaid. The firing-line was not the only or even the most important part of the national war-machine. To suppose otherwise was to share the crude errors of the childlike populace and its press. Men were useless without guns, guns without shot, shot without explosives; and explosives could not be produced without a factory. The populace would never understand the close interdependence of various activities; it would never see beyond the recruiting-station; it was meet only for pity. Sir Isaac had uttered a very wise saying:

"Things are always arranged in the end. It's up to the individual to look out for himself."

Sir Isaac was freed from the thrall of mob-sentimentality. He was a superman, and he was converting George into a superman. George might have gone back to the office, but he was going home instead, because he could think creatively just as well outside the office as inside, so why should he accept the convention of the ordinary professional man? Sir Isaac assuredly did not.

He had telephoned to the office. A single consideration appealed to him—how could he now best serve his country? Beyond question he could now serve his country best as an architect. If his duty marched with his advantage, what matter? It was up to the individual to look out for himself. And he, George, with already an immense reputation, would steadily enhance his reputation, which in the end would surpass all others in the profession.

The war could not really touch him—no more than it could touch Sir Isaac. By good fortune, and by virtue of the impartiality of his intelligence, he was above the war. Yes, Sir Isaac, disliked and unwillingly but deeply respected, had cleared his ideas for him.

In Elm Park Gardens he met the white-clad son of a Tory M. P. who lived in that dignified street.

"The very man! Come and make a fourth, will you, Cannon?" asked the youth, dandiacal in flannels, persuasively and flatteringly.

"Who are the other two?" George demanded with firmness.

"Miss Horton and Gladys What's-Her-Name."

Why shouldn't he play at tennis? It was necessary to keep fit.

"All right! But not for long, you know."

"That's all right. Hurry up and get into your things."

"Ten minutes."

And in little more than ten minutes he was swinging a racket on the private sward that separates Elm Park Gardens East from Elm Park Gardens West and is common to the residents of both. He had not encountered Lois at home, and had not thought it necessary to seek her out. He and she were often invited to play tennis in Elm Park Gardens.

The grass was beautifully kept. At a little distance two gardeners were at work, and a revolving sprinkler whirled sprays of glinting water in a wide circle. The back windows of the two streets disclosed not the slightest untidiness nor dishabille. Rising irregularly in tier over tier to the high roof-line, they were all open, and all neatly curtained, and many of them had gorgeous sun-blinds. The sound of pianos emerged faintly on the warm, still afternoon.

Miss Horton and the slim Gladys were dressed in white, with short skirts, at once elegant and athletic. Miss Horton, very tall and strong, with clear eyes and a complexion damaged by undue exposure to healthy fresh air, was a fine player of many years' experience, now at the decline of her powers. She played seriously, every stroke conscientious and calculated, and she gave polite, good-humored hints to the youth, her partner.

George and Gladys were together. Gladys, eighteen, was a delightful girl, the raw material of a very sound player; she held herself well, and knew by instinct what style was. A white belt defined her waist in the most enchanting fashion. George appreciated her as a specimen of the newest generation of English girls. There were thousands of them in London alone, an endless supply, with none of the namby-paminess and the sloppiness and the blowziness of their forerunners. Walk-

ing in Piccadilly or Bond Street or the Park, you might nowadays fancy yourself in Paris.

Why, indeed, should he not be playing tennis at that hour? The month was August. The apparatus of pleasure was there. Used or unused, it would still be there. It could not be destroyed simply because the times were grave. And there was his health; he would work better after the exercise. What purpose could there be in mournful inactivity?

Yet continuously, as he ran about the court, and smiled at Gladys, and called out the score, and exclaimed upon his failures in precision, a strange physical weight oppressed his stomach. He supposed that nearly everybody carried that physical weight. But did Sir Isaac? Did the delicious Gladys? The youth on the other side of the net was in the highest spirits because in a few days he would be entering Sandhurst.

A butler appeared from the French window of the ground floor of the M. P.'s house, walked down the curving path screened by a pergola, and came near the court with a small white paper in his solemn hand. At a suitable moment he gave the paper to the young master, who glanced at it and stuffed it into his pocket. The butler departed. A few minutes later the players changed courts. While the girls chatted apart, the youth leaped over the net, and, drawing the paper from his pocket, showed it furtively to George. It bore the words:

Namur has fallen.

The M. P.'s household received special news by telephone from a friend at the War Office.

The youth raised his eyebrows, and with a side glance seemed to say that there could be no object in telling the women immediately. The next instant the game was resumed with full ardor.

George missed his strokes. Like thousands of other people, untaught by the episode of Liège, he had counted upon Namur. Namur, the bastion, the shoulder of the newly forming line, if not impregnable, was expected to hold out for many days. It had tumbled like a tin church, and with it the brave edifice of his confidence.

He saw the Germans inevitably in Paris, blowing up Paris quarter by quarter, *arrondissement* by *arrondissement*, imposing

peace, dictating peace, forcing upon Europe unspeakable humiliations. He saw Great Britain compelled to bow. The German officer, having struck across the face with his cane the soldier standing at attention, would go back to Germany in triumph more arrogant than ever, to ogle adoring virgins and push cowed and fatuous citizens off the pavement into the gutter.

The solid houses of Elm Park Gardens, with their rich sun-blinds, the perfect sward, the white-frocked girls, the respectful gardeners, the red motor-buses flitting past behind the screen of bushes in the distance, even the butler in his majestic and invulnerable self-conceit—the whole systematized scene of correctness and tradition trembled as if perceived through the quivering of hot air. Gladys, reliant on the male and feeling that the male could no longer be relied on, went "off her game," with apologies; the experience of Miss Horton asserted itself, and the hard-fought set was lost by George and his partner. He reminded the company that he had only come for a short time, and left in a mood of bitter blackness.

#### XLVIII

IN front of his own house George saw a tradesman's coupé of the superior sort, with a smart horse—the same being more "distinctive" than motor-traction—a driver liveried in black, and the initials of the firm in a restrained monogram on the doors. He thought:

"She's bluing money again. Of course it's her own, but—"

He was extremely sardonic. In the drawing-room he found not only Lois, but Laurencine, and an attentive, respectful, bright-faced figure rather stylishly dressed in black. This last individual was fastening a tea-gown on the back of pale Lois, who stood up with a brave but fatigued air. Laurencine sat critically observant on the end of a sofa. The furniture of the room was heaped with tea-gowns and other garments not very dissimilar, producing a rich and exciting effect. All three women quickened to George's entry.

"Oh, George!" said Lois querulously. "Are you going to play tennis? I wish I could! I'm so glad you came in; we'd no idea you were in the house, had we, Laurencine? Laurencine's giving me a tea-gown. Which of them do you prefer? It's no good me having one you don't like."

He had been unjust to her, then.

"It's really her birthday present," said Laurencine, "only a bit late. Darling, do sit down; you're standing too long."

Both Laurencine and the young woman in black regarded Lois with a soft compassion, and she sat down.

Laurencine, too, was a mother; but she had retained her girlhood. She was a splendid, powerful, erect creature, handsome, with a frank, benevolent, sane face, at the height of her physical perfection. George had a great fondness for her. Years earlier he had wondered how it was that he had not fallen in love with her, instead of with Lois; but he knew the reason now. She lacked force of individuality. She was an adorer by instinct. She adored Lois; Lois could do no wrong. More strange, she adored her husband. Ingenuous simpleton! Yet wise!

Another thing was that her mind was too pure. Instead of understanding, it rejected. It was a mind absolutely impregnable to certain phenomena. And yet this girl still enjoyed musical comedies and their successors in vogue, the *revues*!

"The Germans have taken Namur!" George announced.

The news impressed. Even the young woman in black permitted herself by a facial gesture to show that she was interested in the war as well as in tea-gowns, and apart from its effect on tea-gowns.

"Oh dear!" murmured Laurencine.

"Is it serious?" Lois demanded.

"You bet it is!" George replied.

"But what's Sir John French doing, then? I say, Laurencine, I think I shall have that pale-blue one, after all, if you don't mind." The young woman in black went across to the piano and brought Lois the pale-blue one. "George, don't you think so?"

The gown was deferentially held out for his inspection.

"Well, I can't judge if I don't see it on, can I?" he said, yielding superciliously to their mood.

Women were incurable. Namur had fallen, but the room was full of finery, and the finery claimed attention. If Paris had fallen, it would have been the same, so he told himself. Nevertheless, the spectacle of the heaped finery and its absorbed priestess was very agreeable.

Lois rose. Laurencine and the priestess helped her to remove the white gown she



wore, and to put on the blue one. The presence of the male somewhat disturbed the priestess, but the male had signified a wish, and the wish was flattering and had to be fulfilled. George, cynically, enjoyed her constraint. He might at least have looked out of the window, but he would not.

"Yes, that's fine," he decided carelessly, when the operation was done; though as a matter of fact he did not care a pin which tea-gown Lois had.

"I knew you'd like it better," said Lois eagerly.

The other two, in words or by demeanor, applauded his august choice. The affair was over. The priestess began to collect her scattered stock into a light trunk. Behind her back, Lois took hold of Laurencine and kissed her fondly. Laurencine smiled, and persuaded Lois into a chair.

"You will of course keep that on, madam," the priestess suggested.

"Oh, yes, darling, you must rest, really!" said Laurencine earnestly.

"Thank you, madam."

In three minutes the priestess, bearing the trunk by a strap, had gone, bowing. Lois's old tea-gown, flung across the head of the sofa, alone remained to brighten the furniture.

The drawing-room door opened again immediately, and a military officer entered. Laurencine sprang up with a little girlish scream and ran to him.

"Oh, dearest! Have you got them already? You never told me you would have! How lovely you look!"

Blushing with pleasure and pride, she kissed him. It was Everard Lucas.

Laurencine had come over to Elm Park Road that afternoon with the first news of the fact that Everard, through a major known to his late mother, had been offered a commission in a Territorial battalion of a line regiment. George, who saw Lucas but seldom, had not the slightest idea of this enormous family event, and he was astounded.

Lucas was rounder and his face somewhat coarser than in the past; but the uniform had created a new Lucas. It was beautifully made, and he wore it well; it suited him; he had the fine military air of a regular; he showed no awkwardness, only a simple vanity.

"Don't you feel as if you must kiss him, Lois darling?" said Laurencine.

"Oh, I certainly must!" Lois cried, forgetting her woes in the new tea-gown and in the sudden ecstasy produced by the advent of an officer into the family.

Lucas bent down and kissed his sister-in-law, while Laurencine beheld the act with delight.

"The children must see you before you go," said Lois.

"Madam, they shall see their uncle," Lucas answered. At any rate, his agreeable voice had not coarsened. He turned to George: "What d'you think of it, George?"

"My boy, I'm proud of you," said George.

In his tennis flannels he felt like one who has arrived at an evening party in morning dress. He was sincerely proud of Lucas. Something profound and ingenuous in him rose into his eyes and caused them to shine.

Lucas related his adventures with the tailor and other purveyors, and explained that he had to "join his regiment" the next day, but would be able to remain in London for the present. George questioned him about his business affairs.

"No difficulty about that whatever!" said Lucas lightly. "The old firm will carry on as usual; Enwright and Orgreave will have to manage it between them; and of course they wouldn't dream of trying to cut off the spondulix. Not that I should let that stop me if they did."

"Yes, it's all very well for *you* to talk like that!" said Lois, with a swift change of tone. "You've got partners to do your work for you, and you've got money. Have you written to mother, Laurencine?"

George objected to his wife making excuses. His gaze faltered.

"Of course, darling!" Laurencine answered eagerly, agreeing with her sister's differentiation between George and Everard. "No, not yet. But I'm going to to-night. Everard, we ought to be off."

"I've got a taxi outside," said Lucas.

"A taxi?" she repeated in a disappointed tone. And then, as an afterthought: "Well, I have to call at Debenham's."

The fact was that Laurencine wanted to be seen walking with her military officer in some well-frequented thoroughfare. They lived at Hampstead.

Lois rang the bell.

"Ask nurse to bring the children down, please—at once," she told the parlor-maid.

"So this is the new tea-gown, if I mis-

take not!" observed Lucas in the pause.  
*"Très chic!"*

### XLIX

GEORGE woke up in the middle of the night. Lois slept calmly; he could just hear her soft breathing. He thought of all the occupied bedrooms, of the health of children, the incalculable quality in wives, the touchy stupidity of nurses and servants. The mere human weight of the household oppressed him terribly. And he thought of the adamant of landlords, the shifty rapacity of tradesmen, the incompetence of clerks, the mere pompous foolishness of government departments, the arrogance of wealthy patrons, and the terrifying complexity of problems of architecture on a large scale.

He was the Atlas supporting a vast world a thousand times more complex than any problem of architecture. He wondered how he did it. But he did do it, alone; and he kept on doing it. Let him shirk the burden, and not a world but an entire universe would crumble. If he told Lois that he was going to leave her, she would collapse; she would do dreadful things. He was indispensable not only at home but professionally. All was upon his shoulders, and upon nobody else's. He was a prisoner, he had no choice, he was performing his highest duty, he was fulfilling the widest usefulness of which he was capable.

Besides, supposing he did go insane and shirk the burden, they would all say that he had been influenced by Lucas's uniform—the mere sight of the uniform!—like a girl. He could not stand that, because it would be true. Not that he would ever admit its truth!

He recalled Lucas's tact in refraining from any suggestion, even a jocular suggestion, that he, George, ought also to be in uniform. Lucas was always tactful. Confound his tact!

The too eager excuses made by Lois in his behalf also grated on George's susceptibility. He had no need of excuses. The woman was taciturn by nature, and yet she was constantly saying too much!

And did any of the three of them—Lois, Laurencine, and Lucas—really appreciate the war? They did not. They could not envisage it. Lucas was wearing uniform solely in obedience to an instinct.

At this point the cycle of his reflections

was completed, and began again. He thought of all the occupied bedrooms—

Thus, in the dark, warm night the contents of his mind revolved endlessly, with extreme tedium and distress, and each moment his mood became more morbid.

An occasional sound of traffic penetrated into the room—strangely mournful, a reminder of the immense and ineffable melancholy of a city which could not wholly lose itself in sleep. The window lightened. He could descry his wife's portable clock on the night table. A quarter to four. Turning over savagely in bed, he muttered:

"My night's done for; and nearly five hours to breakfast. Good Heavens!"

The cycle resumed and was enlarged.

At intervals he imagined that he dozed. He did doze, if it is possible while you are dozing to know that you doze. His personality separated into two personalities, if not more. He was on a vast plain, and yet he was not there, and the essential point of the scene was that he was not there. Thousands and tens of thousands of men stood on this plain, which had no visible boundaries. A roll-call was proceeding. A resounding and mysterious voice called out names, and at each name a man stepped briskly from the crowds and saluted and walked away. But there was no visible person to receive the salute; the voice was bodiless.

George became increasingly apprehensive; he feared a disaster, yet he could not believe that it would occur. It did occur. Before it arrived he knew that it was arriving. The voice cried solemnly:

"George Edwin Cannon!"

An awful stillness and silence followed, enveloping the entire infinite plain. George trembled. He was there, but he was not there. Men looked at one another, raising their eyebrows.

The voice did not deign to repeat the call. After a suitable pause, the voice cried solemnly:

"Everard Lucas!"

And Lucas in his new uniform stepped gravely forward and saluted and walked away.

"Was I asleep or awake?" George asked himself. He could not decide. At any rate, the scene impressed him. The bigness of the plain, the summons, the silence, the utter absence of an expression of reproof or regret—of any comment whatever.

*(To be concluded in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

